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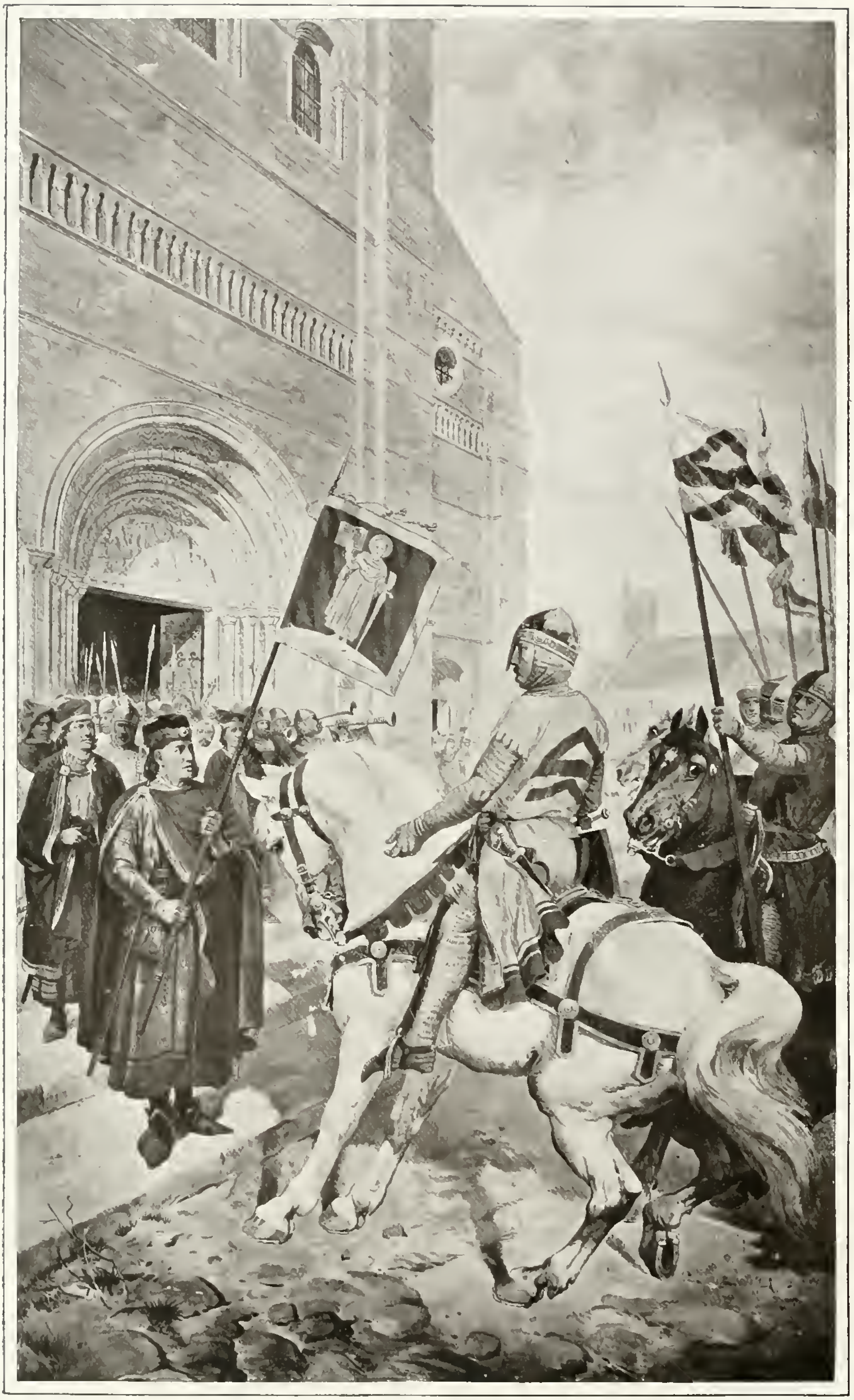

ROBERT FITZWALTER, CASTELLAN OF LONDON IN THE REIGN OF HENRY III, RECEIVING FROM THE LORD MAYOR THE CITY'S BANNER.

From the Painting by Richard Beavis, at Guildhall.

LONDON TOWN
PAST AND PRESENT

HISTORICAL, DESCRIPTIVE, ANECDOTAL

BY

W. W. HUTCHINGS

INCLUDING A CHAPTER ON THE FUTURE
IN LONDON BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER

WITH 72 FULL-PAGE PLATES
748 ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT AND 61 PLANS

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL. II

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CHAPTER XXIV

THE CITY BRIDGES

London Bridge—Roman Origin—The First Bridge of Stone—Peter of Colechurch—Perils of Shooting the Bridge—Buildings on the Bridge—"London Bridge is Broken Down"—Wyatt at the Bridge—Suicides—Peter Morris's Waterworks—John Rennie's Bridge—An Act of Brutal Vandalism—Widening the Footways—Blackfriars Bridge—Southwark Bridge—The Tower Bridge

London Bridge.

Origin.

WHEN and by whom the first London Bridge was built is a vexed question. In his "History of the Tower Bridge,"* which deals with the City bridges generally, Mr. Welch leans to the view that the original bridge was built by the Saxons, but Mr. Lethaby commits himself very decidedly to the theory of a Roman origin, and suggests that the bridge "may with the greatest probability be assigned to the century when the Romans were consolidating their work in Britain, from the arrival of Agricola in A.D. 78." Another authority, Roach Smith, supporting the same theory, points out that when Old London Bridge—not the original bridge, be it understood, but the immediate predecessor of the present structure—was taken down, the river throughout its entire length "was found to contain ancient wooden piles, and when these piles, subsequently to the erection of the new bridge (about 1835), were pulled up to deepen the channel of the river, many thousands of Roman coins, with abundance of Roman tiles and pottery, were discovered; and, immediately beneath some of the central piles, brass medallions of Aurelius, Faustina, and Commodus. . . The enormous quantity of Roman coins may be accounted for by the well-known practice of the Romans to use them to perpetuate the memory of their conquests and public works." Roach Smith adds that the coins may have been deposited either when the bridge was built or when it was repaired.

It is certainly not easy to account for the presence of these Roman remains without supposing a Roman bridge, and if this theory be accepted it follows also that Stow, whom Mr. Welch follows, was wrong in conjecturing that the original bridge stood a little further down the river than its successor, Old London Bridge, which would seem rather to have been built upon the same site. By whomsoever built, the original bridge, a wooden structure, was more than once destroyed before it was replaced by one of stone. Snorro Sturleson, an Icelandic writer of the 13th century, records that in the year 1008 King Olaf [Olave] of Norway, to whom four London churches were presently dedicated, and who was acting as the ally of King Ethelred against the Danes, destroyed it by uprooting the piles upon which it was built. In 1091 it was swept completely away in a storm which, as we have seen (p. 68), almost wrecked Bow Church in Cheapside, and in 1136 it perished in a great fire.

Peter of Colechurch.

It was in or about the year 1176 that London's first bridge of stone was begun, by Peter of Colechurch, chaplain of St. Mary Colechurch, at the corner of Conyhoop Lane in the Poultry, and not till 1209 was it finished, by a Frenchman of the name of Isembert, who had built bridges in his own country before King John found him this employment. Old London Bridge stood some 200 feet eastward of the present bridge, just by the church of St. Magnus, and almost exactly in a line with Fish Street Hill. It consisted of nineteen arches with enormous piers resting upon strong piles of elm, and now or later the piers were shielded from the impact of the tide by immense wooden sterlings by which they were surrounded. By these piers and sterlings the waterway was reduced by three-fourths, from 900 feet to 194 feet. No wonder that the danger of shooting the narrow arches, through which the current often raced at furious speed, became crystallised into proverb. "London Bridge was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under" was a familiar saying in the mouths of Londoners, and another saw of a more figurative cast declared that "if London Bridge had fewer eyes it would see better." It was a common thing to see poor wretches struggling for life in the tumbling waves, and John Norden, when he engraved the bridge, about the year 1600, evidently felt that his view would not be accepted as typical unless he included in it an overturned boat and several drowning persons.

---

* "History of the Tower Bridge." By Charles Welch, F.S.A. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Perils of Old London Bridge.

But, with all its perils, the bridge was the pride of Londoners and the admiration of foreign visitors. Hentzner, the German traveller, who wrote in 1598, considered it "a wonderful work," and the Secretary of the Duke of Würtemberg, in 1592, described it as "a beautiful long bridge with quite splendid, handsome, and well-built houses which are occupied by merchants of consequence." And our own Lyly, of the "Euphues," wrote of it: "Among all the straunge and beautiful showes, mee thinketh there is none so notable as the bridge which crosseth the Theames, which is in manner of a continual streete, well replenyshed with large and stately houses on both sides, and situate upon twenty arches."

In Norden's engraving we see at the Southwark end the fortified Bridge Gate, garnished with traitors' heads; between the sixth and seventh piers is a drawbridge, further to secure London against attacks from across the water; and the bridge almost throughout its entire length is lined with buildings, among them the famous Nonsuch House, an enormous wooden pile, four storeys high, brave with gilding, and with cupolas and turrets at each corner, the whole brought from Holland, and fastened together with wooden pegs instead of with nails. It stood upon the seventh pier from the Southwark side, just north of the drawbridge. In the middle of the bridge stood the chapel of St. Thomas of Canterbury, in two storeys; and under its staircase was buried Peter of Colechurch when, after having held the wardenship of the bridge which he had built, the time came for him to die.

At least as early as the days of the Lollards the practice grew up of exposing the heads of traitors on London Bridge. When Jack Cade was slain in a Kentish garden his head was stuck on Bridge Gate, where he had himself placed the head of Lord Say, the Treasurer of England. Under Henry VII. the heads of two of the leaders of the Cornish rebellion, Flamock and Joseph, were similarly treated, and the same measure was meted out to many of the victims of the next Henry, among them the uncomplaisant Prior of the Charterhouse and some of his monks, Bishop Fisher, and Sir Thomas More. For a fortnight the face of the saintly Bishop of Rochester kept its natural colour so well that the populace began to talk of a miracle, and at last the King ordered the head to be flung into the river. For Sir Thomas More's head a different fate was reserved. His daughter, Margaret Roper, bribed a man to take it down and drop it into a boat in which she was waiting to receive it, and when she died, many years afterwards, it was buried with her in a vault in St. Dunstan's, Canterbury.

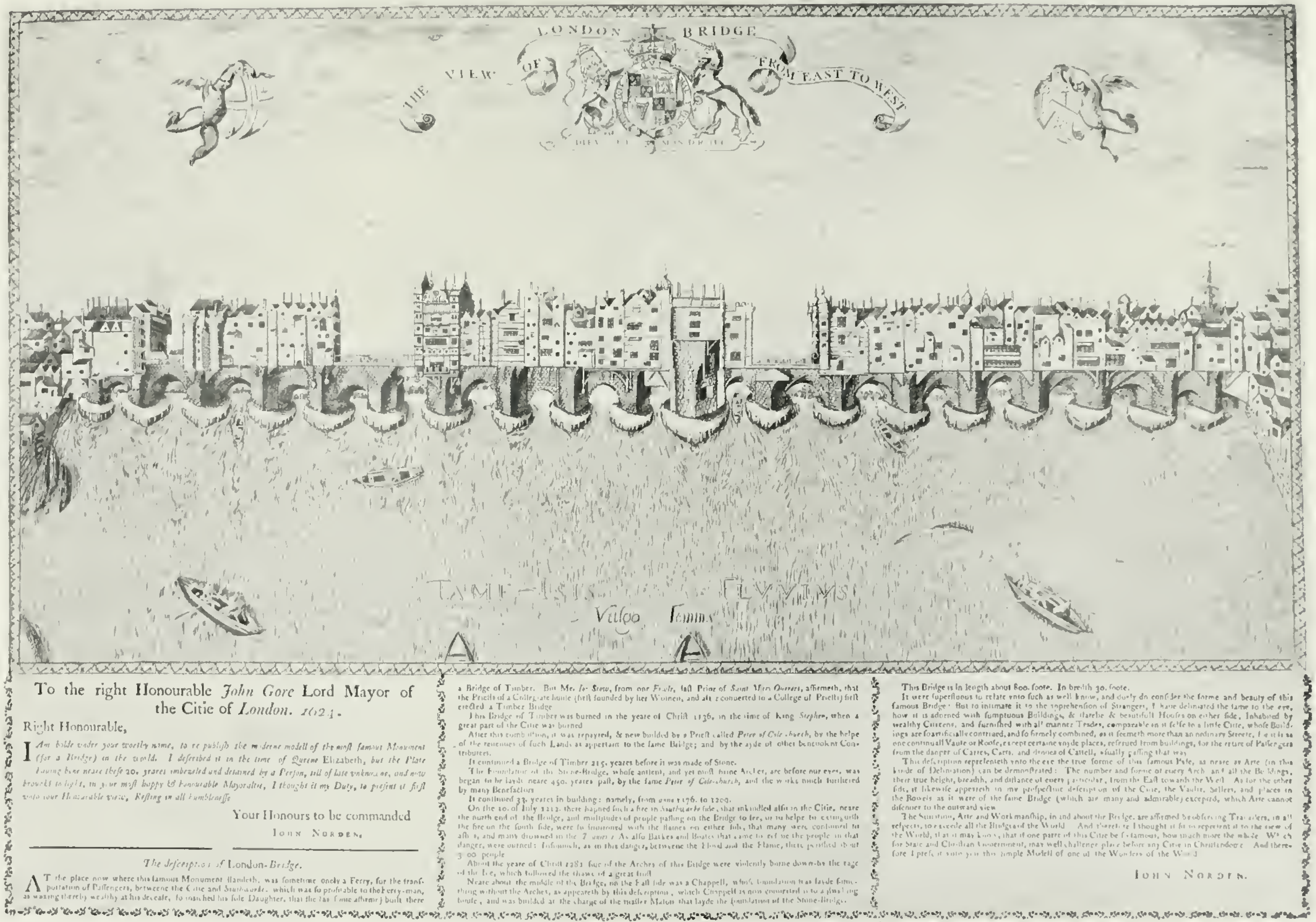
It is to be feared that Peter of Colechurch builded no better than he ought to have done. Before the end of the century of which the beginning saw the bridge completed, it had become so insecure that to pass over it seemed hardly less dangerous than to pass under it. Again and again did the necessity arise for repairs, and Mr. Welch is perhaps right in finding in its frailty the origin of the pretty nursery rhyme—

A Frail Structure.

"London Bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
London Bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady."

But ill as it was constructed, it was destined, thanks to vigorous repairings, to stand for hundreds of years; and many were the momentous happenings which it was to witness. More than once it presented an insurmountable barrier to rebellion, as it did when the rash Sir Thomas Wyatt led his Kentishmen to the capital to teach Queen Mary whom she should not marry. The rebel leader had dallied too long on the way, and the Queen, as we saw in

Wyatt at London Bridge.



To the right Honourable *John Gore* Lord Mayor of the Citie of *London.* 1624.

Right Honourable,

I *Am bolde under your worthy name, to re publiſh the moderne modell of the moſt famous Monument (for a Bridge) in the world. I deſcribed it in the time of Queene* Elizabeth, *but the Plate having bene neare theſe* 20. *yeares imbezeled and detained by a Perſon, till of late unknowne, and now brought to light, in your moſt happy & honourable Mayoraltie, I thought it my Duty, to preſent it firſt unto your Honourable view, Reſting in all humbleneſſe*

Your Honours to be commanded

JOHN NORDEN.

The deſcription of London-*Bridge.*

AT the place now where this famous Monument ſtandeth, was ſometime onely a Ferry, for the tranſportation of Paſſengers, betweene the Citie and *Southwarke*, which was ſo profitable to the Ferry-man, as waxing thereby wealthy at his deceaſe, ſo inriched his ſole Daughter, that ſhe (as ſome affirme) built there a Bridge of Timber. But Mr. *Io: Stow*, from one *Fowle*, laſt Prior of *Saint Mary Overies*, affirmeth, that the Prieſts of a Collegiate houſe (firſt founded by her Women, and after converted to a College of Prieſts) firſt erected a Timber Bridge

This Bridge of Timber was burned in the yeare of Chriſt 1136, in the time of King *Stephen*, when a great part of the Citie was burned

After this combuſtion, it was repayred, & new builded by a Prieſt called *Peter of Cole-church*, by the helpe of the revenues of ſuch Lands as appertain to the ſame Bridge; and by the ayde of other benevolent Contributers.

It continued a Bridge of Timber 215. yeares before it was made of Stone.

The foundation of the Stone-Bridge, whoſe antient, and yet moſt firme Arches, are before our eyes, was began to be layde neare 450. yeares paſt, by the ſame *Peter of Cole-church*, and the worke much furthered by many Benefactors

It continued 33. yeares in building: namely, from *anno* 1176. to 1209.

On the 10. of July 1212. there hapned ſuch a fire in *Southwarke* ſide, that inkindled alſo in the Citie, neare the north end of the Bridge, and multitudes of people paſſing on the Bridge to ſee, or to helpe to extinguiſh the fire on the ſouth ſide, were ſo invironed with the flames on either ſide, that many were conſumed to aſhes, and many drowned in the *Thames*: As alſo Barkes and Boates that came to releeve the people in that danger, were overſet: Inſomuch, as in this danger, betweene the Flood and the Flame, there periſhed about 3000 people

About the yeare of Chriſt 1281 five of the Arches of this Bridge were violently borne downe by the rage of the Ice, which followed the thawe of a great froſt

Neare about the middle of the Bridge, on the Eaſt ſide was a Chappell, whoſe foundation was layde ſomething without the Arches, as appeareth by this deſcription, which Chappell is now converted into a dwelling houſe, and was builded at the charge of the maſter Maſon that layde the foundation of the Stone-Bridge.

This Bridge is in length about 800. foote. In bredth 30. foote.

It were ſuperfluous to relate unto ſuch as well know, and dayly do conſider the forme and beauty of this famous Bridge: But to intimate it to the apprehenſion of Strangers, I have delineated the ſame to the eye, how it is adorned with ſumptuous Buildings, & ſtately & beautifull Houſes on either ſide, Inhabited by wealthy Citizens, and furniſhed with all manner Trades, comparable in it ſelfe to a little Citie, whoſe Buildings are ſo artificially contrived, and ſo firmely combined, as it ſeemeth more than an ordinary Streete, for it is as one continuall Vaute or Roofe, except certaine voyde places, reſerved from buildings, for the retire of Paſſengers from the danger of Carres, Carts, and droves of Cattell, uſually paſſing that way

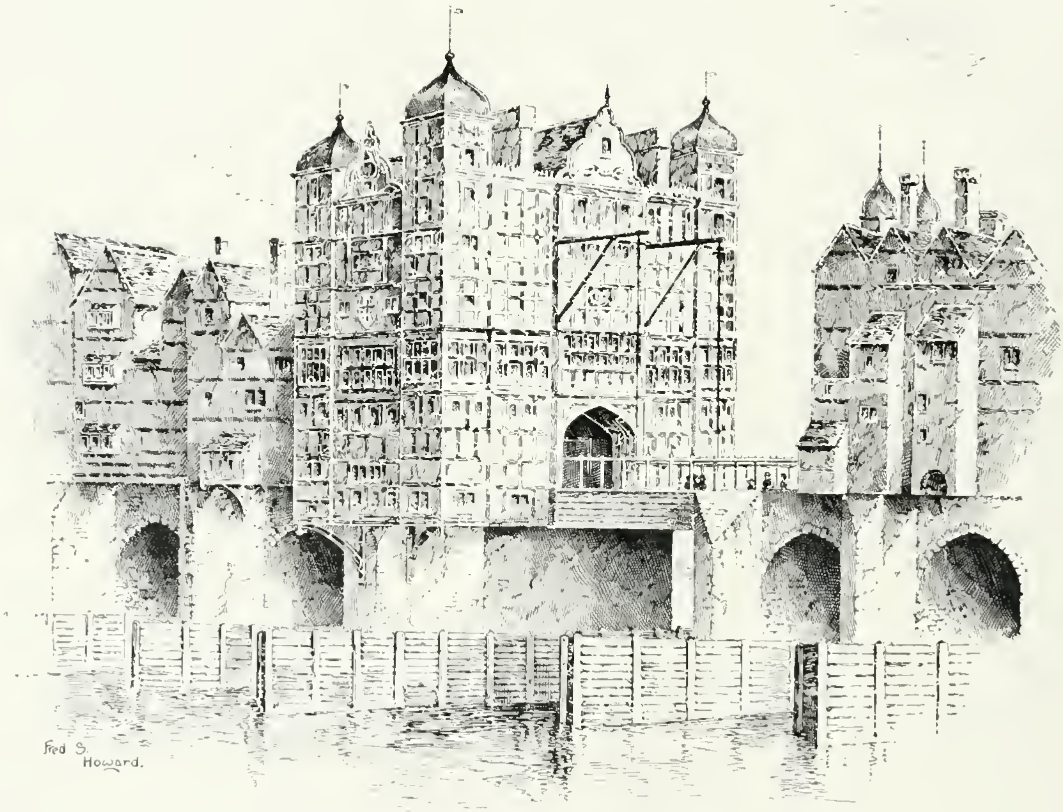
This deſcription repreſenteth unto the eye the true forme of this famous Pyle, as neare as Arte (in this kinde of Delineation) can be demonſtrated: The number and forme of every Arch and all the Buildings, their true height, breadth, and diſtance of every particular, from the Eaſt towards the Weſt As for the other ſide, it likewiſe appeareth in my proſpective deſcription of the Citie, the Vaults, Sellers, and places in the Bowels as it were of the ſame Bridge (which are many and admirable) excepted, which Arte cannot diſcover to the outward view

The Situation, Arte and Workmanſhip, in and about the Bridge, are affirmed by obſerving Travailers, in all reſpects, to exceede all the Bridges of the World And therefore I thought it fit to repreſent it to the view of the World, that it may know, that if one parte of this Citie be ſo famous, how much more the whole Which for State and Civilian Government, may well challenge place before any Citie in Chriſtendome And therefore I preſent unto you this ſimple Modell of one of the Wonders of the World

JOHN NORDEN.

FACSIMILE OF NORDEN'S ENGRAVING OF LONDON BRIDGE, SHOWING THE EASTERN SIDE (*p.* 266).

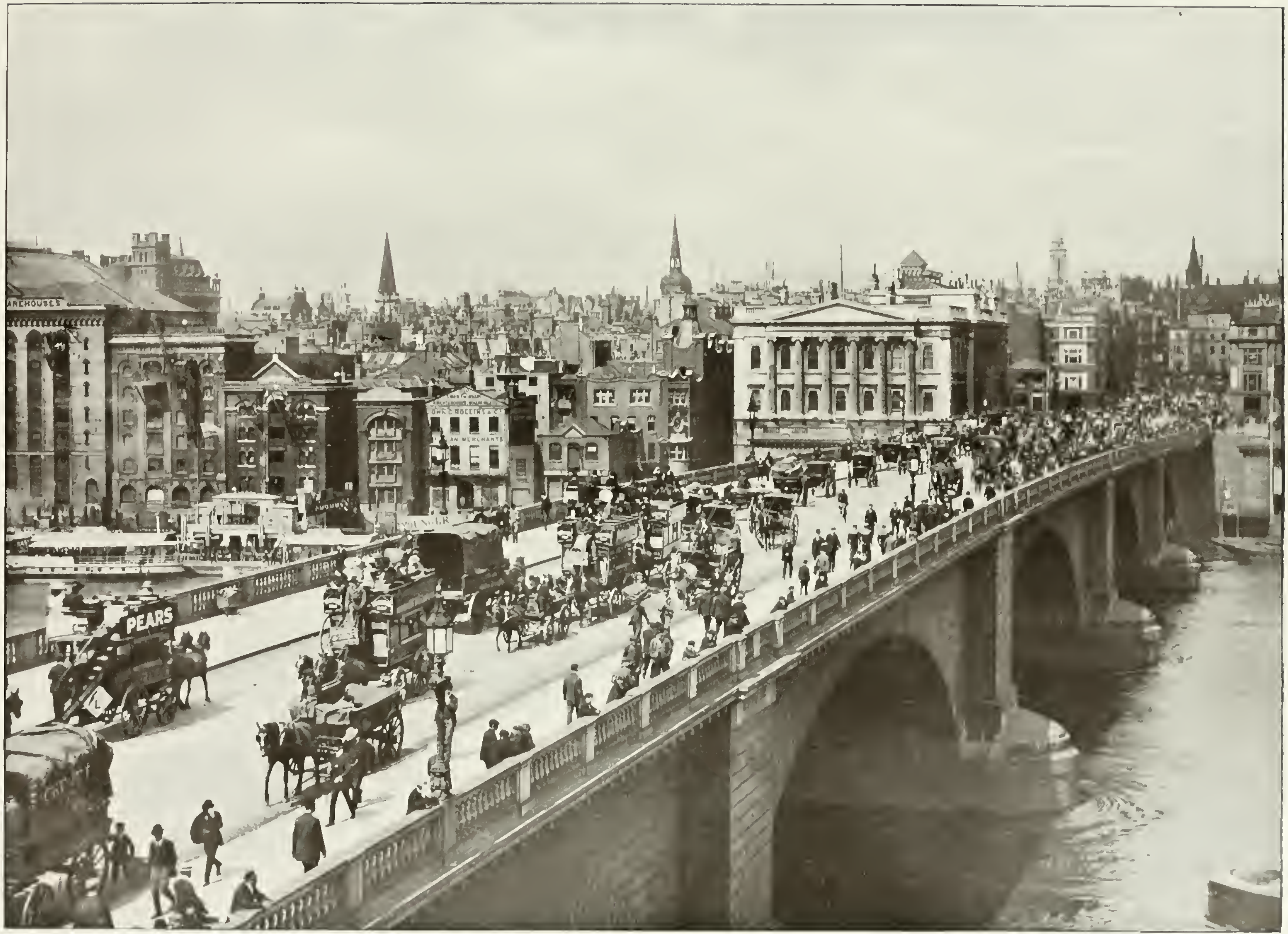
our chapter on the Guildhall (p. 105), had known how to take advantage of the respite by winning over the City to her side; but whatever hope of success might still have remained vanished when on reaching London Bridge he found it strongly held against him. How he explored the bridge to see if he could capture it by a sudden dash is graphically told by Froude. Premising that the gate was at the Southwark extremity and the drawbridge near the middle, he describes how Wyatt "scaled the leads of the gatehouse, climbed into a window, and descended the stairs into the lodge. The porter and his wife were nodding over the fire. The rebel leader bade them on their lives be still, and stole along in the darkness to the chasm from which the drawbridge had been cut away. There, looking across the black gulf where the river was rolling below, he saw the dusky mouths of four gaping cannon, and beyond them in the torchlight Lord Howard himself, keeping watch with the guard." Convinced that neither force nor skill could effect the passage of London Bridge, Wyatt was obliged to march up river to Kingston and there cross the river. It was a roundabout way of getting to the dungeons of the Tower.


Fred S. Howard.

NONSUCH HOUSE ON OLD LONDON BRIDGE (*p.* 266).
From a Drawing by Fred. S. Howard.

Suicides.

Two incidents of a personal character may also be mentioned. In a fit of depression Sir William Temple's only son, who held the office of War Secretary, jumped from a boat as it was "shooting" the bridge, having "made siccar" by filling his pockets with stones, and sank. He left in the boat a note which ran thus: "My folly in undertaking what I could not perform, whereby some misfortunes have befallen the king's service, is the cause of putting myself to this sudden end." And in 1737, on the 4th of May, Eustace Budgell, the minor poet, jumped from a boat with the same intent and met the same fate. He was one of the victims of the South Sea Bubble, and was also a sufferer from litigation, for a will in which Tindal, the freethinker, had left him a legacy of £2,000,



AREHOUSES
PEARS
AN MERCHANTS

Photo: Pictorial Agency

LONDON BRIDGE, LOOKING NORTH-WEST

in recognition of help received in the publication of one of the legator's works, was successfully challenged. Pope's reference to this circumstance was particularly galling:

> "Let Budgell charge even Grub Street on my bill,
> And write whate'er he please, except my will."

Even this couplet is hardly more cruelly barbed than one in which Budgell himself satirised some persons who danced uncouthly to good music:—

> "But ill the motion with the music suits;
> So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the brutes."

Peter Morris's Waterworks.

One curious feature of London Bridge has not yet been touched upon. In the year 1582 waterworks were erected under the arches of London Bridge by Peter Morris, a Dutchman, who utilised the force of the current as it rushed beneath the narrow arches, and pumped it by leaden pipes over the steeple of St. Magnus' Church into Thames Street, New Fish Street, and Gracechurch Street. At the north-west corner of Leadenhall Street, as we have already seen (p. 196), the main was conveyed into a standard which ran four ways, towards Bishopsgate, Aldgate, the Bridge, and the Stocks Market. In the course of time four wheels were fixed in the stream for the purpose of raising water, and these antiquated waterworks, says Mr. Welch in the work already referred to, existed till the year 1822, when their removal was effected by Act of Parliament, the proprietors being compensated with a sum of £10,000, and the machinery, buildings, etc., being transferred to the New River Company.

John Rennie.

Long before this—in 1757-60—the houses which lined the bridge had for safety's sake been removed. They had long been in a rickety condition, and Pennant could remember that they overhung the road so as almost to shut out the daylight. At the time of their removal the bridge was greatly altered, and a new arch, much larger than the others, was provided in the centre; but still the need for repairs was constant, and though much money was from time to time spent upon the structure, its stability was gravely open to question. In 1823 an Act was passed for rebuilding London Bridge, and the first pile was driven on the 15th of March, 1824. The design of John Rennie, F.R.S., who had died in 1821, had been accepted, and the execution of his plans was superintended by his sons, John and George Rennie, the former of whom was presently knighted. A noble design it is, approached in harmonised grace and strength by no other bridge over the Thames except Waterloo Bridge, the work of the same architect, who by these two magnificent erections well won his place of honour in the crypt of St. Paul's. "The magnitude and flatness of the arches," as Sir John Rennie has written, "demanded unusual care in the selection of the materials, which were of the finest blue and white granite from Scotland and Devonshire." The work of building the bridge, rendered difficult by the soft alluvial nature of the bottom, and by the presence of the old bridge, with its effect upon the velocity of the current, occupied seven years five months and thirteen days, although there were engaged upon it upwards of 800 men, of whom forty lost their lives by accident. It was not therefore until August 1st, 1831, that the bridge was opened, by King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, who came by water to perform the ceremony, having embarked at Somerset House. When the old bridge was

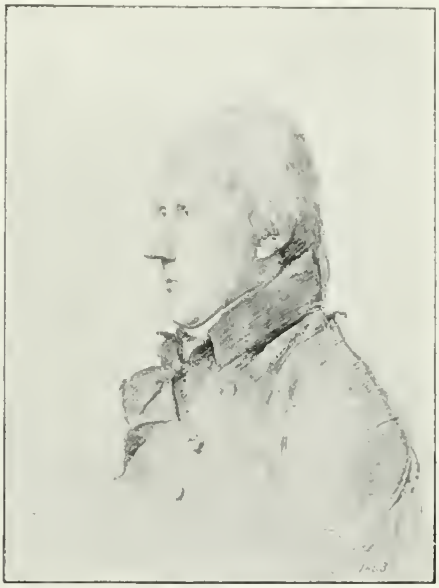


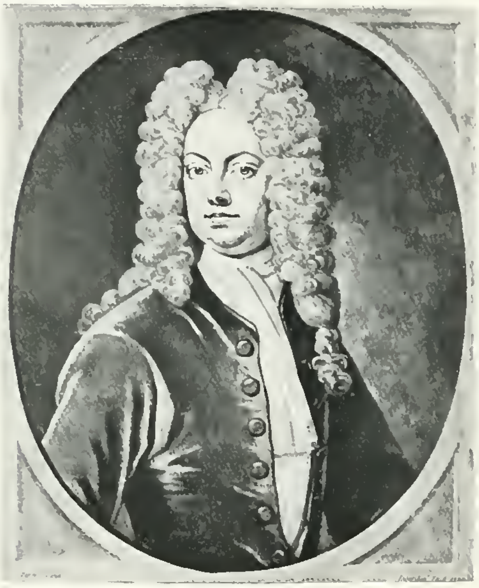
Photo: Emery Walker, Clifford's Inn, E.C.

JOHN RENNIE, THE DESIGNER OF LONDON BRIDGE.

From a Drawing by George Dance, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery.

removed, in the following year, the bones of Peter of Colechurch were discovered in the foundations of his chapel of St. Thomas, and, incredible as it may seem, they were simply flung into a barge and cast as rubbish to the void! The cost of the new bridge was £680,232; the net cost of the approaches and improvements was close upon a million and a quarter, and the money was provided by the Bridge House Estates, of which the income is applied to the provision and maintenance of City bridges by the City Corporation, and by a Parliamentary grant, supplemented by the coal and wine dues. The street improvements included, on the north side Upper Thames Street, Fish Street Hill, Eastcheap, King William Street, Prince's Street, Lothbury, Gresham Street, Moorgate Street, and a part of Threadneedle Street, and on the south side Borough High Street to the Town Hall, and a portion of Tooley Street. The improvement scheme was thus one of the largest ever undertaken in the City.

Interesting Discovery.



EUSTACE BUDGELL (*p.* 268).

In 1902, the traffic over the bridge having almost continuously grown, in spite of the relief afforded by the Tower Bridge, the footways were widened from 9 feet each to 15 feet each, the extra breadth being carried by large corbels of granite, in accordance with a plan of Mr. Andrew Murray, at that time the City Surveyor. The work occupied about two years, the footways being publicly opened on the 28th of March, 1904, by the Lord Mayor, Sir James Ritchie, Bart., who broke a silken cord as a symbol that the broadened pavements were no longer closed. The widening was no doubt inevitable, for at morning and evening the footways are thronged with hurrying passengers as are no other pavements in London, and a few years ago it was calculated that in the course of twelve hours the daily average of pedestrians crossing the bridge was 95,330, one-third as many again as used Blackfriars Bridge, and about four times as many as used Southwark Bridge, more too than the passers-by in Cheapside, who numbered 91,190. To rail at what cannot be helped were childish, and even the untechnical eye can see that the alteration was devised with great ingenuity and skill; but all the same it would be idle to maintain that the proportions of Rennie's work have not been impaired.

Widening the Footways.

It was not until 1749 that the capital found itself provided with a second bridge across the Thames. In that year the ferry which had from time immemorial been the means of communication between Lambeth and Westminster was supplanted by a bridge, which will be noticed in another section of this work. In 1760 the City began to build its second bridge, at Blackfriars, from designs by Robert Mylne, a young Scottish architect fresh from a tour of Europe, who afterwards, according to Mr. Welch, built for himself a handsome residence at the northern end of the bridge, on the site upon which Ludgate Hill Station now stands. The bridge began to be used by foot passengers in 1766, and was opened to vehicular traffic in 1769. The tolls were not abolished until 1875; but before this the bridge had been replaced by the present structure, the work of Joseph Cubitt, consisting of five iron arches which rest on monstrous piers of brickwork faced with granite. It was begun in 1865, and finished at the end of 1870. In 1907 the widening of the bridge was begun in order that the London County Council's trams might be brought across it and so be linked up with those which run along the Victoria Embankment from Westminster Bridge and from Aldwych and the Strand, and it is

Blackfriars Bridge.

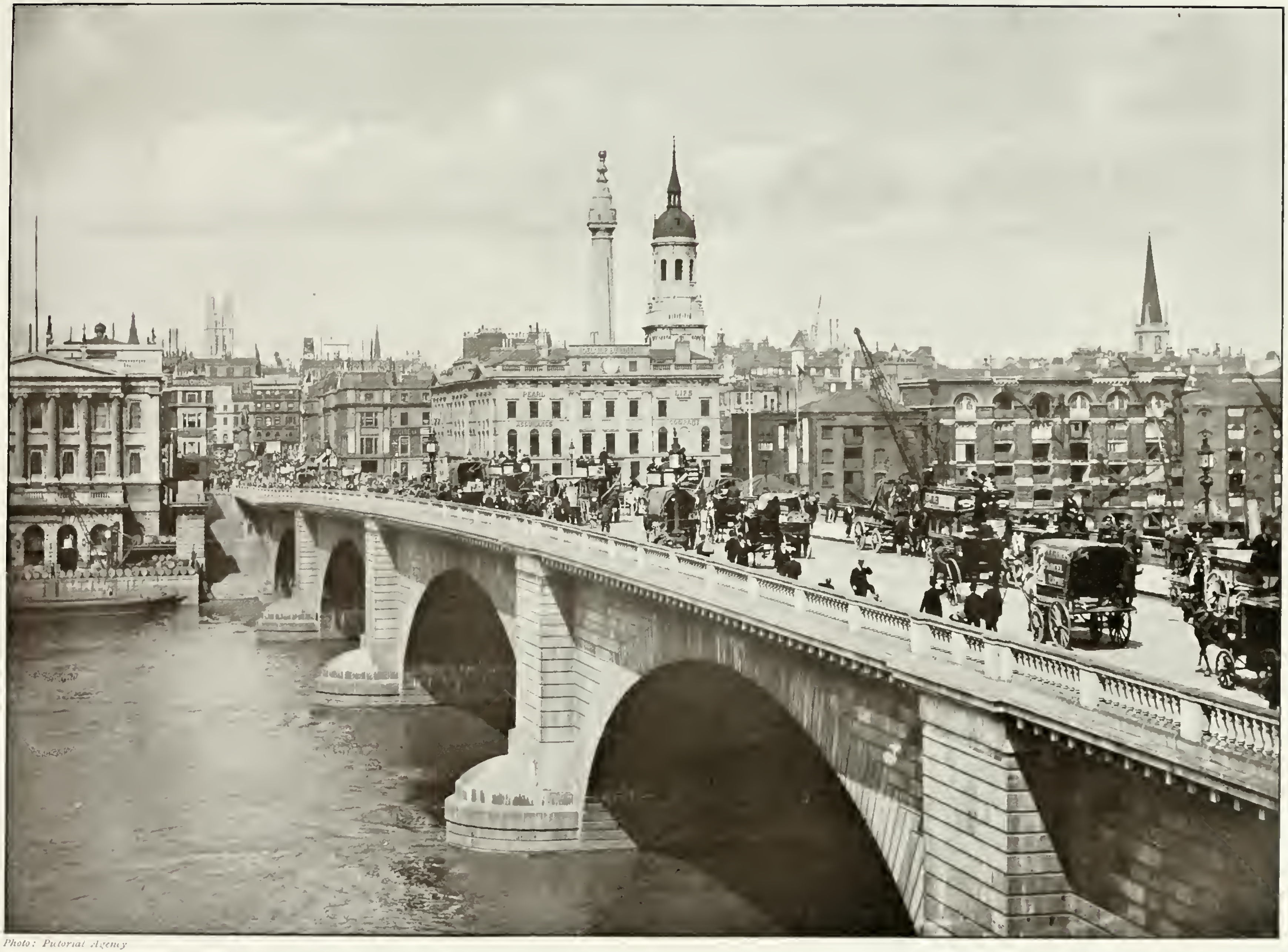
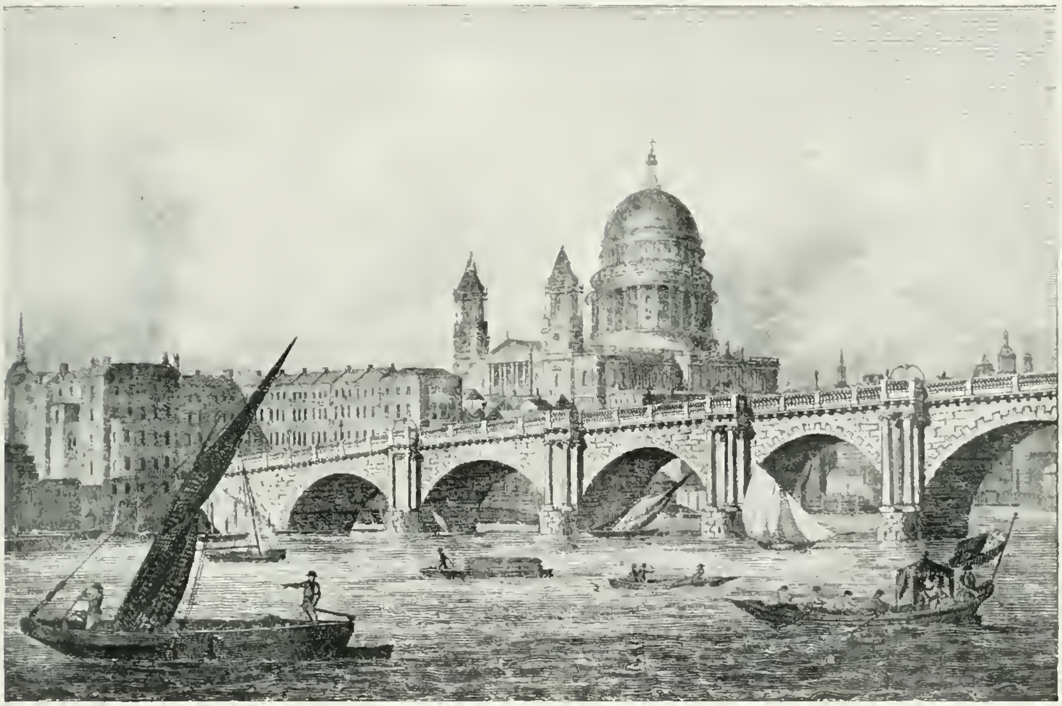

PEARL
LIFE
ASSURANCE
COMPANY

Photo: Pictorial Agency

LONDON BRIDGE, LOOKING NORTH-EAST

now the broadest of the Thames bridges. It has for companion the dismal bridge of the South Eastern and Chatham Railway, which at first took in vain the name of the present Queen by styling itself the Alexandra Lattice Bridge.

We may here pause to note that to a walk over Blackfriars Bridge may be traced the origin of the Young Men's Christian Association. Two young clerks, George Williams and Edward Beaumont, were crossing it one evening on their way home when the one asked the other if he would make a sacrifice for his religion. "Yes, George," was the reply; "if you lead, I'll follow." It was then agreed that they should call a meeting of their fellow clerks to help each other to lead the better life, and in spite of ridicule they persevered. One of the young men, George Williams, lived to be knighted, and when he died he was buried in St. Paul's, and the organisation which he founded has branches all over the world, and a membership of over eight hundred thousand.



OLD BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.
From a Drawing by E. Dayes, engraved by J. Walker.

Southwark Bridge.

The City bridge which bears the name of Southwark was built for a private company by the elder Rennie, the first stone being laid by Admiral Lord Keith on April 23rd, 1815, and the bridge, illuminated with lamps, being declared open as St. Paul's clock tolled the hour of midnight on March 24th, 1819. Consisting of three cast-iron arches, a larger one in the centre and a smaller one on either side, it embodied a new principle in the construction of cast-iron bridges, and so far is to be reckoned one of the architect's successes, though it does not enter into rivalry on æsthetic grounds with Rennie's two other bridges over the Thames. In 1864, by arrangement between the Corporation and the proprietors, the Southwark Bridge Company, the tolls were abolished, and in 1868 the bridge ceased to be private property, being acquired for the public at a cost of £200,000.

Tower Bridge.

The Tower Bridge, which spans the river at the eastern boundary of the Tower, was begun on the 22nd of April, 1886, the work having been entrusted to Mr. (now Sir) J. Wolfe Barry, son of the architect of the Houses of Parliament, and to Mr. (afterwards Sir) Horace Jones, the City Surveyor. The memorial stone was laid by the present King, on behalf of Queen Victoria, on the 21st of June in that year, and the bridge was opened by him on the 30th of June, 1894. Sir J. Wolfe Barry's part in the undertaking was much more important than that of Sir Horace Jones, who died in 1887, before he had been able to work out his architectural sketches. The bridge, moreover, is of steel, the Gothic towers which advertise themselves as its chief feature being nothing but masks for the metal piers that bear the weight of the structure. In the chapter on the design and construction of the bridge which the engineer has contributed to Mr. Welch's volume on the City bridges, he describes the tower as "steel skeletons clothed with stone," and defends the arrangement on the grounds that in an æsthetic sense stone is preferable to cast iron, and is also better from a practical point of view, since a covering of brickwork or masonry effectually preserves iron or steel from corrosion; and he ingeniously tells us that if the appearance of the bridge is approved, we may forget "that the towers have skeletons as much concealed as that of the human body, of which we do not think when we contemplate examples of manly or feminine beauty." That the bridge is a handsome structure, which forms an impressive portal to London on the seaward side, is not to be gainsaid, but the act of forgetfulness to which Sir J. Wolfe Barry invites us is perhaps less easy to many minds than he supposes.

Photo. Pictorial Agency.

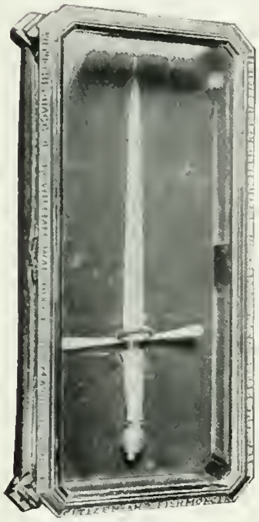
THE TOWER BRIDGE.

The Tower Bridge, upon which, with its approaches, more than a million and a half of money has been spent, has a central span 200 feet long between the towers, and there are two side spans on the suspension principle, each of them 270 feet in length. The carriageway, with footways, consists of twin bascules, each of them 100 feet long, which are raised to give passage to large vessels. At a height of 112½ feet above the carriageway is a footway for the use of pedestrians who do not care to wait until the bascules are lowered.

CHAPTER XXV

UPPER THAMES STREET

Fishmongers' Hall—Sir William Walworth's Dagger—Old Swan Stairs—Sir John Poultney's House—Suffolk Lane—Cold Harbour Lane—Allhallows' the Great—The Hanse Merchants—Dowgate—The Skinners—The Dyers—The Vintners—College Hill—The Story of Dick Whittington—St. Michael's Paternoster Royal—Garlick Hill—Garlickhithe and Queenhithe—Bringing Moselle Wine to London in Ancient Times—The Painter Stainers—St. Mary Somerset Quaint Names—St. Benet's—Inigo Jones



DAGGER WITH WHICH WAT TYLER WAS SLAIN.

By permission of the Fishmongers' Company.

AT the north west corner of London Bridge, forming the eastern end of Upper Thames Street, is the Hall of the Livery Company which stands fourth in the order of civic precedence—the Fishmongers. Of this Company the origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, but it was in existence at least as early as the middle of the 12th century. Originally there were two Companies connected with the trade in fish, the Salt Fishmongers and the Stock Fishmongers. In the reign of Henry VI. (1433) they coalesced, but they parted in the reign of Henry VII. (1508), and were finally fused together under the next Henry (1537). The Company has not ceased to exercise its ancient functions, and its officers still see to the condition of the fish exposed for sale at Billingsgate and other City fish markets, and prosecute offenders under various Fisheries Acts. One of the richest of the City Companies, only a small proportion of its income is of a fiduciary character; and it employs its revenues chiefly in maintaining almshouses at Wandsworth and elsewhere, and a grammar school at Holt, in Norfolk, in exhibitions to universities and colleges, in benefactions to members who have fallen upon evil days, and in loans to young freemen.

Sir William Walworth.

The first Hall of the combined Fishmongers, in Thames Street, close to where the present Hall stands, was bought of Lord Fanhope in 1434, and subsisted until the Fire of 1666. It was rebuilt in 1668-71 by Edward Jerman, the City Surveyor, and continued to be the local habitation of the Company until 1831, when it was taken down in connexion with the building of the present London Bridge. The Hall which succeeded it, designed by Mr. H. Roberts in a semi-classical style, and built 1831-35, stands upon a basement encased with granite, and presents to the river a balustraded terrace and an Ionic hexastyle and pediment. The entrance hall is separated from the great staircase by a screen of columns of polished Aberdeen granite. The scene of the banquets for which the Fishmongers are famous is a room of magnificent proportions, richly decorated, and the Court Dining Room and the Drawing Room are also very fine apartments. Among the treasures of the Company is a funeral pall *temp.* Henry VIII., in three pieces. A statue by Pierce of the most famous of the Fishmongers, Sir William Walworth, shows that fiery Lord Mayor dagger in hand, and formerly it held what is said to be the actual dagger with which Wat Tyler was struck down in Smithfield. This weapon, which has lost its guard, is jealously preserved by the Company. The statue is thus inscribed:—

"Brave Walworth, Knight, Lord Mayor, y^{t} slew
Rebellious Tyler in his alarmes;
The King, therefore, did give in liew
The dagger to the City armes,
In the 4th year of Richard II., Anno Domini 1381."

This doggerel is worth quotation because of its effect in propagating the blunder that the dagger in the City arms originated in the shrewd blow Walworth struck for Richard II., whereas it is of much more ancient origin, and represents, as we saw in an earlier chapter (p. 129), the sword of St. Paul, the Corporation's patron saint, to whom the City's cathedral is dedicated.

Photo Pictorial Agency.

FISHMONGERS' HALL.

Old Swan Stairs.

At the Old Swan Stairs, a little to the east of Fishmongers' Hall, folk in descending the river in former days used to land to avoid the perils of "shooting" the narrow arches of old London Bridge, re-embarking, as a rule, at Billingsgate, as Johnson and Boswell did on their way to Greenwich in 1763. The stairs are named after "Ye Olde Swanne," which, already in 1323 "a tenement of olde time," was destroyed in the Great Fire, but was rebuilt. The present inn of this name, in Old Swan Lane, occupies the same site as its predecessors.

Sir John Poultney.

Laurence Pountney Lane and Laurence Pountney Hill, running from Upper Thames Street, are named after Sir John Poultney, a Draper who was Lord Mayor in the reign of Edward III., and who in the house which he built for himself, adjoining the church of St. Laurence, just south of Candlewick (Cannon) Street, founded a college that was suppressed in the reign of Edward VI. The church was not rebuilt after the Fire, but a bit of the graveyard may still be seen; the parish was annexed to that of St. Mary Abchurch. A crypt of the mansion survived under No. 3, on the west side of Laurence Pountney Hill, until 1894. Sir John Poultney's house, called by Stow the Manor of the Rose, was successively the possession of several noble families, and by Henry VIII. was presented to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

Suffolk Lane.

Of the Suffolk family we are reminded also by Suffolk Lane, as well as by Duck's Foot Lane, which was not improbably Duke's Foot Lane, a narrow way leading to the mansion. A part of the Manor of the Rose, in Suffolk Lane, was acquired by the Merchant Taylors' Company for the purposes of a school in 1561, and was so used until it perished in the Great Fire. It was rebuilt in 1675, and here the famous school remained for just two hundred years, when it was removed to the Charterhouse, the old building being acquired for the purposes of the District Railway.

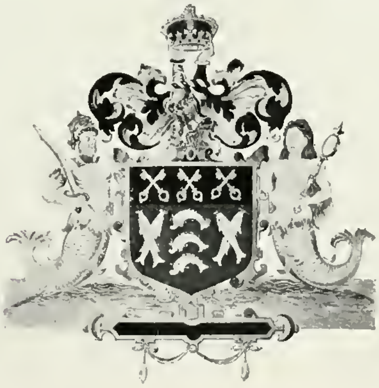
STATUE OF WALWORTH IN FISHMONGERS' HALL.

Cold Harbour Lane.

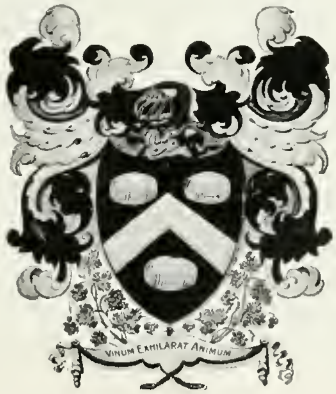
Cole or Cold Harbour Lane, which has now disappeared, and which led out of Upper Thames Street southwards, a little to the east of Suffolk Lane, recalls another of the stately mansions which in past days gave to Thames Street a dignity it has long lost. Cold Harborough, as it was once called — for a reason which is not certainly known—is first mentioned, according to Stow, in the 13th year of Edward II. In the reign of the next Edward it was acquired for his own use by Sir John Poultney, and was then styled Poultney's Inn. In 1410 it was conferred upon Prince Hal by his father, and by Edward VI. it was given to Francis, 5th Earl of Shrewsbury, who changed its name to Shrewsbury House, and whose successor in the title demolished it and covered the site with a number of mean tenements. The site is now in part occupied by the City of London Brewery.

The church of Allhallows' the Great, at the corner of Allhallows Lane, is to be numbered among the churches of Wren's building that have disappeared. The tower was demolished in 1876 in connexion with the widening of Upper Thames Street, and the site of the church itself was put up to auction in 1894, and demolished in the following year, the parish being annexed to that of St. Michael's Paternoster Royal.

The Hanse Merchants had their headquarters in the Steelyard, or the Dutch Guildhall, which faced the river hard by Allhallows' the Great on a part of the site now occupied by the Cannon Street Railway Station. Of the Steelyard, the name by which their Guildhall came to be known in the fourteenth century, many derivations have been given. One is that it refers to the King's Steelyard, or beam for weighing the tonnage of imported goods, which stood here until its removal to Cornhill, and which from Cornhill was transferred to Weigh House Yard in Eastcheap. A less obvious but not less probable derivation is that of Lambecius, quoted by Herbert in his work on the Livery Companies—that it is a corruption of Stapelhof, softened into Stafelhof, " and synonymous with the English word Staple, which is in the civil law Latin style of Edward III. termed *Stabile emporium*, a fixed port depôt." The merchants of the Steelyard, a branch of the Hanseatic League, were already established in London by the



ARMS OF THE FISHMONGERS' COMPANY.



ARMS OF THE VINTNERS' COMPANY.

Photo Pictorial Agency.

SKINNERS' HALL: THE BANQUETING HALL.

middle of the 10th century, for in 967 King Ethelred declared them to be "worthy of good laws." At first, according to Price, the historian of the Guildhall, these traders from Germany and Flanders were not a homogeneous body. There were the Easterlings, who had their factories and warehouses in the vicinity of the Steelyard, and there were the merchants of Cologne, who congregated in Dowgate hard by, and between the two bodies there were constant disputes until they amalgamated as "the merchants of Almaigne." They flourished exceedingly, and at one time had a monopoly of the foreign trade of London, but the privileges which they succeeded in obtaining from successive monarchs were always regarded with jealousy by their English rivals, and in the reign of Edward VI. these aliens were deprived of all their monopolies. But they still throve too well for the peace of mind of the citizens, and in 1597-98 Queen Elizabeth expelled them the country and their Hall became a storehouse for Navy provisions.

Dowgate.

The Steelyard stood in the ward of Dowgate, a contraction possibly of Downegate, though Riley unearthed a reference to Douuegate in a document dated 1312, and Mr. Lethaby quotes from a charter of 1150-51 in which the name appears in the same form. From the fact that the Wall Brook joined the Thames at this dock or watergate, Dowgate has been derived from the Celtic *Dwr*, water, which, as Mr. Lethaby drily remarks, "would be a very interesting fact if there were any certainty in it." Dowgate was a port of the Normans, and Mr. Horace Round shows that in 1150-51 it was confirmed by Henry Duke of the Normans, afterwards our Henry II., to the citizens of Rouen, by whom it had been held from the days of the Confessor.

In the street known as Dowgate Hill are the Halls of three of the City Livery Companies—the Skinners, the Dyers, and the Tallow Chandlers. The Skinners, alternatively with the Merchant Taylors the sixth and seventh in civic precedence of the twelve great Companies, at one time formed two brotherhoods, which were afterwards amalgamated.

The Skinners. Their earliest charter was granted in the first year of Edward III (1327). The quarter in which they congregated was not always the same, but for hundreds of years their Hall has occupied the present site. It was rebuilt after the Fire. The Ionic front, with the Company's arms in the pediment, was added by Jupp, the Company's Architect, in 1790, and from the more ancient building, which is of brick, this is separated by a small paved court. The Banqueting Hall is an elegant chamber, and the drawing-room with its wainscotting of odorous cedar and its beautiful carved ceiling, is also much admired. Sir Andrew Judd, who was Lord Mayor in 1551, and founded the great school at Tonbridge, was sixteen times Master of the Company. Three other schools are under the governance of this Company—Sir Andrew Judd's Commercial school at Tonbridge, opened in 1888; a school for boys at Tunbridge Wells, opened in 1887; and a day-school for girls at Stamford Hill. Another benefactor of the Company was Peter Blundell, founder of the celebrated Grammar school at Tiverton, who by will dated June 9, 1599, left a sum of £150 to be invested in land primarily for the benefit of poor prisoners in the Wood Street Compter, of which some account has been given in an earlier chapter (p. 91).

The Dyers. The Dyers were incorporated by Edward IV. (1472), and their Hall, before the Fire, stood a little to the west of Old Swan Pier, where the fact is commemorated by Dyers' Hall Wharf and Pier. Their Hall at Dowgate was built about 1770, and was rebuilt in 1839-40, the architect being Dyer by name; and it was enlarged in 1856-57. With their near neighbours the Vintners they enjoy the privilege of keeping swans on the Thames, from London Bridge to a considerable distance above Windsor, and once a year the swan-markers of these two Companies, with those of the Crown, go up the Thames to take stock of the birds

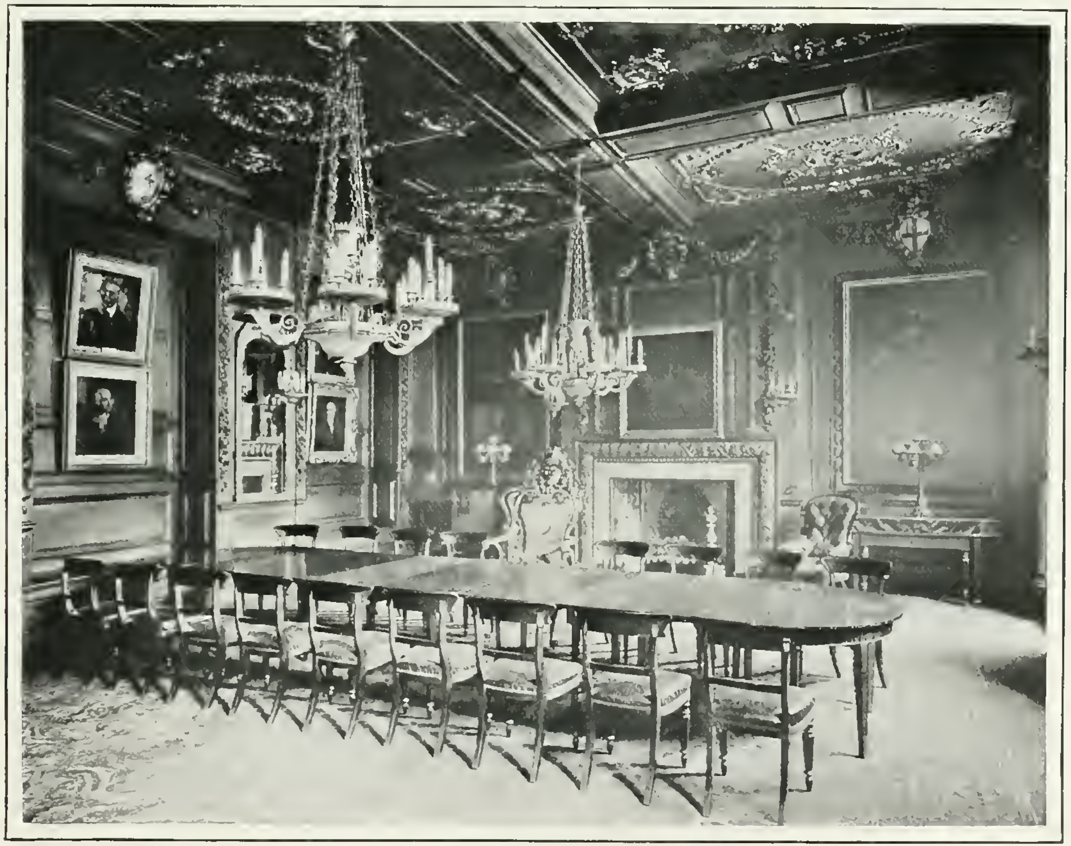


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

VINTNERS' HALL: THE COURT ROOM.

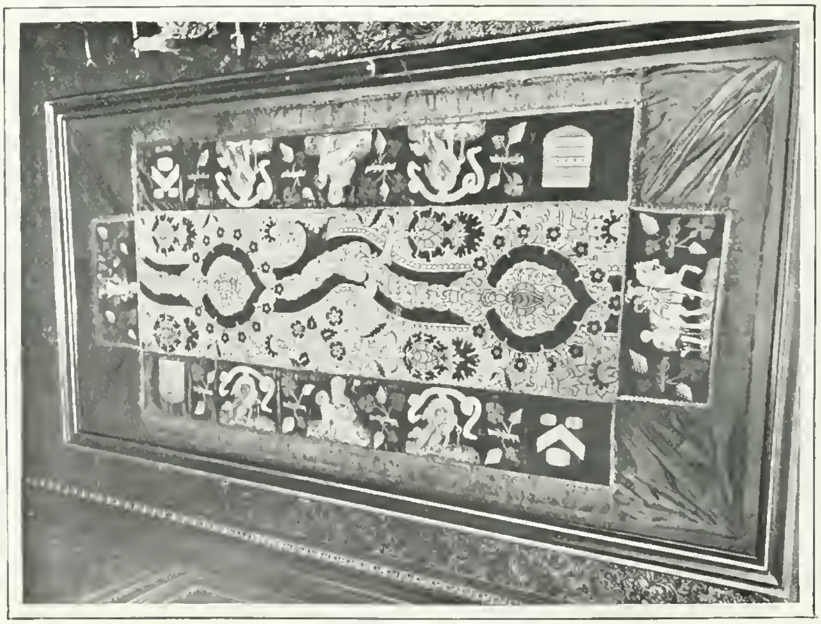
SILVER GILT SALT-CELLAR AT VINTNERS' HALL.

THE "MILKMAID CUP" AT VINTNERS' HALL.

and mark the young ones. The marks are made upon the upper mandible, and each of the proprietary authorities has its own sign. In 1878 the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals prosecuted the swan-herds, alleging that the marks were of such a character as to inflict needless cruelty, and though the summonses were dismissed the marks were changed. The royal mark now consists of two diamonds, that of the Dyers of one nick on the right side of the mandible, and that of the Vintners of two nicks, one on either side of the mandible. The double nick is, no doubt, the origin of the tavern-house sign, "The Swan with Two Necks."

Minor Livery Companies.

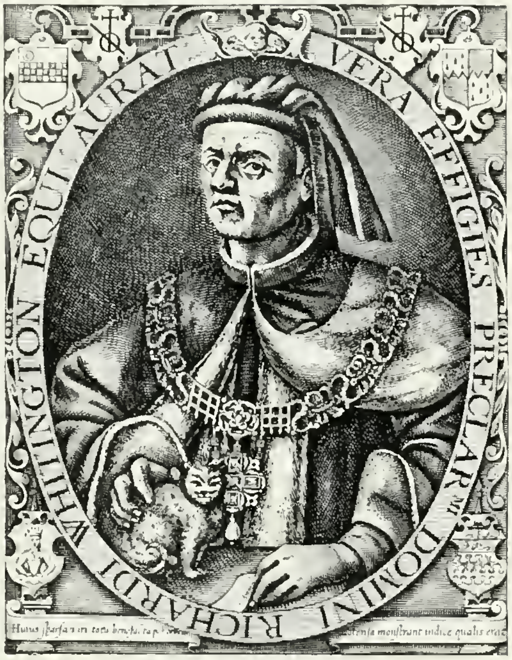
The Tallow Chandlers trace their origin as a Company back to the early years of the fifteenth century, when they were invested with power to search for and destroy all bad and adulterated oils. Their Hall, rebuilt by Wren in 1672 after the Fire with a Tuscan colonnade, was restored in 1871, and again in 1900. Close by, in College Street, leading westwards from Dowgate Hill to College Hill, is the Hall of the Innholders, who were incorporated by Henry VI. in 1515, and in early days were known as "hostillars." The present Hall dates from 1886, when it superseded the one built after the Fire by Wren and Jerman.



HEARSE CLOTH AT VINTNERS' HALL.

The Vintners.

A little further along Upper Thames Street, as one goes westward, at the corner of Queen Street, is the stuccoed Hall of the Vintners, the eleventh of the twelve great Livery Companies, and much the least wealthy of them. As mentioned above, they have rights of ownership in the swans on the Thames. Composed of two branches, the *vinctarii*, importers and merchants, and the *tavernarii*, retailers or tavern-keepers, this fraternity was incorporated by Henry VI. in 1427, but it is mentioned as early as 1256. The Vintners have given their name to the Ward — the Vintry—in which their Hall stands, and it was hereabouts that the Bordeaux merchants unloaded their lighters and sold their wines. The Company, says the "City of London Directory," formerly enjoyed the sole right of landing and loading wines and spirits imported into or exported from the City, and its members and their widows still possess the right to sell foreign wines in certain places in England without a licence. Its arms show a chevron between three tuns. The ancient Hall, which was in existence in 1352, perished in the Fire; of its successor, a work of Wren's, only the Council chamber remains, the rest being rebuilt in 1820-23.


RICHARDI WHITTINGTON EQUI AURAT VERA EFFIGIES PRECLAR^MI DOMINI

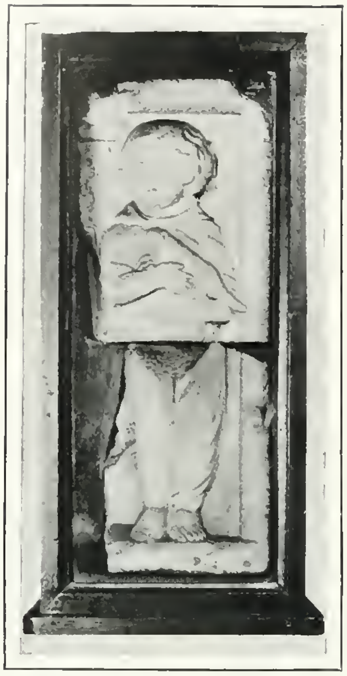
RICHARD WHITTINGTON.
After an Engraving by Elstrack.

The Vintners are proud of their drinking vessels, which include a double "milkmaid cup," of about a century later, which, when inverted, has a double cavity, a good deal of address being required to drink the wine in the larger vessel without spilling that in the smaller; and a quaint flagon of stone mounted in silver gilt, presented to the Company in 1653, and of which a facsimile fetched as much as 1,450 guineas at Christie's. Others of their treasures are a large beautifully chased and embossed silver-gilt salt-cellar, dated 1569, and valued by experts at £5,000, and a hearse cloth of cloth of gold, with purple velvet pile. At one end it shows St. Martin on horseback dividing his cloak with a beggar; at the other end he is seen as Bishop of Tours giving alms to a beggar. In the centre of each of the side borders appears the Virgin Mary as our Lady of Pity. Among Vintner Lord Mayors is to be reckoned the Sir Thomas Bludworth who cut so poor a figure at the time of the Fire (p. 15). Pepys came across him again some months after the Fire, and describes him contemptuously as the Lord Mayor "under whom the City was burnt." "Lord!" he exclaims, "the silly talk that the silly fellow had! . . . A very weak man he seems to me!" Bludworth has the further distinction of being father-in-law of the brutal Jeffreys.

An earlier Vintner than Lord Mayor Bludworth was John Chaucer, the father of the earliest of our greater poets. John Chaucer carried on business in Thames Street, at or near the foot of Dowgate Street, and there it may well have been that Geoffrey was born, about the year 1340. The fact has never been properly established, but the probabilities are that the father of English poetry was born somewhere in London, at any rate.

College Hill.

College Hill takes its name from the College of St. Spirit and St. Mary, founded by the great Richard Whittington, and dissolved by Henry VIII., though the "hospital" connected with it was allowed to continue, and here it remained until 1808, when the inmates were transferred to new quarters at the foot of Highgate Hill, and the site was covered with the school of the Mercers' Company, removed, in turn, in 1894 to Barnard's Inn, Holborn. On the east side of the hill are two fine sculptured seventeenth century gateways, giving access to houses of which one was the abode of Sir Samuel Pennant, kinsman of the antiquary. According to tradition, the building between the gateways and the church of St. Michael's Paternoster Royal occupies the site of Whittington's mansion.



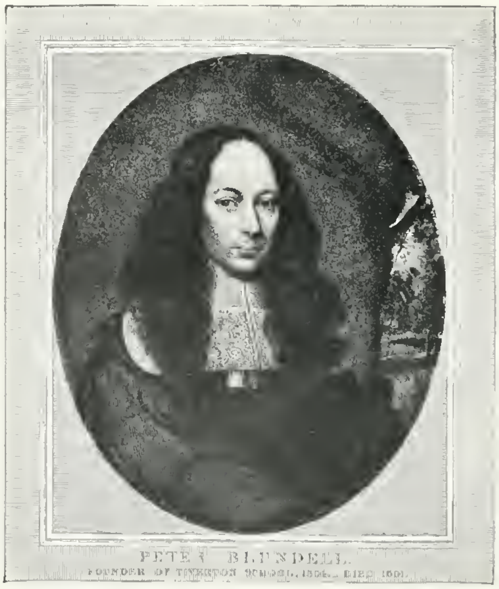
THE "WHITTINGTON STONE" IN GUILDHALL MUSEUM.

St. Michael's Paternoster Royal, rebuilt by Whittington, takes its subsidiary names from two streets close by—Paternoster Lane and La Reole, the latter so called from the merchants of La Reole, a town near Bordeaux, who settled here in the reign of Edward I., if not earlier. When Whittington died he was fittingly buried in the chancel, under a marble tomb which perished in the Fire. The present St. Michael's, built under Wren's superintendence by Edward Strong, his master mason, contained nothing to remind one of Whittington until 1866, when one of the windows was filled with stained glass in his memory. Now, too, there is an inscription on the exterior setting forth his connexion with the church.

The Whittington legend, most popular of London legends, pictures a poor ill-treated orphan of the West of England coming to London because he believed its streets were paved with gold. He becomes a scullion in the kitchen of a rich merchant in Leadenhall Street, is treated harshly by the cook, but wins the pity of his master's pretty daughter, the Mistress Alice. Now it was the merchant's custom when sending out a ship to let each of his servants take some part in the venture. When the *Unicorn* set sail Whittington could only contribute to her freight his cat, but this was bought for ten times the value of all the cargo besides by a king of Barbary whose palace was overrun with rats. Meanwhile Whittington, unable longer to endure the cook's tyranny, left his master's house early on the morning of Allhallows Day intending no more to return, but as he lay resting at the foot of Highgate Hill he heard Bow bells ringing out an alluring peal which seemed to say—

> "Turn again, Whittington,
> Lord Mayor of London."

So he found his way back, and when the *Unicorn* returned to port and made him rich, he married Mistress Alice, and lived to be thrice Lord Mayor of London, and, at a feast to Henry V. at Guildhall in celebration of the conquest of France, to throw into the fire the King's bonds for thirty-seven thousand marks.

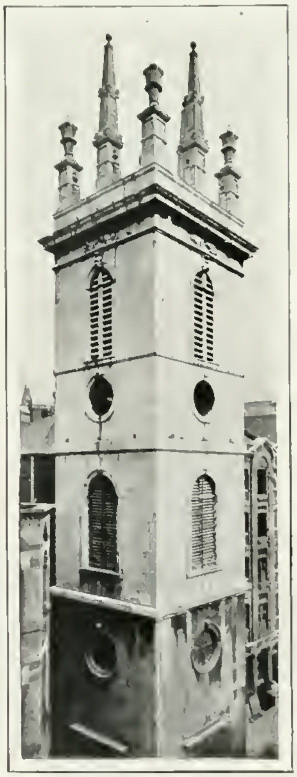

PETER BLUNDELL.
FOUNDER OF TIVERTON SCHOOL, 1604. DIED 1601.

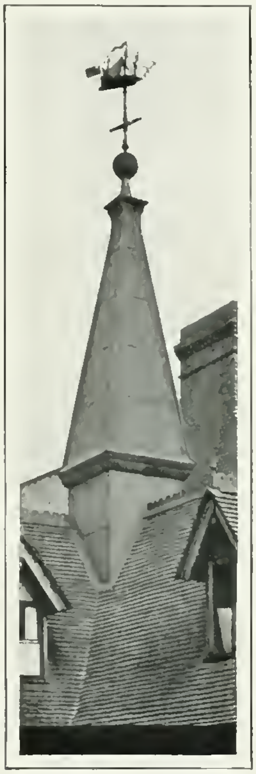
REPUTED PORTRAIT OF PETER BLUNDELL, AT BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL, TIVERTON.

Who would not believe this pretty story if he could? Small blame to Lysons, or to Sir Walter Besant, for trying to prove that the incident of the cat, at any rate, is true. But even the cat, it is to be feared, must be drowned. True, in the Guildhall Museum is a piece of sculpture—found in an old house at Gloucester that is said to have once belonged to the Whittingtons—which shows a small boy carrying, as some believe, a cat. But Tait, the author of the article on Whittington in the Dictionary of National Biography, sees in it nothing but a boy and "a nondescript small animal," nor will he admit that there is any satisfactory evidence for attributing the stone to the fifteenth century. As to the legend as a whole, it is not known, he says, to have been narrated until 1605, well nigh two hundred years after Whittington's death. During his life Whittington's reputation does not seem to have extended beyond the City. And his name would not have been a household word with Londoners of the fifteenth century but for the fact that he rebuilt Newgate, London's chief prison, and founded here in College Hill London's chief almshouses, the Whittington Hospital.

STEEPLE OF ST. MICHAEL'S PATERNOSTER ROYAL.

STEEPLE OF ST. JAMES'S GARLICKHITHE.


TOWER OF ST. MARY SOMERSET.


VANE OF ST. MICHAEL'S QUEENHITHE.

Putting aside, then, the legend, with the equally mythical tale of the burnt bonds and the conferred knighthood, let us in a few sentences record the bare facts of this great citizen's life. The son of Sir William Whittington, a Gloucestershire knight, and born about 1359, he is first heard of in London in 1379, when he contributes five marks to a City loan. In 1385 he is elected to the Common Council by Coleman Street Ward, in 1393 he becomes Alderman for Broad Street Ward, in 1393-4 he serves as Sheriff, and is appointed Lord Mayor in 1397 by the King, to succeed Adam Bamme, who had died during his year of office. In the following October he was duly elected to the office, for which he was again chosen in 1406, and for a third time (the fourth if his first appointment by the King to succeed Bamme be reckoned) in 1419. A prosperous mercer, he lent large sums successively to Richard II., Henry IV., and Henry V. He married Alice, daughter of Sir Ivo Fitzwaryn, but died childless (1423), as another great citizen —Sir Thomas Gresham—was destined to do in the next century. Public-spirited in a rare degree, he built almost at his own charges the new library of the Greyfriars, afterwards the north side of the great cloister of Christ's Hospital, and joined with others in handing over Leaden Hall to the Corporation. But his posthumous benefactions were yet more extensive. Under the powers of his will his executors rebuilt Newgate, contributed to the repair of St. Bartholomew's Hospital and the restoration of the Guildhall, made collegiate the parish church of St. Michael's Paternoster Royal, and founded, adjoining his house on College Hill, the almshouses for thirteen poor men which came to be known as Whittington's Hospital.

St. Michael's Church has other claims to notice besides its Whittington associations. It contains a monument of Sir Samuel Pennant, Lord Mayor in 1750, who died in that year of gaol fever (typhus) caught at the Old Bailey. And above Grinling Gibbons' oak altar-piece is a picture of Mary Magdalene Anointing the Feet of Christ, from the brush of William Hilton, R.A., presented in 1820 by the directors of the British Institution. St. Michael's also serves the parish of St. Martin in the Vintry, of which the church was not rebuilt after the Fire, though a bit of the graveyard may be seen at the corner of Upper Thames Street and Queen Street. St. Martin was the patron saint of the Vintners, who, as we have seen, have given their name to the ward.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

PAINTERS' HALL: THE BANQUETING HALL.

Hard by, on Garlick Hill, is the church of St. James's Garlickhithe, with a steeple which has more resemblance to that of St. Michael's, though it is but a general resemblance, than is usual with Wren's spires. Above the clock, suspended from the tower, and dated 1682, is a gilded figure of the patron saint, who is turning his back on Thames Street. It was in this church that Steele was so

Garlick Hill.

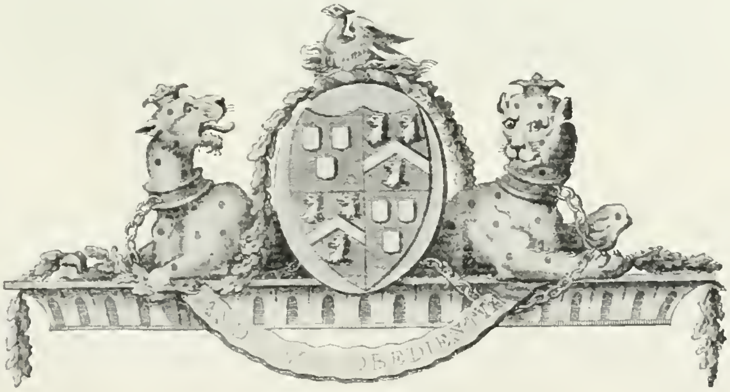
affected by the reading of the liturgy. In No. 147 of the *Spectator* he relates how he heard it read "so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently that it was next to an impossibility to be inattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confined to my prayers . . . My mind was really affected, and fervent wishes accompanied my words. The Confession was read with such a resigned humility, the Absolution with such a comfortable authority, the Thanksgivings with such a religious joy, as made me feel these affections of the mind in a manner I never did before." The reader who won this fine tribute was the Rev. Philip Stubbs, rector of the parish, and afterwards Archdeacon of St. Alban's.

CAMDEN'S LOVING CUP.

Queenhithe.

According to Stow, Garlickhithe was so called because anciently garlick was sold here, near St. James's Church. Close by was another hithe or quay, Queenhithe, so called, it is said, because it belonged to the Queen. Its history is obscure and confused, but Riley thinks that most probably "Queen" is a corruption of "quern" (corn), for in documents of the 12th century Queenhithe is called Cornhith, from the corn and flour which were landed at this quay. Probably, too, it was at Queenhithe that the fleets laden with wine from the Moselle moored. Riley, in the Liber Custumarum, has set out the regulations to which the French ships had to conform. At Yantlet Creek they had "to arrange themselves in due order and raise their ensign," and having passed beneath London Bridge they had "to remain at their moorings two ebbs and a flood; during which period the merchants were to sell no part of their cargo, it being the duty of one of the Sheriffs and the King's Chamberlain to board each vessel in the meantime." Then, the officials having made such purchases as they pleased, the Frenchmen were able to dispose of their tuns of wine under certain conditions "to such merchants as might present themselves as customers, those of London having the priority and those of Winchester coming next."

The church of St. Michael Queenhithe, which stood on the north side of Upper Thames Street, was destroyed in 1876, the parish being annexed to that of St. James Garlickhithe. The gilded vane, which takes the form of a ship with a hull large enough, so it is said, to hold a bushel of corn—a reference to the trade to which Queenhithe very probably owes its name—is still to be seen, surmounting a miniature spire, on the rectory, which stands on the site of the church, at the corner of Huggin Lane.


ARMS OF THE PAINTERS' COMPANY.

In Little Trinity Lane is the Hall of the Painters' Company, dating from three years after the Fire, and enlarged in 1880. The Company itself, styled the Paynter Stayners—a picture on canvas being anciently called a stained cloth—existed as a fraternity as early as the 14th century, and was incorporated by Edward IV. in 1467. As one would expect, the Hall is embellished with a good many paintings, among them one of Camden the historian, who left in his will a sum of £16 for the purchase of a loving cup which is still brought out every St. Luke's Day. Down to the foundation of the Royal Academy this company numbered among its members the chief painters; and in 1784 it conferred its freedom upon Sir Joshua Reynolds.

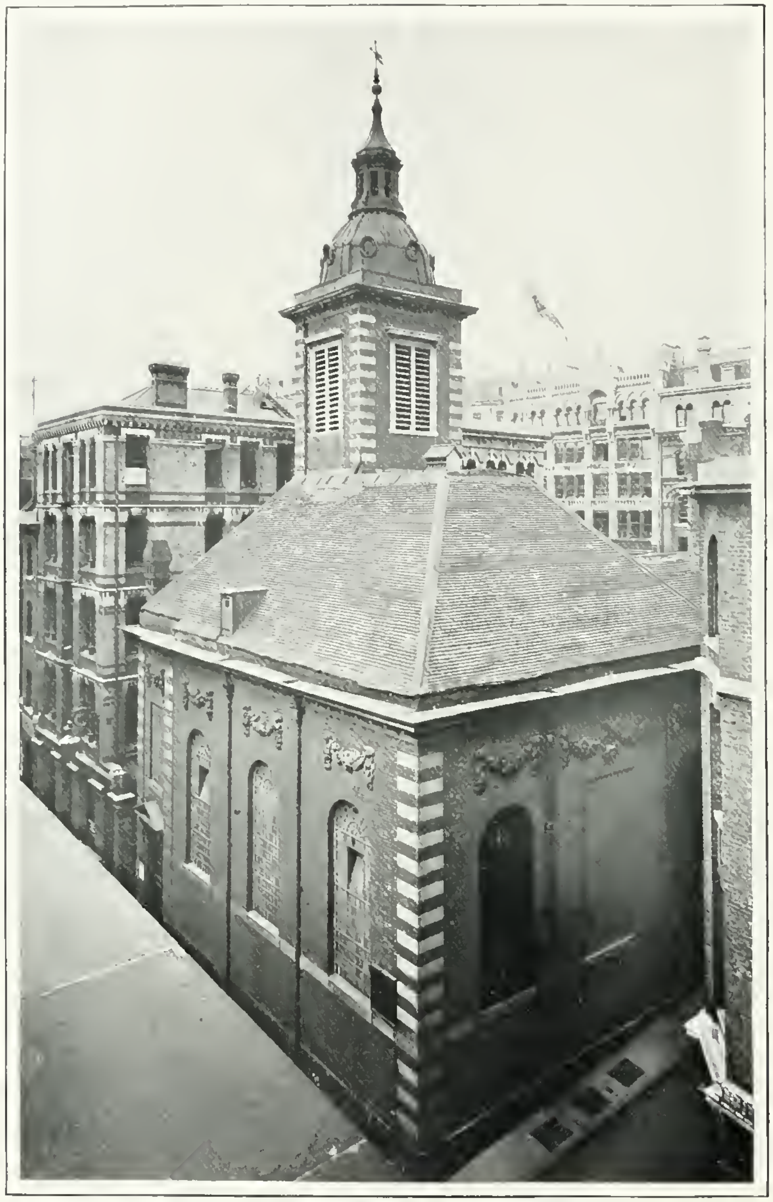


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ST. BENET'S, PAUL'S WHARF.

St. Mary Somerset.

Close by the site of St. Michael's Queenhithe there stands all that is left of yet another of Wren's works, the church of St. Mary Somerset. When in 1871 it was taken down and the parish united to that of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, the tower was spared, the City Corporation becoming its custodian. Forlorn enough it looks in its solitude and dinginess, and almost it seems to be lamenting its severance from the human life around it. How different from the tower of Allhallows Staining, off Fenchurch Street, which, carefully tended by the Clothworkers' Company, forms an ornament of the pleasant garden into which the graveyard has been transformed. "Somerset," by the way, is conjectured by Stow to be a corruption of Summer's Hithe, a quay belonging to a man of that name.

Quaint Names.

East of the tower of St. Mary Somerset is Fye Foot Lane, known in Stow's day as Five Foot Lane, because at one end it was but five feet in breadth. Another narrow street with a curious name, a little to the westward, is Trig Lane, so called from one John Trigge, who in the reign of Edward III. owned stairs that led down to the water. It is continued on the north side of Upper Thames Street by Lambeth Hill, which should be Lambert Hill, after the owner. On old Fish Street Hill, where was London's fish market before Billingsgate was appropriated to that purpose, stood the church of St. Mary Magdalene, rebuilt by Wren after the Fire, and so seriously damaged by the same enemy in December, 1886, that it was pulled down to avoid the cost of repair, the parish being amalgamated with that of St. Martin, Ludgate.

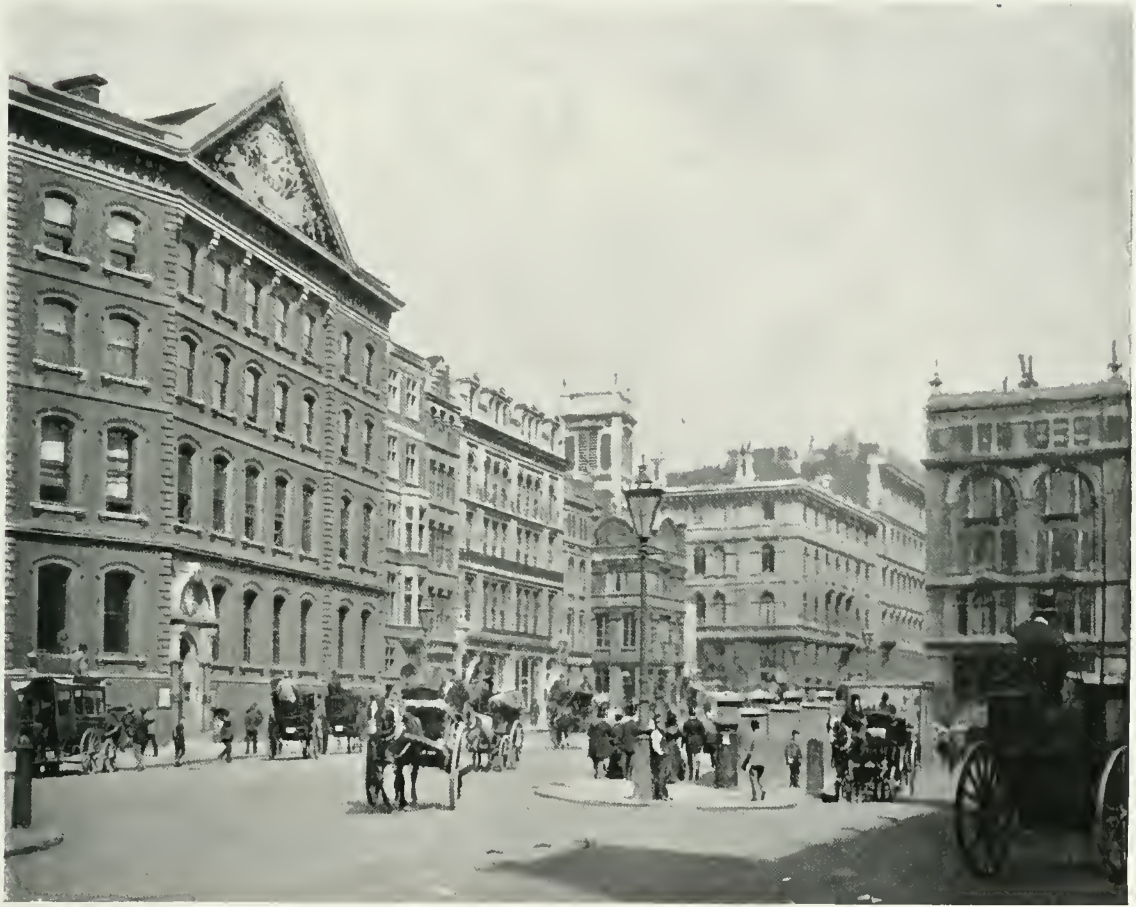


Photo. Pictorial Agency.

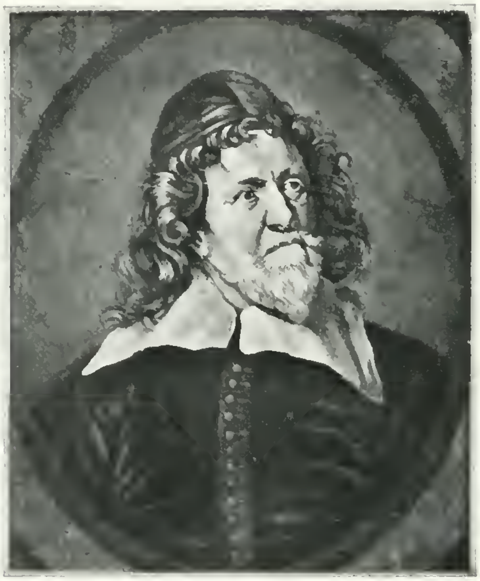
JUNCTION OF UPPER THAMES STREET AND QUEEN VICTORIA STREET.

St. Benet's.

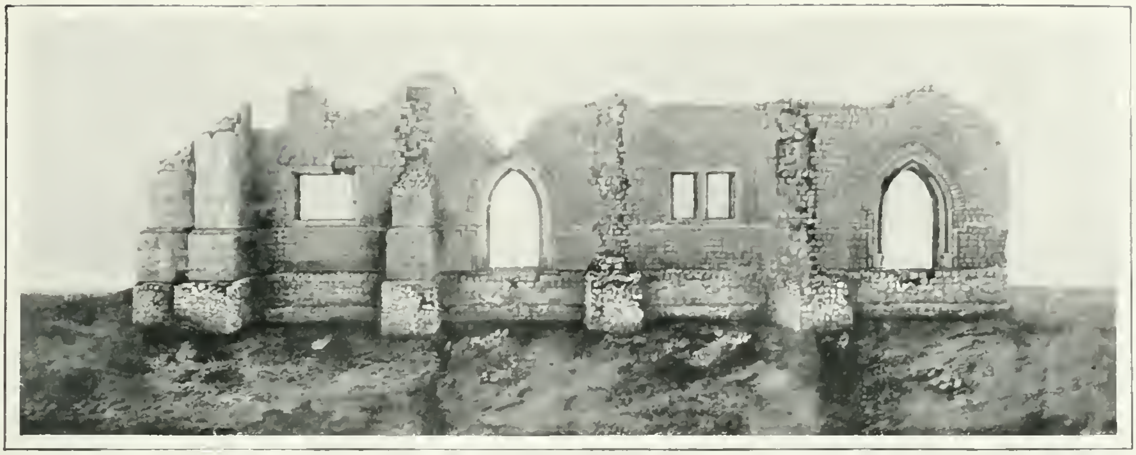
Yet another of Wren's churches, that of St. Benet, Paul's Wharf, abutting on the north side of Upper Thames Street, though it still exists, has ceased to be parochial, for the parish to which it belonged was annexed to that of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey in 1867, and since then the church has been used for services in Welsh. The most famous association of

Inigo Jones.

old St. Benet's was with Inigo Jones, greatest but one of British architects, if not greatest of all, who, in the later years of his long life—he was nearly eighty at the time of his death—found himself, as a Royalist, fallen on evil days. He died in the year after the Battle of Worcester, on the 21st of June, 1652, and by his own directions was buried in the chancel here, close to the dust of his father and mother. His monument of white marble perished with the church. Wren, who was as fortunate in his opportunities as Inigo Jones was unfortunate, appreciated his great predecessor's genius, and spoke of the portico which he added to Old St. Paul's as an "exquisite piece in itself." In the present St. Benet's, built of red brick, which the years have turned to a venerable tinge, Henry Fielding married his second wife, on November 27th, 1747. In those days, says Mr. Austin Dobson in his Life of the great novelist, St. Benet's was much in request for private unions.



INIGO JONES.
From the Portrait by Vandyck.



REMAINS OF THE BLACKFRIARS MONASTERY, UNEARTHED 1872.

From a Painting by R. Rushen.

CHAPTER XXVI

CASTLE BAYNARD AND BLACKFRIARS

Castle Baynard—The Castellan—The Second Baynard's Castle—The Black Friars—The Wall Extended to include their Monastery—Aristocratic Residents in Blackfriars—A Tragic Incident at Hunsdon House—Vandyck and Shakespeare—Blackfriars Theatre—Printing House Square—The Greatest of British Newspapers—An Incident in its History—The Apothecaries—Feud with the Physicians—Carter Lane—The "Bell"—Doctors' Commons

Castle Baynard.

THE part of the City to which our pilgrimage has led us is known as Castle Baynard Ward, and the name has survived also in Castle Baynard Wharf. Castle Baynard, named after Ralph Bainard, one of William the Conqueror's followers, is defined by Mr. Loftie,* who has made it a subject of special study, as "a tower or bastion of the [first] City Wall, which was situated at its south-west corner," overlooking the river, and near the present Puddle Dock; and a little to the north of it was a smaller tower named after another Norman, Montfichet. In 1111 Baynard's Castle was forfeited to the Crown by William Bainard, to whom it had descended. Soon afterwards it was conferred upon Robert, a younger son of Richard Earl of Clare, and from him it passed in due course to his son Walter, and next to the Fitzwalter who incurred the enmity of King John. By this monarch Castle Baynard was dismantled and destroyed, and though before his death Fitzwalter was restored to his possessions, Mr. Loftie could find no evidence that the castle was ever rebuilt, though many writers have assumed that it was. In 1276 the Lord Fitzwalter of that day presented the site of the castle to the Black Friars for the new monastery which they were building for themselves at this south-western corner of the City, and with the site he gave also Montfichet's Tower, which had for some time been in the possession of the Fitzwalters, having come to them before the death of the last of the Montfichets.

Castellan of the City.

By virtue of their possession of Baynard's Castle, "the key to the City," as Mr. Wheatley terms it in his "Story of London," the Fitzwalters held the office of Castellan and Bannerer of the City. A picturesque account of the duties of the office, as exercised by the Lord Fitzwalter who surrendered the site of Castle Baynard to the Dominicans, was drawn up by Robert Glover, Somerset Herald in the reign of

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* "London" (Historic Towns Series). By W. J. Loftie, B.A., F.S.A. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

Elizabeth. In time of war he was "to ride upon a light horse, with twenty men-at-arms on horseback, their horses covered with cloth or harness, unto the great dore of St. Paul's church, with the banner of his arms carried before him ; and being come in that manner thither, the Mayor of London, together with the sheriffs and aldermen, to issue armed out of the church unto the same dore on foot, with a banner in his hand, having the figure of St. Paul depicted with gold thereon, but the feet, hands, and head of silver, holding a silver sword in his hand. And as soon as he shall see the Mayor, sheriffs and aldermen come on foot out of the church, carrying such a banner, he is to alight from his horse, and salute him as his companion, saying: 'Sir Mayor, I am obliged to come hither to do my service, which I owe to this city.' To whom the Mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen are to answer, 'We give to you, as our banner-bearer for this city, this banner by inheritance of the City, to bear and carry, to the honour and profit thereof to your power.' Whereupon the said Robert and his heirs shall receive it into their hands, and the Mayor and sheriffs shall follow him to the dore, and bring him an horse worth twenty pounds. Which horse shall be saddled with a saddle of his arms and covered with silk, depicted likewise with the same arms; and they shall take twenty pounds stirling and deliver it to the chamberlain of the said Robert, for his expenses that day." It was on a vacant plot of ground over against the west door of St. Paul's that this ceremony was enacted.

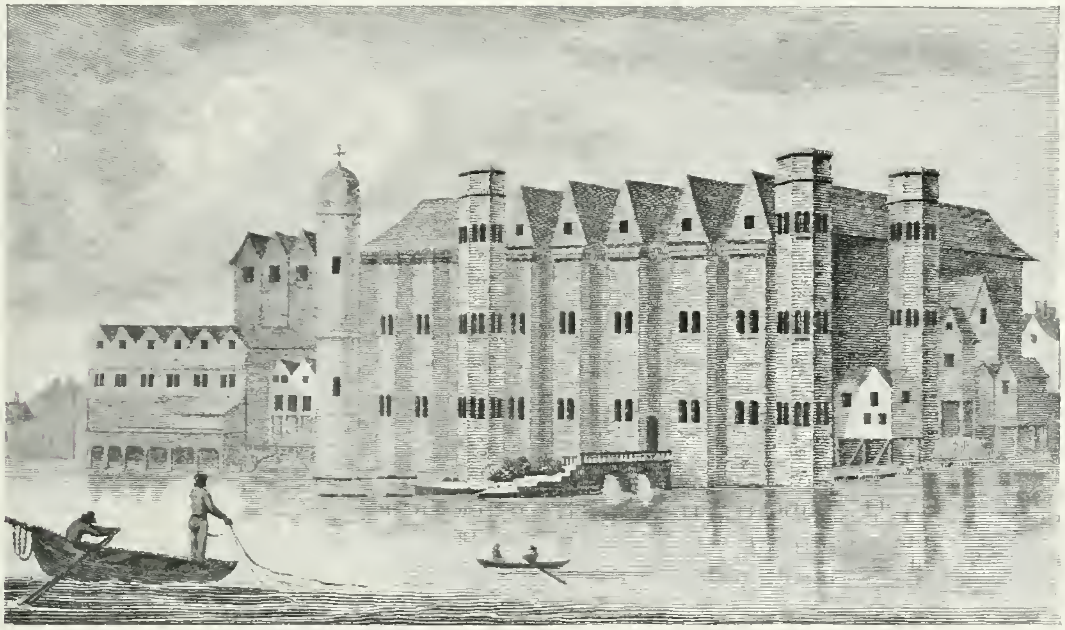
To the Lords Fitzwalter sundry privileges appertained, which they continued to exercise until 1347, when the City declared against them, provoked by Sir John Fitzwalter's setting up stocks in Castle Baynard Ward and claiming to make deliverance of men there imprisoned. The Mayor, Aldermen and commonalty thereupon agreed, as appears from Riley's "Memorials," that Sir John "had no franchise within the liberty of the City aforesaid, nor is he in future to intermeddle with any plea in the Guildhall of London, or with any matters touching the liberties of the City."

A Second Baynard's Castle.

But there was a second Baynard's Castle, which has sometimes been confused with the one held by the Barons Fitzwalter, though, as Mr. Loftie has shown, it was not even in the same parish. In 1428 Humphrey Duke of Gloucester built on the river bank a little to the east of the site of Baynard's Castle, near the present St. Paul's Wharf, a house which came to be known by that designation. It was in the court of this second Baynard's Castle that, after the death of Edward IV., the Crown was offered to Richard Crookback, as depicted in one of the frescoes in the Royal Exchange. After Bosworth Field the mansion fell to the Crown, and remained in the royal possession till Queen Elizabeth leased it to the Earl of Pembroke. In 1648, during the War of the Rebellion, it was garrisoned by Parliament, and thereafter its career was but short, for it perished in the Fire eighteen years afterwards, and when Strype wrote in 1720 nothing remained of it but a tower, which has long since vanished.

The Black Friars.

The monastery of the Dominican friars which absorbed both Baynard and Montfichet Castles was, as we have seen, established in this part of London in 1276. The order was of recent origin, for it had been founded early in that same century by St. Dominic, the Spaniard, and the brethren were called Preaching Friars because they made it their business to preach the faith, especially to heretics, and Black Friars from their garb. In London they settled first at Holborn, near Lincoln's Inn, a house being founded for them, in 1221, by Hubert de Burgh. When, fifty-five years later, they left Holborn, the Mayor, Gregory de Rokesly, gave them a site in the ward of Castle Baynard. Edward I. and Queen Eleanor contributed liberally to the endowment of the house, and the King allowed them to pull down the City wall and take in all the land lying between it and the Fleet, besides conveying to the City authorities his wish that the new wall should be built at their expense. The church, rather larger than St. Saviour's, Southwark, as appears from the Loseley MSS., was "a very notable structure, and must have had a most imposing effect, standing as it did on the steep northern bank of the Thames. . . The cloister, on the south side, was comprised in a square, each side of which measured 110 feet. The chapter-house lay west of the cloister, and was 44 feet long by 22 broad." And the friars enjoyed in fullest degree all the privileges and immunities accorded to such establishments. "Having a very large extent of ground within its liberty," says Stevens, the monastic historian, "the same was shut up with four gates, and all the inhabitants within it were subject to none but the King . . . so that neither the Mayor nor the sheriffs, nor any other officers of the City of London, had the least jurisdiction or authority therein." Nor did these privileges and immunities cease at the Dissolution. Soon after the friars were sent packing the Lord Mayor sought vainly to secure the abolition of the right of sanctuary, and a similar attempt in the reign of Mary was equally unsuccessful. The precinct was eventually merged in the Ward of Farringdon Within, and so recently as 1735 a man named Watson, proceeded against by the City authorities for selling shoes in Blackfriars without being free of the City, pleaded the privileges of the precinct, but the decision was against him.



BAYNARD'S CASTLE.
From an Engraving by A. Birrell.

But we have anticipated. Before the monastery of the Black Friars went the way of other religious houses some notable things happened within its walls. In the great hall, in 1382, was held the Council convened by Archbishop Courtenay to condemn the teaching of Wycliff, and called the Earthquake Council, because while it was sitting the City was visited by an earthquake. Charles V. of Spain was lodged here when he visited this country as the guest of Henry VIII. Here in Henry's reign sat the Black Parliament, so called because it began here and ended at the house of the Black Friars at Westminster; and here, too, was opened the Parliament that condemned Wolsey. Still more memorably, Blackfriars was the scene of the trial, presided over by Cardinal Campeggio, which issued in the divorce of Katharine of Aragon.

Associations of the Monastery.

It was in 1538 that the monastery was surrendered to the King who had with it associations so intimate. In the year of his accession Edward VI. sold the hall and the site of the Prior's lodgings to Sir Francis Bryan, and two years later he granted to Sir Thomas Cawarden, his Master of the Revels, the rest of the property, of which the annual value was estimated at £19. The church, however, was spared, and became the parish church of St. Anne's, and so remained until the Great Fire, after which the parish was annexed to that of St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe. St. Anne's stood south of Ireland Yard, St. Andrew's Hill, and dingy and dismal fragments of the graveyard may still be seen in Church Entry and Ireland

Yard, the one accessible from Carter Lane, the other from St. Andrew's Hill.

The precinct of Blackfriars, both before and after the ejection of the monks, was an aristocratic quarter, and was especially affected by noblemen not ambitious to play a part in statecraft, and who therefore lived here "private" instead of building for themselves houses beside the river nearer Westminster. Here Lord Herbert, son of the fourth Earl of Worcester, was honoured with a visit from Queen Elizabeth on the occasion of his marriage with the daughter and heiress of John Lord Russell. Her Majesty was met by the bride at the waterside and was borne in a conveyance by six knights to the bridegroom's house, where she dined, afterwards supping with Lord Herbert's neighbour, Lord Cobham. In Blackfriars, again, were living the Earl and Countess of Somerset when Sir Thomas Overbury was murdered in the Tower.

"The Fatal Vespers."

One of the mansions of the great at Blackfriars, Hunsdon House, named after Henry Carey, Baron Hunsdon, Queen Elizabeth's cousin and Lord Chamberlain, was in 1623 (Sunday, October 26th) the scene of a tragic accident. At this time it was in the occupation of Count de Tillier, the French Ambassador, and in a long garret on the third and topmost storey a congregation of about three hundred Roman Catholics had assembled to hear a sermon from Father Drury, a famous Jesuit preacher. When Father Drury had been discoursing for about half-an-hour the main beam of the floor gave way and many of the congregation were precipitated to the floor below, which also gave way. No fewer than ninety-five persons lost their lives, among them Father Drury himself, and another priest who was in the room below the garret. Some marvellous escapes were recorded. A Mistress Lucie Penruddock fell between Lady Webb of Southwark and a servant, who were both killed, while she was saved by her chair falling over her head. Lady Webb's daughter was found alive near her dead mother; a girl named Sanders was saved by the door, which fell and covered her; and a Protestant student, though one of the undermost, escaped by the timbers arching over him and some of them slanting against the wall. He tore his way out through the laths of the ceilings by main strength, then crept between two joists to a hole where he saw light, and was drawn through a door by one of Count Tillier's family. He at once returned to rescue others. "Oh, my mother!—oh, my sister!—they are down under the timber!" exclaimed to him a girl of ten. He told her to be patient and by God's grace they would soon be got forth. "This will be a great scandal to our religion," remarked the child, with a reflectiveness beyond her years. And the extreme Protestants were not slow to point the moral, while some Roman Catholics on their part did not scruple to accuse the enemy of having caused the calamity by drawing out the tie-pins or partly sawing through the beams. "The Fatal Vespers" was the name by which the tragic day was long known among Roman Catholics in England.

Vandyck.

Blackfriars was affected also by the aristocracy of talent as well as by the aristocracy of birth. Vandyck, who lived here, in his own house, from the year he settled in this country until his death (1632-41), was but one of many painters who pitched their tents in this quarter, others being Isaac Oliver, the celebrated miniaturist, who died in 1617 and was buried in St. Anne's Church, and Cornelius Jansen, who died in 1665. Ben Jonson dated the dedication of his *Volpone* from his house in the Blackfriars, and Shakespeare, though he may not have lived here, in 1613, after his return to Stratford-on-Avon, bought a house from one Henry Walker for £140, and conveyed it by will to his daughter, Susannah Hall. It was situated on the west side of St. Andrew's Hill, in or close to the spot still known as Ireland Yard, probably after the William Ireland, a haberdasher by trade, who occupied the house at the time Shakespeare bought it. The house perished in the Great Fire, and the precise spot where it stood cannot now be determined, but the deed of conveyance is among the treasures preserved at the Guildhall.

Shakespeare.

But Blackfriars has other associations also with Shakespeare, for he became part proprietor of the theatre established here in 1596-97 by James Burbage, who transformed into a playhouse a large portion of a

Blackfriars Theatre.

mansion that had formerly belonged to the Sir Thomas Cawarden to whom the greater part of the precinct was granted by Edward VI. The Blackfriars Theatre had no long life. So early as 1619 the City authorities, set in motion by Blackfriars residents who masked their Puritanic dislike of playhouses under a complaint that the thoroughfares were obstructed, ordered the theatre to be closed, but the decree was evaded under the pretext that the theatre was a private house. In 1642 the performance of stage plays was forbidden by Parliament, and in 1655 the Blackfriars Theatre was demolished. No trace of it now remains save the name of Playhouse Yard, which indicates the site. Not long ago (1906) an American student of our antiquities, Professor Wallace, of the University of Nebraska, discovered at the Public Record Office four ancient suits at law relating to this theatre, which he estimates to have had a seating capacity, in pit, galleries, and private boxes, of about five hundred. Most appropriately this interesting "find" was communicated to the world through the great journal which is printed on the site of the theatre.

Photo., Pictorial Agency.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

Puritans.

In Blackfriars the players found themselves in the midst of Puritans. Many of these were feather-makers, and the dramatists of the day were fond of twitting them with their inconsistency in ministering to the gaieties which they condemned. Thus Ben Jonson makes one of the characters of his *Bartholomew Fair* ask another, "What say you to your feather-makers in the Friars that are of your faction of faith? Are they not, with their perukes and their puffs, their fans and their huffs, as much pages of Pride, and waiters upon Vanity?" Another industry that flourished here was the manufacture of glass, of which the name Glasshouse Yard has survived as a reminder.

Printing House Square, long associated with the greatest of newspapers, commemorates also the office of the King's

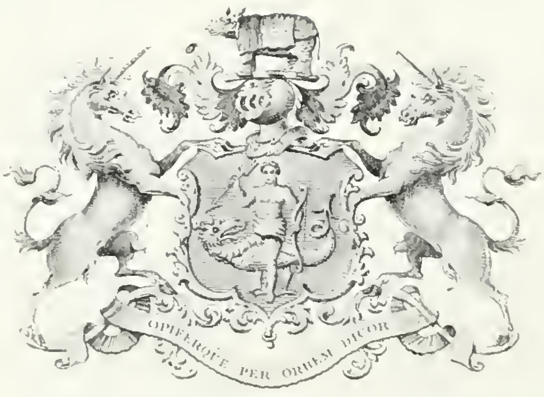
Printing House Square.

printers, which was situated here from at least the reign of Charles II. until in 1770 it was transferred to Little New Street, off Shoe Lane, where it still remains. The *Times* was started in 1785 (January 1) by John Walter, a printer, as the *Daily Universal Register*, and it first appeared under its present name on January 1, 1788, though it did not drop the earlier name out of its title until the 18th of March of that year. Its founder died in 1812, and his son, of the same name, whose genius brought the paper into the first place among our journals, died in 1847. There was a third John Walter, who was the chief proprietor of the paper until his death in 1894, and was succeeded by his son, Mr. Arthur F. Walter. In 1908 the *Times* was registered under the Joint Stock Companies Acts, the capital being three quarters of a million, and at the head of the list of signatories of the memorandum of association appeared the name of Arthur F. Walter. The conductors of the *Times* have always been quick to adopt the mechanical improvements which have revolutionised the art of printing. About the year 1856 they substituted printing from stereotype plates for printing from movable type; in 1869 they installed the Walter press, which printed from a continuous web of paper on both sides of the sheet; in 1879 they introduced the system of setting type by machinery instead of by hand. Of late years they have associated themselves with book-publishing and cognate enterprises, but there has been no indication that the paper has suffered from this diversion of their energies, and in spite of vigorous competition of spirited rivals, the *Times* still holds its place as the first of our newspapers, and indeed a national institution. The great organ is worthily housed in spacious and dignified buildings of red brick which extend from Playhouse Yard to Queen Victoria Street.

A Testimonial to the "Times."

Of the many memorable incidents in the career of the *Times*, one at least must be recalled, because of the public demonstration of approval which it elicited. In 1841, during the *régime* of John Walter the second, the Paris correspondent of the paper, Mr. O'Reilly, at the risk of assassination, exposed the great Bogle fraud, by which a gang of astute swindlers hoped to sweep in something like a million of money. The exposure brought the nefarious scheme to naught, and the *Times* having triumphantly vindicated its action in a court of law, its proprietors received the thanks of a public meeting of the mercantile classes of the City held in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House on the 1st of October, 1841, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. A sum of £2,625 was raised as a testimonial, but the proprietors of the *Times* declining to accept any pecuniary compensation for the expense which they had incurred, the money was appropriated to the provision of *Times* scholarships at Christ's Hospital and the City of London School, and tablets setting forth the circumstances were erected in those institutions and in the Royal Exchange.

In Water Lane, hard by Printing House Square, is the Hall of the Society of Apothecaries, one of the most interesting of the City Livery Companies. The Apothecaries split off from the Grocers' Company in 1617 and received a charter of incorporation from James I., which set forth that the object aimed at was "that the ignorance and rashness of presumptuous empirics and ignorant and unexpert men may be restrained, whereby many discommodities, inconveniences, and perils do daily arise to the rude and incredulous people." The arms of the Company, which show Apollo in his glory holding bow and arrow and bestriding Python the serpent, with two unicorns for supporters and a rhinoceros for crest, are said to have been suggested by the King himself. Towards the end of the same

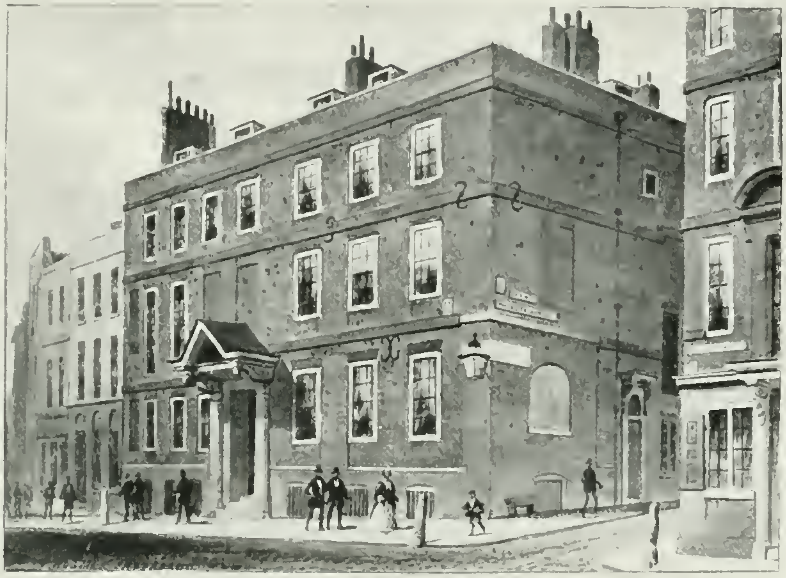


ARMS OF THE SOCIETY OF APOTHECARIES.

century, in 1687, began the historic controversy between the College of Physicians and the Company of Apothecaries. The apothecaries had begun to prescribe, as well as to compound drugs, and by way of retaliation, the College of Physicians, at that time established in Warwick Lane, off Newgate Street, set up a dispensary of their own at which they undertook to supply medicines at cost price. A war of words ensued, in which the wits and poets, from Dryden and Pope downwards, arrayed themselves on the side of the physicians. The most notable literary product of the controversy was that of a physician who was also a wit, Dr. Garth. In "The Dispensary" he wields with vigour and skill a very keen-edged scalpel, and though one can feel only an historic interest in the conflict, his description of Apothecaries' Hall and its situation may be quoted:—

> "Near where Fleet Ditch descends in sable streams,
> To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames,
> There stands a structure on a rising hill
> Where tyros take their freedom out to kill."

The victory, however, did not in the end rest with the Physicians. The conviction they obtained against an apothecary of the name of Rose for attending a patient was upset by the House of Lords in 1703, and to-day not only does the Company issue licences to all apothecaries and their assistants, but it is also one of the medical licensing authorities for England and Wales. In 1886 the powers already enjoyed by the Court of Examiners were enlarged and they were empowered to issue licences in surgery as well as in medicine and midwifery, which licences entitle the holders to compete for medical appointments in the Navy, Army, and India Service, as well as for Civil, Colonial, and Poor Law appointments. The Company's Hall, to which is attached a retail dispensary, was founded in 1623, and rebuilt after the Fire.



ADVOCATES' COLLEGE, DOCTORS' COMMONS, IN 1854.
From a Drawing by T. Hosmer Shepherd.

Carter Lane.

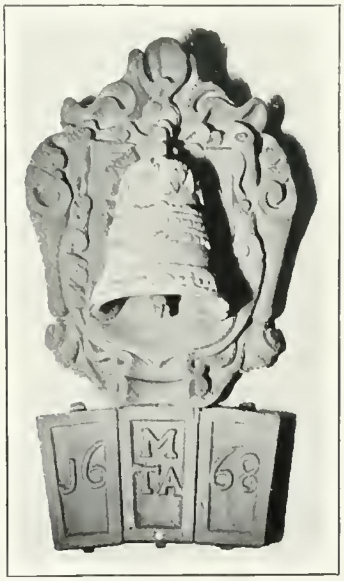
The "Bell."

Water Lane leads round to Carter Lane, which runs eastward a little to the south of St. Paul's Churchyard. Here, near its western end, is Bell Yard, communicating between Carter Lane and Knightrider Street to the south, and running beside the Post Office buildings which stretch down to Queen Victoria Street. This yard commemorates the "Bell" Inn, which stood on the exact spot indicated by a tablet erected on the western wall of the Post Office Telephone building by permission of the Duke of Norfolk. "Upon this site," runs the inscription, "formerly stood the Bell, Carter Lane, from whence Richard Quiney wrote the letter to William Shakespeare, dated the 25th of

October, 1598. This is the only letter extant addressed to Shakespeare, and the original is preserved in the museum at his birthplace, Stratford-upon-Avon. This tablet was placed upon the present building by leave of the Postmaster-General, 1899." A stone's-throw away, at the western end of Knightrider Street, is a modern tavern of the same name, which is said to have been often visited by Dickens when he was making notes for "David Copperfield." In Knightrider Street, at No. 67, there used to be another "Bell" tavern, of which the keystones of the windows bore the date 1668, and when it was demolished in 1890 the sign, in high relief, was transferred to the Guildhall Museum.

Doctors' Commons.

In Carter Lane we find ourselves in the region which used to be known as Doctors' Commons, after the college or "common house" provided for ecclesiastical and civil lawyers early in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Until this time they had been lodged in Paternoster Row, at the "Queen's Head." The college, called until it was acquired for the lawyers Mountjoy House, after Lord Mountjoy, perished in the Fire of 1666, but was rebuilt, with its front in Knightrider Street and its garden in what is now Queen Victoria Street, while the proctor's offices stood where now stands the Cathedral Choir School (p. 54). With the reform of the judicature effected by the Court of Probate Act, 1857, Doctors' Commons found its occupation gone, the College being dissolved and the Courts removed elsewhere. In 1861 the College library was sold, the building itself was disposed of in the following year, and in 1867 it was demolished. The Courts comprised by Doctors' Commons were five in number—the Court of Arches, the Prerogative Court, the Court of Faculties and Dispensations, the Consistory Court of the Bishop of London, and the High Court of Admiralty. The most important of the functions which resided in these Courts are now exercised by the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice; but the proving of wills and testaments, which formerly was the business of the Prerogative Court, is now carried on in the Will Office at Somerset House.



SIGN OF THE "BELL" TAVERN,
KNIGHTRIDER STREET.

CHAPTER XXVII

QUEEN VICTORIA STREET AND CANNON STREET

Construction of Queen Victoria Street — St. Andrew's-by-the-Wardrobe — The Bible Society — The Salvation Army—The General Post Office South—College of Arms—St. Nicholas Cole Abbey—A Broad-minded Cleric—St. Mary Aldermary—Knightrider Street—Linacre—Cannon Street—The Cordwainers—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's Ancestors—London Stone—St. Swithin's—Salters' Hall—The Founders—Walbrook—One of Sir Christopher's Masterpieces—A Fatal Mischance—Bucklersbury

The Making of a Street.

THE Bill promoted by the Metropolitan Board of Works for the construction of Queen Victoria Street, to complete the magnificent new line of communication between the heart of the City and Westminster of which the Victoria Embankment forms the western portion, became law in 1863. But, as is set out in the London County Council's "History of London Street Improvements," compiled by Mr. Percy J. Edwards, it was not until October, 1869, that the eastern extremity, from the Mansion House to Cannon Street, was opened. The stretch from St. Andrew's Hill westwards to Blackfriars Bridge was opened in January, 1871; that from St. Andrew's Hill eastwards to Bennet's Hill in May of the same year; and the final portion, from Bennet's Hill eastwards, in the following November. The piecemeal opening of the street is explained by delay in the construction of the Metropolitan District Railway, which runs beneath it from St. Andrew's Hill to the Mansion House station. In 1870, after, as we have seen, the eastern extremity of the new street had been completed, the Company promoted a Bill for extending their line to the Mansion House, their intention being to build a terminus under that end of the new street. The Bill was thrown out, but the Company received power to construct their terminus under the then unformed part of the new street, and it was not till this had been done that the final section of Queen Victoria Street could be finished.

The Victoria Embankment is noticed in another chapter, but here it may be mentioned that the fine thoroughfare from Westminster to the Mansion House which the Victoria Embankment and Queen Victoria Street combine to form is two miles in length, or one-third of a mile less than the old route by way of Whitehall, the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and Cheapside. It avoids also the ascent of Ludgate Hill, where the gradient is 1 in 26, as well as the summit level at the top of Cheapside and that between Wellington Street and Somerset House, with a dip of 23 feet between them. The worst gradient along the new route, that at the Blackfriars end of the Embankment, is not more than 1 in 40, and for more than a mile the road runs on a dead level.

Everyone passing along Queen Victoria Street must have noticed how steeply the tributary streets on both sides ascend and descend—on the one hand towards Cannon Street and Ludgate Hill, on the other hand towards Upper Thames Street. To form a convenient connexion with these streets was a matter of no small difficulty. In some cases the gradients were so steep that if one side of Queen Victoria Street had been made level with the crossing street, the other side would have been five or six feet below it. In some cases a good connexion could only be obtained "by diverting the north-and-south streets, and so giving additional length over which to distribute the difference of level." The gross cost of the street was £2,300,520; but the surplus land realised £1,224,233, so that the net cost was not much more than a million.

The comely church of red brick, with a square tower, standing high above the street near its western end, is that of St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe, rebuilt by Wren who

St. Andrew's-by-the-Wardrobe.

finished it in 1692. It contains a monument by John Bacon the elder to the Rev. William Romaine, the famous preacher of the second half of the eighteenth century, who was for many years its rector. In olden days it was distinguished from other City churches dedicated to the same saint by the awkward designation of St. Andrew's-juxta-Baynard's-Castle, but after the death of Sir John Beauchamp, in 1359, his mansion here was bought by Edward III., converted into a receptacle for the royal apparel, and re-named Wardrobe Court, and then or later the church received its present title. The mansion perished in 1666, and was not rebuilt, the royal Wardrobe being transferred to the Savoy, and, later, a little further westwards to Buckingham Street, Strand.

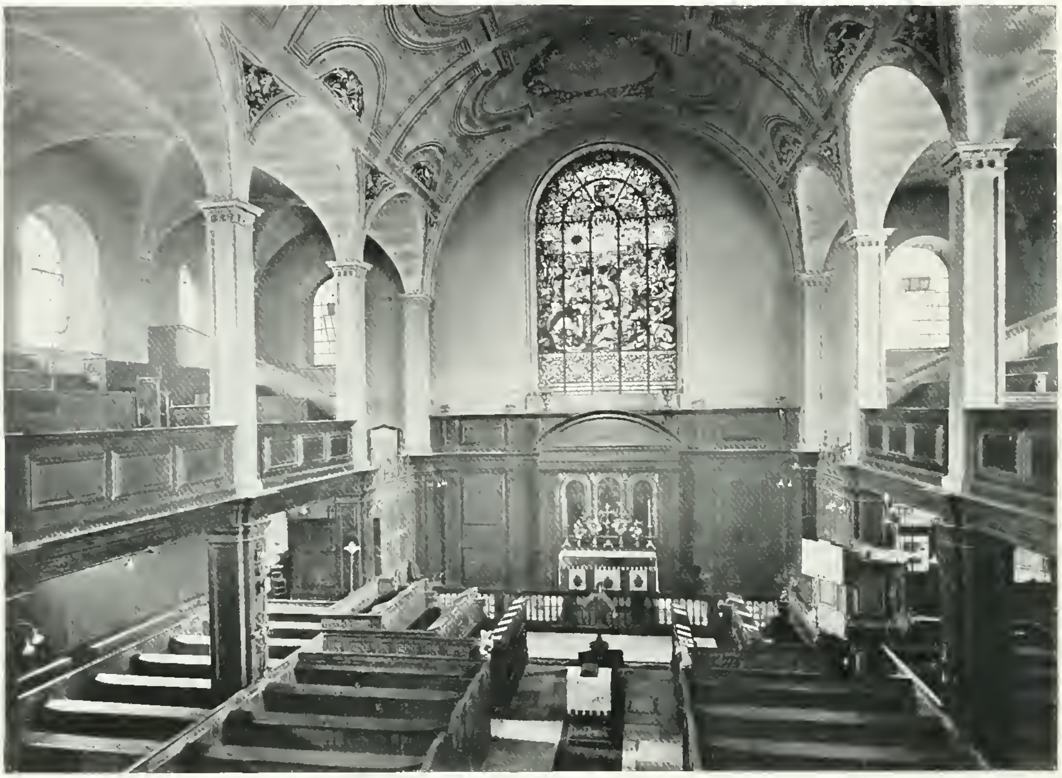


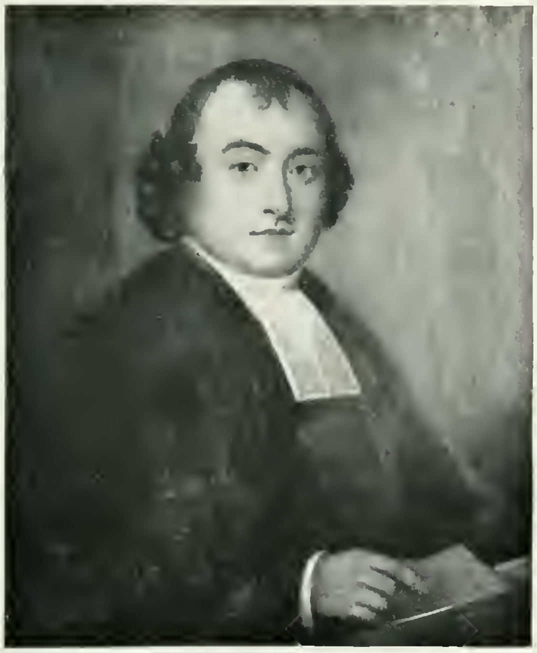
Photo Pictorial Agency.

ST. ANDREW'S-BY-THE-WARDROBE.

The Bible Society.

Next to St. Andrew's-by-the-Wardrobe as we move eastwards comes the stately house of the British and Foreign Bible Society, an institution which celebrated its centenary in March, 1904, when a "Universal Bible Sunday" (March 6th) was observed by the Churches of the Reformation throughout Christendom. The service at St Paul's was attended by Queen Alexandra and her son and daughters, and the King was only kept away by sickness. In that year also appeared the two first volumes of Mr. Canton's centenary history of the Society. From this monumental work it appears that the formation of the Society was due to the scarcity of the Welsh version of the Scriptures, which sorely troubled the spirit of the Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala, who had set himself to the task "of enlightening the spiritual darkness which enveloped North Wales." As the result of steps taken by him in co-operation with such men as William Wilberforce, Granville Sharp, Charles Grant, Zachary Macaulay, Lord Teignmouth, and Henry Thornton, a public meeting was held at the London Tavern in Bishopsgate Street on Wednesday, the 7th of March, 1804, at which resolutions were adopted establishing the British and Foreign Bible Society. Such was the origin of an organisation which, in Mr. Canton's words "has brought the Word of Life within reach of the poorest at home, and at an expenditure of £13,937,000 has distributed 180,000,000 copies of Scripture in languages spoken by seven-tenths of the population of the planet. Sanguine as he was," adds Mr. Canton, "William Wilberforce thought £10,000 the highest point in annual income that the Society could ever possibly reach. In its fourth year the revenue exceeded £12,000, in the sixth £27,000, in the ninth £70,000; with fluctuations it rose to more than £100,000 in 1851, and since 1883 it has not fallen so low as £200,000."

The old Bible House stood a little to the west of the present one, in what was then known as Earl Street, now forming part of Upper Thames Street. The front of the building looked towards the river; at the back, a flight of steps led into Printing House Square. In the dignified building in which the Society now carries on its work, designed by Edward I'Anson and completed in 1868, is preserved an interesting collection of the versions of the Bible which the Society has published.


REV. THOMAS CHARLES, OF BALA.
From a Portrait at Bible House.

The Salvation Army Headquarters.

Nearly opposite Bible House are the International Headquarters of another great religious agency, the Salvation Army, the rise and progress of which form one of the marvels of these later days. It represents the organising genius and the burning enthusiasm for Christ and humanity of a very remarkable family. William Booth, "the General," to give him the title by which he is so widely known, was born at Nottingham in 1829 and was brought up in the Church of England, but presently associated himself with branches of the Methodist Communion. His career as a preacher began at the age of fifteen in the streets of Nottingham. After some years of revival work under Methodist auspices he became an independent evangelist. He had definitely abandoned business in 1852, on the 23rd anniversary of his birthday. Three years later he married Catherine Mumford, who was to prove herself one of the great spiritual forces of the century. She began her public ministry at Gateshead in 1860, and during the remaining thirty years of her life she was her husband's true helpmate in his great work. In July, 1865, he started the Christian Mission for evangelistic work in East London. In 1878 this was transformed into the Salvation Army, which in thirty years has spread well-nigh over the habitable globe. It "occupies" some fifty colonies and countries, it preaches in over thirty languages, it has some fifteen thousand officers and cadets, besides fifty thousand local officers who give to it their spare time, and its periodicals have an aggregate circulation of a million for each issue. But it is by its social work, its thoroughly practical and extraordinarily successful efforts not merely to relieve distress but to reclaim the vicious and those who from whatever cause have "gone under," that the Salvation Army has conquered prejudice and won the sympathy of all, from the King and Queen (who in 1904 summoned General Booth to Buckingham Palace to wish him godspeed) to the humblest of their subjects. It feeds the hungry and shelters the homeless by the million, it carries on scores of workshops and farms which form an avenue to a life of usefulness and comfort for those who but for its help would continue to swell the ranks of the unemployed and the hopeless. At the beginning of 1905 the Army received what must have been most welcome recognition from the greatest living authority on life and labour in London, the Right Hon. Charles Booth, in the form of a substantial donation and a letter in which this eminent statistician and social reformer avowed his confidence in the Army. In October of the same year the freedom of the City was conferred upon General Booth at the Guildhall.

The General Post Office South.

On the northern side of the street, adjoining Bible House, is another stately structure of stone, the General Post Office South, so called because of its position relatively to the General Post Office buildings at St. Martin's-le-Grand. It was designed by Mr. James Williams, of H.M. Office of Works and Public Buildings, and was opened in 1880 as the Savings Bank Department, but in 1903 the Savings Bank was removed to West Kensington, and the General Post Office South is now divided between the Central Telephone Exchange and the Money Order Department, with which the Postal Order Branch has been amalgamated. Beyond Godliman (properly Godalming) Street is the College of Arms, or Heralds' College, an admirable structure of red brick, enclosing a quadrangular courtyard which is no longer proportionate to the building, a considerable slice having been taken for the formation of Queen Victoria Street. The alteration, unavoidable no doubt, was none the less unfortunate, for the effect of it is to give the building too great an elevation. The present College, completed in 1683, succeeded Derby House, the mansion of the Stanleys, built by the first Stanley who bore the title of Earl of Derby, and who married the Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII. In 1555, by gift of Queen Mary, Derby House became the College of Arms, to the end, in the words of Stow, that "the king of arms, heralds, and pursuivants of arms, and their successors, might at their liking dwell together, and at meet times to congregate, speak, confer, and agree among themselves for the good government of their faculty, and their records might be more safely kept." So it remained until it was burnt in the Fire of 1666. Derby House, however, of which the escutcheons on the eastern wing of the present building—the arms (or legs) of the Isle of Man and an eagle's claw, both of them ensigns of the Stanleys—are a reminiscence, was not the original College of Arms, for the officers who make up this institution were installed first in Cold Harbour House, Poultney (Pountney) Lane, and then, in the reign of Henry VII., at Ronceval Priory, Charing Cross, afterwards Northumberland House.

College of Arms.

The present structure was built largely from fees paid to the College, but Sir William Dugdale, who was Garter King-at-Arms at that time, took upon himself the charge of the rooms to be occupied by himself at the north-east corner. Fortunately the records and books escaped when Derby House was burnt, and the treasures of the College include many precious volumes of genealogy and the like. Here also are preserved the sword and dagger of James IV. of Scotland, who fell on Flodden Field, together with the turquoise ring which the Queen of France is said to have sent to him begging him to ride a foray in England; and a portrait of Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, from his tomb in Old St. Paul's.

The College, whose business it is to deal with all matters of heraldry, consists of three kings-at-arms — Garter, Clarenceux, and Norroy; six heralds—Somerset, Richmond, Lancaster, Windsor, Chester, York; and four pursuivants—Rouge Dragon, Blue Mantle, Portcullis, and Rouge Croix. All these officers are appointed by the Duke of Norfolk in his capacity of Earl Marshal. This hereditary office has been held by the Dukes of Norfolk of the Howard family since 1483, when it was conferred upon John, the first Duke. His mother was a co-heiress of the Mowbrays, Dukes of Norfolk, the last of whom, John Mowbray, was hereditary Earl Marshal by descent from Thomas of Brotherton, a younger son of Edward I.

St. Nicholas Cole Abbey.

The church of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, abutting both upon Queen Victoria Street and upon Knightrider Street, serves five parishes besides its own. Cole Abbey would appear to be a corruption of Cold Abbey, which name, as Dr. Reginald Sharpe has shown, appears as early as 1278; but why Cold Abbey no one knows. The present church, finished by Wren in 1677, and thoroughly renovated in 1873, when a new entrance from Queen Victoria Street was formed,

Henry Shuttleworth.

but now spoilt, as to its exterior, by having tacked on to its Queen Victoria Street front a building intended for commercial purposes, is intimately associated with the memory of Henry Shuttleworth, who as rector here carried on with great spirit and activity and abounding success a many-sided work, educational and social as well as religious, and attracted crowded congregations when most of the City churches were empty. Shuttleworth had affinities with both the High Church and the Broad Church schools (" I am a Maurician to the finger-tips," he once said to the present writer) ; and his superiority to convention may be gauged by the fact that in 1888 he headed a deputation to the Common Council in support of a petition of the National Sunday League that the Guildhall Library and Museum and the Art Gallery might be thrown open on Sundays. This broad-minded parson died in 1900, at the early age of fifty, having held the incumbency sixteen years.

Photo: Pictoria. Agency.

THE COLLEGE OF ARMS.

St. Mary Aldermary.

At the Queen Victoria Street corner of Bow Lane is another church with a curious name, St. Mary Aldermary, so called, says Stow, who perhaps was indulging in one of his charming guesses, because it was older than any other church of St. Mary in the City. It was rebuilt early in the sixteenth century by Sir Henry Keble, grocer, who was Lord Mayor in 1610, and in it, three years before the Fire, Milton was united to his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, by his friend Dr. Robert Gell, the incumbent. The present church, built by Wren in 1681-82, is a reproduction of Keble's, in accordance with a stipulation of the widow and executrix of one Henry Rogers, who had left a sum of £5,000 for the rebuilding. The tower, not entirely destroyed by the Fire, rises into four rather ponderous pinnacles, and is scarcely entitled to the praises which some writers have bestowed upon it. In the chancel itself is a sculptured tablet by one of the Bacons with no inscription, and a cynic has suggested that it was ordered by a widow who married again before it was finished and forgot all about it. Another tablet commemorates Percivall Pott, the celebrated surgeon of St. Bartholomew's, who was buried here in 1788.

Knightrider Street.

Between Queen Victoria Street and Cannon Street runs Knightrider Street, a name which gave Stow the opportunity for another of his ingenuous derivations—that it is due, "as is supposed," to the practice of "knights well armed and mounted at the Tower Royal,* riding from thence through that street west to Creed Lane, and so out at Ludgate towards Smithfield" to tourneys and jousts. Those who think that any derivation is better than none at all may be grateful to the old topographer. In this street was the house of Linacre, the Court physician who founded the Royal College of Physicians incorporated in 1518. From that time until the year 1560 the College met in Linacre's house, and the site and the buildings upon it are still the property of that learned body, though in the year named it migrated to Amen Corner.

STEEPLE OF ST. NICHOLAS COLE ABBEY.

Cannon Street.

The Cordwainers.

The Chamberlains.

Cannon Street was originally styled Candlewick Street, from the candle makers who dwelt here, and the earlier name is still borne by one of the wards of the City. Anciently it was much shorter than it is now, for its western extremity terminated at Watling Street, but in 1853-54 it was not only widened but extended westwards to St. Paul's Churchyard. Near its western end (No. 7) is the Hall of the Cordwainers' Company, built in 1788 by Sylvanus Hall, with a stone front by one of the Adams. The Cordwainers, who were engaged in the various trades in which leather is used, have given their name to a City ward. They were incorporated by Henry VI. in 1439, but they existed as a fraternity long before, and the first of their three halls was built in the early years of the fourteenth century. Of this Company several members of the family to which the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain belongs have been Masters. The first of them was William Chamberlain, who in the eighteenth century established in Milk Street the business of a cordwainer, which was carried on by his descendants for nearly 150 years, the succession ending with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's father.* Besides William Chamberlain, two of his sons and three of his grandsons held the position of Master of the Company, one of the grandsons being Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's father. In 1896 Mr. Chamberlain was presented with an address by the Company, to commemorate the association with it of his family.

London Stone.

Of Cannon Street much the most interesting feature is London Stone, a rounded monolith, built, with its case, also of stone, into the street wall of the church of St. Swithin, and protected from meddling and mischievous hands by iron bars. Concerning this relic of ancient days Stow is rather uncharacteristically nescient. Describing it as standing "on the south side of this high street (Candlewick Street), near unto the channel," and as "fixed in the ground very deep, fastened with bars of iron, and otherwise so strongly set that if carts do run against it through negligence the wheels be broken and the stone itself unshaken," he adds that "the cause why this stone was set there, the time when, or other memory hereof is none." In his "Britannia," Camden, writing about the same time, propounded the theory, based on its situation "in the centre of the longest diameter of the City," that it was "a miliary, like that in the Forum at Rome, from whence all the distances were measured," and this hypothesis has been generally accepted by later writers. Wren, who had made a careful study of Roman remains in the City, and whose opinion is entitled to great weight, agreed with Camden that the stone was of Roman origin, but as his son tells us in the "Parentalia," he believed, "by reason of the large foundation, it was rather some more considerable monument in the Forum, for in the adjoining ground on the south side, upon digging for cellars after the Great Fire, were discovered some pavements and other extensive remains of Roman workmanship and buildings." Sir Christopher, one ventures to think, went as far as the evidence warrants; but it may be added that the late Grant Allen conjectured the stone to be an early Celtic monument preserved by the Romans.

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* See *ante*, p. 85.

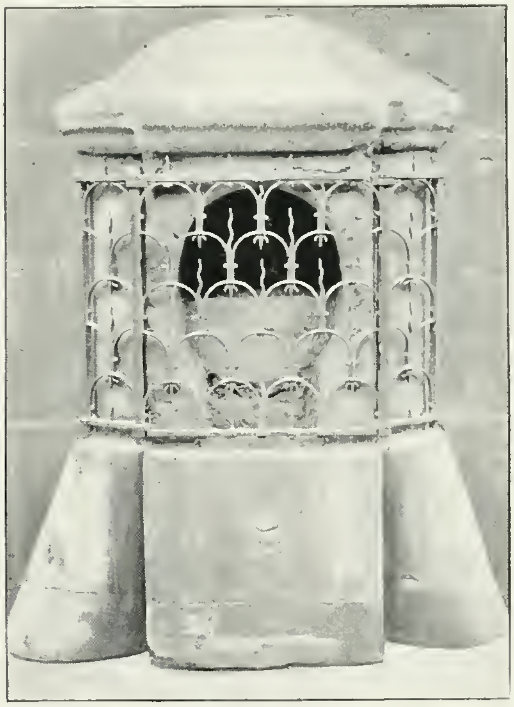
* See *ante*, p. 92.

In representing Jack Cade as striking his staff on the stone and sitting upon it, meanwhile declaring himself to be "Lord of this City," Shakespeare, in *King Henry VI.*, follows Holinshed's Chronicle. It would appear that this stone played a part in municipal procedure, proclamations being made and other business transacted before it, and Mr. Coote, in a paper published by the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, has suggested that it formed part of the house of FitzAylwin, London's first Mayor. Mr. Lethaby is unable to accept this view, but acutely suggests that the civic importance of the monument may have originated in its proximity to FitzAylwin's house, which was close by, though on the other (the north) side of the street.

It was on the 13th of December, 1742, that London Stone was moved to the north side of Cannon Street—not just where it is now to be seen, but close to the south-west door of St. Swithin's. In 1798 it was again disturbed, as an obstruction, but instead of being made away with, as was threatened, it was, thanks to the efforts of a local antiquary, Mr. Thomas Malden, a printer in Sherbourne Lane, whose name is ever to be held in grateful memory, incorporated with St. Swithin's Church. Now, having come down to an age which is able to distinguish between petrified history and mere common stone, it will no doubt continue, unless it should be swallowed up by an earthquake, to be an object of interest to Londoners as long as there are Londoners to be interested in it.

St. Swithin's.

The church of St. Swithin-by-London-Stone, dedicated to the Saxon Bishop of Winchester (d. 862) who in obedience to his own directions was so buried in that city that passers-by might tread on his grave and that the rain from the eaves of the cathedral might fall upon it, was rebuilt by Wren in 1678, but was a good deal altered as to its interior in 1869 and 1879. On a column on the north side of the church is a tablet commemorating Michael Godfrey (nephew of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey), the first deputy-governor of the Bank of England, who, going to the camp of William III. outside Namur, was reproved by the King for needlessly exposing himself to danger, and immediately afterwards was slain by a cannon-ball. It is not often that those who indulge in warnings have the mournful satisfaction of seeing them so promptly justified.



LONDON STONE.

In old St. Swithin's, on December 1st, 1663, three years before it came to its end in the Fire, Dryden was married to the Lady Elizabeth Howard, by licence issued the day before. Dryden, at this time about thirty, was living in the parish of St. Clement Danes, and the lady in that of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and why the marriage was celebrated here is not known. St. Swithin's serves also the parish of St. Mary Bothaw (or Boathaw, perhaps as Stow suggests from a boat-yard), of which the church, to the south of Candlewick Street, near Dowgate Hill, was not rebuilt after 1666.

A little way back from St. Swithin's is the

Salters' Hall.

Hall of the Salters' Company, the ninth in order of civic precedence of the twelve great Livery Companies, who obtained a licence from Richard II. in 1394 and were incorporated by Queen Elizabeth in 1559. Their trade was that of salting food for winter use, and it would appear that salt provisions were more used in the past than they have been in more recent days. In the Salters' arms appear three covered salts, and the crest consists of an arm erect holding another covered salt, while the legend is *Sal Sapit Omnia.* Their first Hall, in Bread Street, was burnt down in 1533, and the second, on the same site, shared the same fate in 1598. Then they bought the mansion of the Prior of Tortington Suffolk, close to St. Swithin's Church, called Oxford House after John de Vere, sixteenth Earl of Oxford. This their third Hall perished in the Fire of 1666; the fourth, built in 1668-72, was a small building of brick, which was taken down in 1821 to make way for the present Hall, built in 1823-27 from designs by Henry Carr. At the same time was demolished Salters' Hall Chapel, adjoining, which had long been one of the principal Nonconformist places of worship in the City, the congregation removing to a northern suburb, to a chapel bearing the old name. The elaborate iron gates at the entrance to the court of the present Salters' Hall commemorate the first Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

The Founders.

Close by, in St. Swithin's Lane, is the Hall of one of the lesser Livery Companies, the Founders, whose trade was that of metal founding, and who, enrolled by the Mayor and Aldermen in 1365, and incorporated by James I. in 1614, had the power to seize, within the City and for three miles around, all brass weights which were incorrect or did not bear the Company's stamp, and all false brass and copper wares. The Company is one of those which have not ceased to fulfil some at least of their olden functions, and some twenty thousand weights have its stamp impressed upon them in the course of the year. The present Hall dates only from 1878; from 1532 to 1854 the Company had its headquarters in Founders' Hall Court, Lothbury.

Walbrook.

Walbrook, the street which ascends steeply from Cannon Street to the Mansion House, is named after what in early days, as Stow tells us, was "a fair brook of sweet water, which came out from the north fields, through the wall and midst of the City, into the River Thames." He turns an incredulous ear to Geoffrey of Monmouth's legend that the stream was named after Gallus, by the Britons, but insists that it was called the Wall Brook because it ran through the City wall. It entered the City opposite Finsbury Circus, where a Roman arch has been discovered, ran right through the City from north to south, dividing the eastern wards from the western, and flowing beneath St. Margaret's Lothbury, which stood above it on vaults, to Elbow Lane (now Little College Street) and so into the Thames. As early as 1288 complaint was made of the pollution to which it was subjected, and by the time of Queen Elizabeth it was entirely vaulted over. The stream has given its name to a ward of the City as well as to a street.

One of Sir Christopher's Masterpieces.

In Walbrook, almost adjoining the Mansion House, with a bookshop built sheer up against one of its walls, is the church of St. Stephen, built in 1672-79 by Wren, who here concentrated his genius upon the interior, with a result of which the critical Fergusson says that it is "the most pleasing interior of any Renaissance church which has yet been erected." Its great feature is the large dome, resting on an octagonal base supported by eight pillars, and rising not from a drum but directly from the roof. By giving a barrel vault to the intercolumnar sections which cross in the centre of the dome a cruciform plan is indicated. The church has won the praise of the severest critics. One merit it has which cannot be gainsaid: its composition is such as to make the building appear much larger than it really is. It was renovated in 1850, and again in 1888, when the pews, which with the wainscotting had been presented by the Grocers' Company, the patrons of the living were replaced by benches. On this occasion, too, a mosaic pavement was laid down. On the north wall hangs Benjamin West's "Martydom of St. Stephen." Several of the windows are filled with stained glass as a memorial of Dr. Croly, the author of "Salathiel," who was rector of the parish

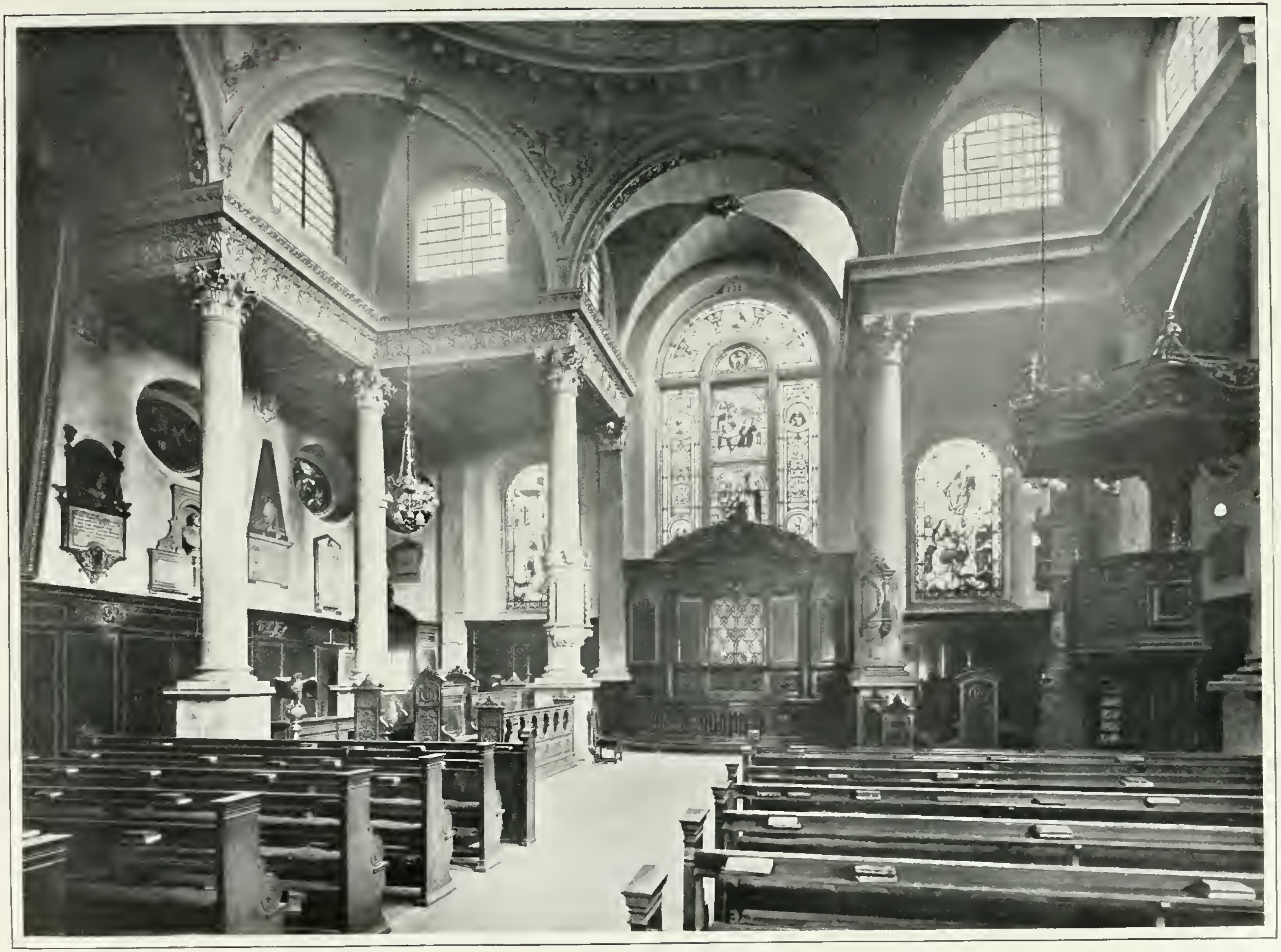


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK.

(d. 1860), and of whom also there is a bust on the north wall, by Behnes. Another writer associated with St. Stephen's, and who was also, in one sense at least, a great architect, since he built Blenheim and Castle Howard and other huge structures, is Sir John Vanbrugh, who was buried here in the family vault in 1726; but the curious visitor will look in vain for the epitaph—

> "Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
> Laid many a heavy load on thee."

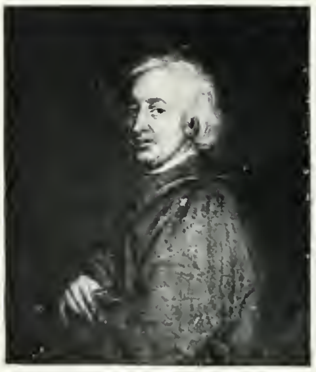
As an architect, Vanbrugh has had to endure many flouts, but his shade may perhaps find some compensation in the splendid compliment paid him by Disraeli, who styles him "an imaginative artist, whose critics I wish no bitterer fate than not to live in his splendid creations."

A Fatal Mischance.

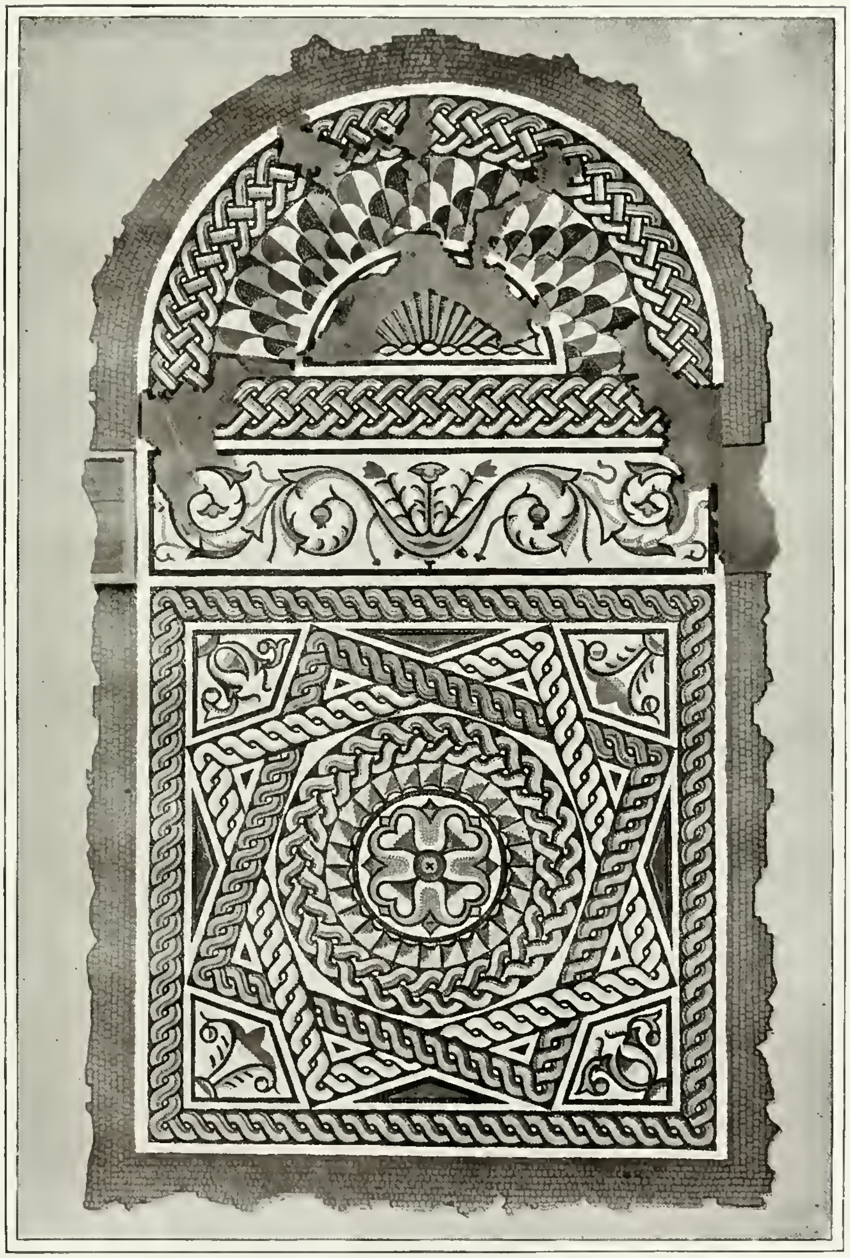
In Riley's "Memorials" is cited the record of an inquest held upon the body of one William le Clarke, who met with his death in old St. Stephen's in the year 1278. On the last Sunday in April of that year this driver of the quill, it appears, had nothing better to do than to clamber about the beams of the vestry in search of a pigeon's nest, and "his feet and limbs failing him," he fell on to one of the lower beams and was mortally hurt. Apprised of what had happened, the Chamberlain and Sheriffs called together the good men of the ward—at that time known as the Ward of John Adrien—and of the neighbouring Ward of Chepe, who satisfied themselves that the death was the result of simple accident.

Bucklersbury.

Between Walbrook and Queen Victoria Street, and on to Cheapside, runs the narrow street known as Bucklersbury—not named, as Stow would have us believe, after one Buckle, owner of the manor, for Riley ("Memorials") shows that the original form of the name was Bokerelesberi, the "bury" of the Bokerels, an opulent family to which belonged Andrew Bukerel, Mayor from 1231 to 1236. In Stow's day the street was given up to apothecaries and grocers; and here Richard Quiney, the friend of Shakespeare, whose letter to the poet is preserved at the Guildhall, carried on business. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor* Falstaff contrasts himself with the perfumed gallants "who smell like Bucklersbury in simple time." Ben Jonson also has references to Bucklersbury; and here Sir Thomas More was living when his daughter Margaret, whose name was to become a synonym for filial affection, was born.



JOHN DRYDEN (*p.* 301).
(From the Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery.)



ROMAN MOSAIC DISCOVERED AT BUCKLERSBURY, AND NOW IN THE GUILDHALL MUSEUM

(By permission of the Library Committee of the City Corporation)

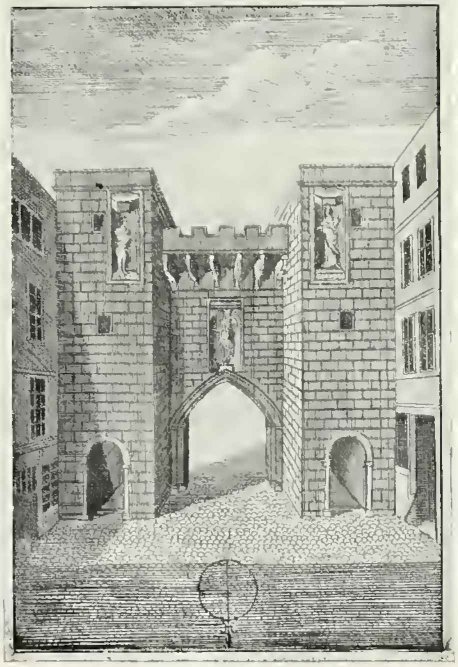
CHAPTER XXVIII

GRACECHURCH STREET AND BISHOPSGATE STREET

The Name of Gracechurch Street—Bishop Gardiner's Wrath—The Horse and the Clown—Bishopsgate—St. Helen's and its Tombs—Francis Bancroft and His Bequest—St. Ethelburga's—The Leathersellers—Gresham's Mansion—Crosby Hall—The Mutiny at the "Bull"—The London Tavern—St. Botolph's—"Hang-Theology" Rogers—The Bishopsgate Street Institute—Sir Paul Pindar—The Friends—Devonshire Square—The City Merchant and the Stuarts—A Great Railway Centre—Bethlehem Priory—Liverpool Street: the Name

Gracechurch: the Name.

To say that the euphonious name of Gracechurch Street is a corruption were almost abusive. Yet one must admit that the street has no just title to its appellation. Stow writes of it as Grasse Street, and traces the name to the herb market—at one time the great corn market of the City—which was held here. This market gave its name to the church of St. Benet in the street, which church came to be known as Grasse Church. So from market and church the street came to be known as Gracious Street and Gracechurch Street, and since its rebuilding after the Great Fire it has borne the latter name, with its double suggestion of sanctity. St. Benet's Church, rebuilt by Wren after the Fire, at the junction of Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street, was destroyed in 1867 and the parish annexed to that of Allhallows' Lombard Street.



BISHOP'S GATE.

An Angry Bishop.

In olden days Gracechurch Street had its conduit, and in connexion therewith a curious incident is recorded. In the procession of Queen Mary and her Spanish husband through the City after their luckless marriage, Bishop Gardiner noticed that on the conduit, which had been newly painted and gilded, appeared a presentment of Henry VIII. carrying a sceptre in one hand and—horrible heterodoxy!—a book inscribed with the words *Verbum Dei* in the other. In his wrath he sent for the painter, denounced him as knave, traitor, and heretic, and threatened to commit him to the Fleet. The painter, who either had no theology or was frightened out of it, protested that he had erred in innocence, and, erasing the Bible from the picture, painted in—a pair of gloves!

Like most of the City streets, Gracechurch Street was not lacking in ancient taverns. At one of these, the "Saba," otherwise the Queen of Sheba, dwelt Tarleton, the favourite clown of Shakespeare's day, probably in order to be near another inn, the "Cross Keys," in the yard of which plays were acted. Here Banks exhibited the talents of his horse Marocco, and in the quarto entitled "Tarleton's Jests" (1611) it is said that on one occasion the showman, addressing his horse as Signor, bade him "go fetch the veriest fool in the company." "The jade," as the story goes, "comes immediately and with his mouth draws Tarleton forth. Tarleton, with merry words, said nothing but 'God a mercy, horse.' Ever after it was a bye-word throughout London, 'God a mercy, horse,' and is to this day." Other Gracechurch Street taverns were the "Spread Eagle," which only vanished in 1865, and the "Tabard," which is commemorated by Talbot Court, near the south end of the street, on the eastern side. A little farther north, on the western side, is White Hart Court, no doubt named after another tavern, and here was the meeting-house of the Society of Friends after that body had left the "Bull and Mouth," Aldersgate Street. For preaching in this meeting-house George Fox was arrested by the Lord Mayor's officers in 1670; and in White Hart Court, twenty years later (January 19th, 1690), at the house of Henry Goldney, he died.

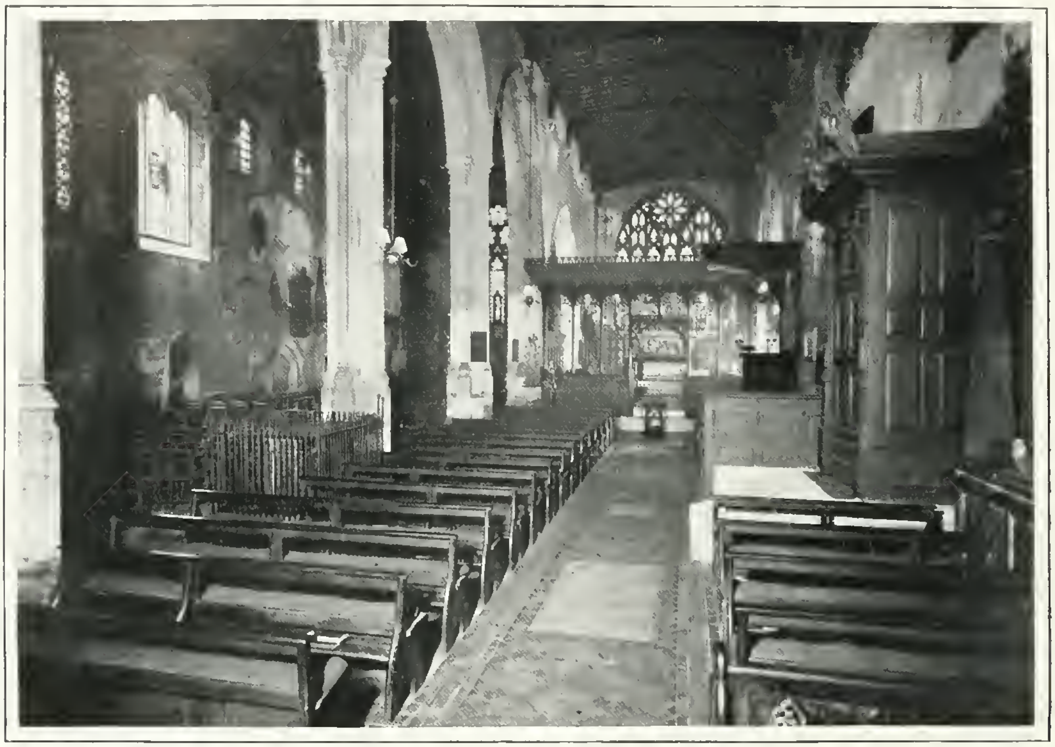


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE "WESTMINSTER ABBEY OF THE CITY": ST. HELEN'S, BISHOPSGATE.

Bishopsgate.

Bishopsgate Street, which continues Gracechurch Street northwards, is divided into two: Bishopsgate Street Within [the old City Walls], and Bishopsgate Street Without, and each portion gives its name to a ward of the City. The gate was named after Erkenwald, Bishop of London in the seventh century, and son of Offa, king of Mercia, and was restored by Bishop William the Norman, in the reign of the Conqueror. It was embellished with effigies, of which two have been identified with those prelates. More than once rebuilt, it came to its end in 1731, for although it was then replaced by a structure which carried the same name, the new gate bore little resemblance to the old, and there is little need to regret that some forty years later it in turn was demolished. The site is indicated by a mitre carved in stone on the house at the south-east corner of Bishopsgate Street Without.

St. Helen's.

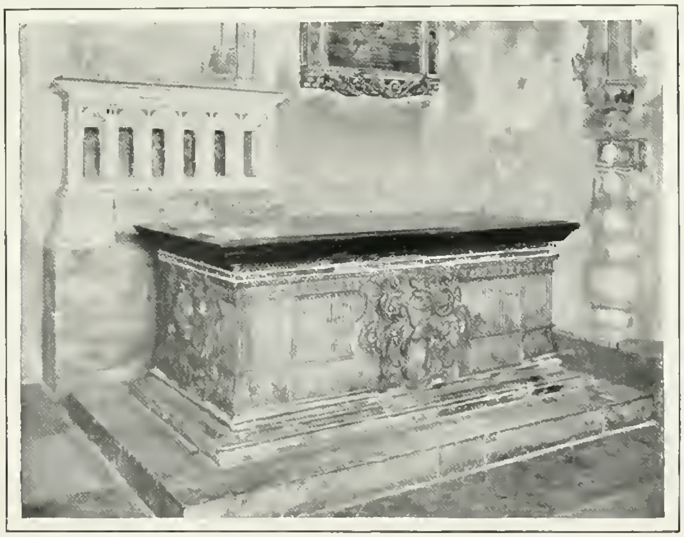
Bishopsgate Street Within, which escaped the Fire of 1666, still possesses a number of relics of antiquity, in spite of the rebuildings of the last fifty years. Of these the most famous is the church of St. Helen, standing a little way back from the street on the eastern side in Great St. Helen's, and memorable not only because of its opulence in monuments of City magnates, which has led to its being called the Westminster Abbey of the City, but also because it was the church of St. Helen's Priory for Benedictine nuns, founded in the reign of King John by William Fitzwilliam. The priory included a hall, hospital, dormitories and cloisters, and it grew so wealthy that at the Dissolution its income, it is said, was equal to £10,000 of present money. The buildings were conferred by Henry upon one of his favourites, but in 1542 they were acquired by the Leathersellers' Company, and the nuns' refectory remained their Common Hall until 1799, when this and all the rest of the conventual buildings that then survived were destroyed to make way for the buildings now to be seen in St. Helen's Place.

Two Naves.

The peculiar construction of St. Helen's Church, the body of it divided into two virtually equal naves, is explained by the fact that it was shared with the parishioners by the nuns of St. Helen's Priory, who used the northern nave. The two naves were divided by a screen, which at the Dissolution, when the church became wholly parochial, was abolished. On the south side is a transept, and tacked on to this are two eastern chapels, that of the Holy Ghost and that of the Virgin, which were added about the middle of the fourteenth century, while the body of the church, as we know it, dates from the following century. Enough has been said of its plan to show that it can have no pretension to architectural balance, nor with its mean little tower and its uneven western front, each nave with its separate door, and the doors in different styles, does its exterior convey any impression of dignity. The church was thoroughly repaired by Inigo Jones in 1631, and disfigured with pews, and in 1744 it was further uglified by a western gallery resting upon a screen. In 1865 these various excrescences were done away with, and in 1874-76 the two chapels were restored at the charges of the Merchant Taylors' Company, the patrons of St. Martin Outwich (p. 308), who had a good deal to do also with extensive renovations carried out in 1891-93 under the superintendence of the late Mr. J. L. Pearson. In these recent works many of the monuments have undergone much-needed repair, and the church has been enriched with a good deal of stained glass. On the north side is a Shakespeare memorial window, the gift of an American gentleman who committed this act of generosity in the amiable belief that the William Shakespeare whose name has been discovered in the parish books under the year 1598 was none other than the poet.

Gresham's Monument.

Of the monuments the most notable, from the eminence of its subject, is that of Sir Thomas Gresham, the famous founder of the original Royal Exchange and of the college which bears its name, who was buried here as a parishioner, having built for himself a fine mansion in Bishopsgate Street (p. 309). It takes the form of an altar-tomb of Sienna marble, carved with Gresham's arms, including of course the familiar grasshopper. Gresham's funeral was one of great pomp, involving an expenditure of £800, and there followed him to the grave two hundred poor men and women, all clad in black gowns. He had had the tomb constructed during his life, and it is curious that after all the trouble he



SIR THOMAS GRESHAM'S ALTAR-TOMB IN ST. HELEN'S.

took about his obsequies, his tomb should never have been completed, and that the bald inscription now to be seen on the slab of black marble above it, and copied from the parish register—"Sir Thomas Gresham, Knight, buried December 15th, 1579"—was not cut until after Pennant wrote in 1790 Other famous men of the same century commemorated here are Sir Andrew Judd, Lord Mayor in 1550, founder of the great school at Tonbridge; Sir John Spencer, Lord Mayor in 1594, "rich Spencer," as he was styled, whose daughter and heiress married the second Lord Compton, ancestor of the present Marquis of Northampton; Sir William Pickering, soldier and diplomatist; and Alderman William Bond, a merchant adventurer, whose son Martin, Captain of the City Trained Bands at Tilbury in 1588, is also represented by a monument. Memorials belonging to the fifteenth century are that of Alderman Sir John Crosby, founder of Crosby Hall; and that of John Oteswich, one of the founders of St. Martin Outwich, in Threadneedle Street, the effigies being removed hither, with many other monuments, when in 1874 that church was taken down and the parish annexed to St. Helen's. Among seventeenth century monuments in St. Helen's is that of Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls under James I., who by a curious fancy dropped his surname of Adelmare—he was the son of Queen Mary's Italian physician—not fearing to provoke comparisons with the great Roman. Many other distinguished men have been buried either in St. Helen's itself or in the graveyard, among them the Italian jurist Albericus Gentilis, author of "De Jure Belli," who was buried in the graveyard beside his father in 1608, and is now commemorated in the church by a tablet set up by a memorial committee in 1877.

Other Monuments.

Quite the most curious of the monuments in St. Helen's was that of Francis Bancroft (descendant of the Archbishop), an eccentric person who died in 1727, and whose story is vivaciously told by Mr. Ross in "Bygone London." A summoning officer in the Lord Mayor's Court, he made a large fortune by issuing false summonses and accepting bribes to cancel them; and so detested was he that at his funeral the coffin was nearly jostled off the shoulders of the bearers, and the joy-bells were set ringing. It seems that he had a notion that after a while he would return to this life and to his duties in the City, and so he had his tomb in St. Helen's constructed with folding doors and panelled with glass, while the coffin was fitted with hinges and was not to be screwed down. He left in trust to the Drapers' Company the sum of £27,000 for the erection of the Drapers' Almshouses in the Mile End Road and of a school for 100 boys, subject to the condition that every May "for ever" the trustees should visit his tomb and look upon his body. The condition has long since been disregarded. In the last restoration the tomb, which was at once ugly and in the way, was removed, an inscription being affixed to the wall above the spot where it stood. The almshouses in the Mile End Road also have gone, and Bancroft's money is now used in the maintenance of a large school built at Woodford, Essex, in 1888.

An Eccentric Testator.

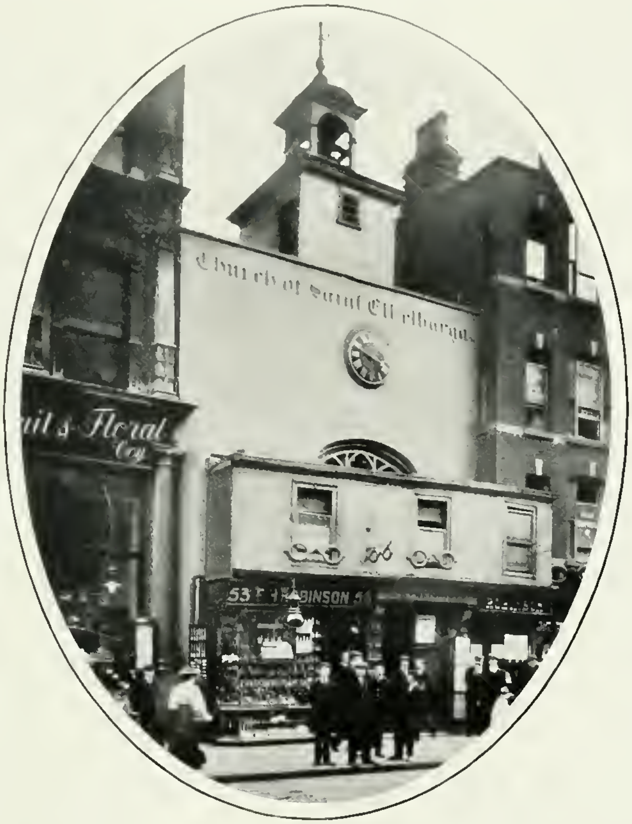
Between St. Helen's and St. Ethelburga's, dedicated to the daughter of Ethelbert, the first Christian King of Kent, and of his French wife Bertha, a bond may be traced in the circumstance that anciently the living of St. Ethelburga's was in the gift of the Prioress and nuns of St. Helen's. St. Ethelburga's is structurally Early English, though it appears to have been a good deal altered about the end of the fourteenth century. But its antiquity and quaintness are its only claims to attention; and it is so hustled by neighbouring houses that, although its archway abuts upon the eastern side of Bishopsgate Street, it escapes the notice of such passers-by as are not on the look-out for London's hidden treasures. The archway is flanked on either side and surmounted by a shop, and nothing of the church can be seen from the street but a bit of the west wall and a poor little turret. Only about fifty-four feet long, and about half that width, it consists of nave and south aisle, and no traces of a north aisle have ever been discovered.

St. Ethelburga's.

At the east end of St. Helen's Place, approached from Bishopsgate Street Within through gates erected in 1899, is the Hall of the Leathersellers, by far the richest of the minor Livery Companies. First mentioned

The Leather-Sellers.

about 1372, the Leathersellers were incorporated by Richard II. in 1397, and it became one of their functions to seek out and confiscate bad leather. Their ancient Hall, part of the Priory of St. Helen's, was, as we have seen, bought by them soon after the Dissolution, and, spared by the Great Fire, was demolished in 1799. Its successor was replaced in 1878 by the present Hall, a much finer structure in the Elizabethan style, designed by Mr. G. A. Wilson, Surveyor to the Company. The arms of the Company show three bucks, with a demi-buck for crest, and a buck and a ram for supporters.



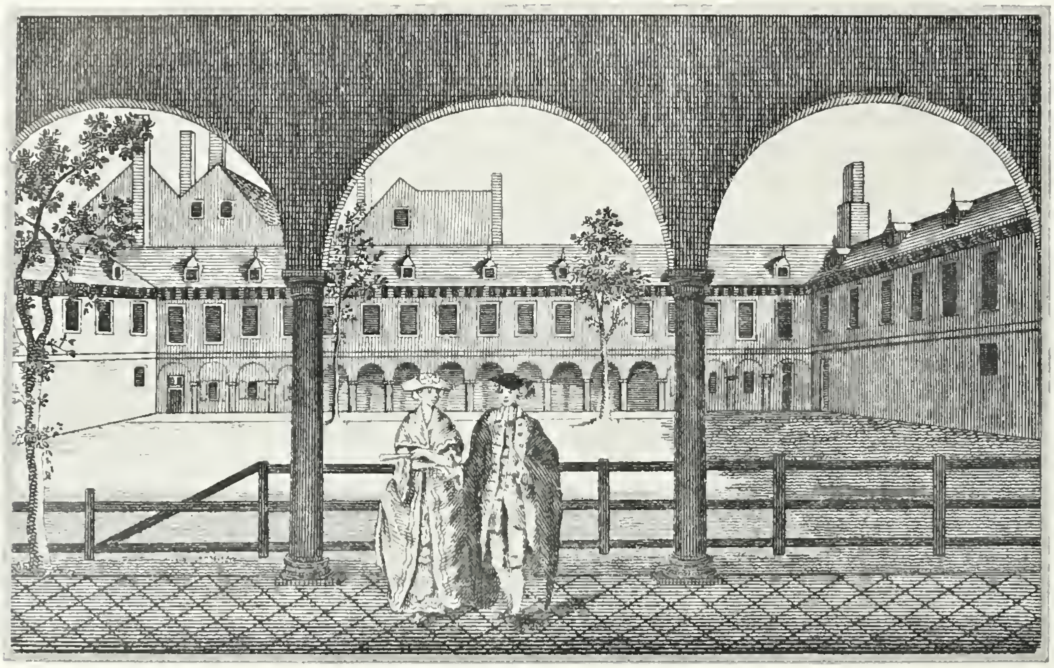
ST. ETHELBURGA'S, BISHOPSGATE.

Sir Thomas Gresham's fine mansion, which with its gardens extended from the western side of Bishopsgate Street Within to Broad Street, was built by him in 1563, and here he died suddenly in 1579. After the death of Lady Gresham, in 1596, the house became available for the work of Gresham College, and here also, for a time, after the havoc wrought by the Great Fire, the Lord Mayor lived and the Law Courts were held, while the quadrangle was used by the merchants of the City as a temporary Exchange. The mansion continued to be used as Gresham College until 1768, when it was taken down, the ground upon which it stood being made over to the Crown for a perpetual rent of £500. The site is now marked by the block of offices styled Gresham House.

Crosby Hall.

Crosby Hall, which until 1908 stood on the eastern side of the street, was built about 1470 by the Sir John Crosby who rests in St. Helen's Church, and who was a grocer and woolstapler, and one of the sheriffs and aldermen, and was knighted by Edward IV. Stow speaks of it as "very large beautiful," and says that at the time of its erection it was "the highest . . . in London." At his death, in 1470, his widow sold it to Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and here, says Sir Thomas More, Richard "lodged himself, and little by little all folks drew unto him, so that the Protector's Court was crowded and King Henry's left desolate." Shakespeare thrice refers to Crosby House in *Richard III.* (Act I., Scenes ii. and iii., and Act III., Scene i.). Richard left it in 1483 for his palace at Westminster. About 1518 Sir Thomas More acquired Crosby House, selling it in 1523 to his "dear friend" Antonio Bonvici, who presently leased it to William Roper, More's son-in-law. In 1566 Alderman William Bond, the merchant adventurer who is buried in St. Helen's, bought Crosby House, and repaired and enlarged it, and by his sons it was sold to "rich Spencer," who here kept his mayoralty in 1594. In 1609 the Dowager Duchess of Pembroke, "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," was living here. In the Great Fire a large part of the mansion perished, and further destruction was wrought by a fire six years later, but the hall and its fine timber roof, with a "throne room" on the ground floor and a "council room" above, escaped both hazards.

From 1672 to 1769 Crosby Hall was a Nonconformist chapel. In the early years of the nineteenth century (1810-31) it was occupied by a firm of packers and was much mutilated. About 1831 the lease ran out, and a public subscription for the preservation of the building was started, the interior was restored, and the part which fronts Great St. Helen's rebuilt. The restoration was begun in 1836, and the Hall was re-opened by Lord Mayor Copeland in 1842, with a banquet in the old English style, the floor being carpeted with rushes. From 1842 to 1860 the building was occupied as the Crosby Hall Literary Institute; then it became a wine merchant's office; finally, in 1868, it became a restaurant, the proprietor of which made the most of the antiquity of the building, even the waitresses being so garbed as to be "in the piece." In July, 1907, Crosby Hall ceased to be used as a restaurant, and a few months later, in spite of efforts for its preservation which had the countenance of the King and the Government, it was taken down. So difficult is it for the richest city in the world to keep the few relics of ancient days which have survived! A guarantee fund was raised, but the few thousands more that were required were not forthcoming, and the City tamely allowed its most interesting piece of domestic architecture to be taken down. Arrangements were made by the London County Council for its re-erection as a university hall of residence on land adjoining More House at Chelsea, with the stipulation that the public also should enjoy access to it. No more suitable site could have been chosen, for Crosby House, as we have seen, was once the habitation of Sir Thomas More, who is the *genius loci* of Chelsea; but an ancient building cannot be taken to pieces and rebuilt elsewhere without losing the greater part of its interest and charm, and its rebuilding can be regarded as little more than an anodyne for an uneasy conscience.



OLD GRESHAM COLLEGE, FORMERLY SIR THOMAS GRESHAM'S HOUSE.

The "Bull."

Among the old inns which Bishopsgate Street Within formerly boasted, one of the most famous was the "Bull," the site of which is now occupied by Palmerston Buildings. It is associated with Anthony Bacon, brother of Sir Francis, for when in 1594 he quitted Gray's Inn for Bishopsgate his mother was concerned lest he should succumb to the attractions of the "Bull," and especially to the plays which were acted by Burbage and Tarleton and others. Here it was that old Hobson, the Cambridge carrier whom Milton has immortalised, used to put up, and according to the "Spectator," a fresco of him was at that time to be seen on one of the walls. Here, too, took place the mutiny of which Carlyle tells the

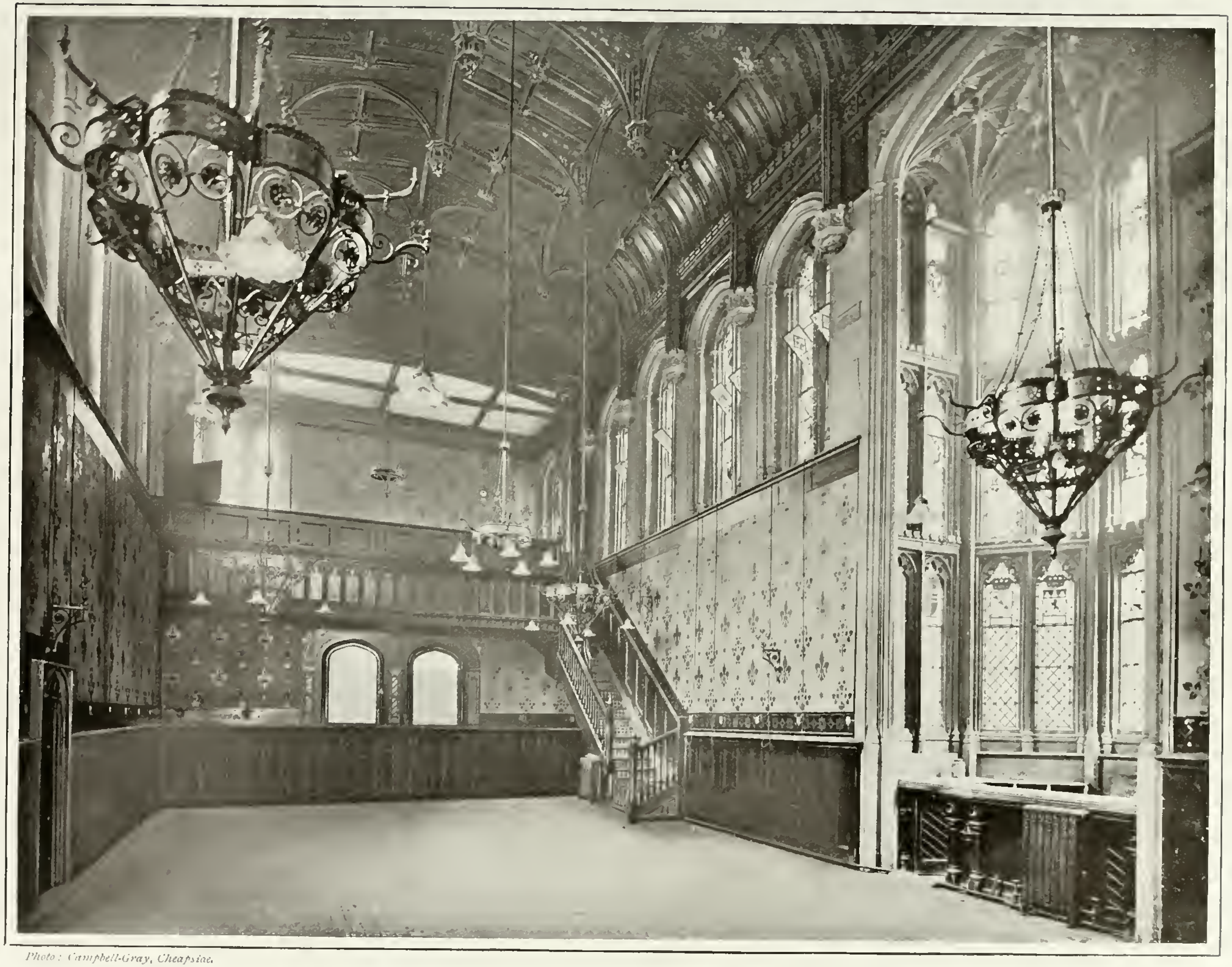


Photo: Campbell-Gray, Cheapside.

CROSBY HALL, IN 1908.

A Mutiny.

story in the "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell." On Thursday, the 26th of April, 1649, a troop of Whalley's regiment quartered at the inn refused to obey orders. "They want this and that first; they seize their colours from the cornet, who is lodged at the 'Bull' there. The General and the Lieutenant-General have to hasten thither; quell them; pack them forth on their march; seizing fifteen of them first, to be tried by court-martial. Tried by instant court-martial, five of them are found guilty, doomed to die, but pardoned; and one of them, Trooper Lockyer, is doomed and not pardoned. Trooper Lockyer is shot, in Paul's Churchyard, on the morrow. A very brave young man they say; though but three-and-twenty, he has served seven years in these wars. . . Religious, too; of excellent parts and much beloved; but with hot notions as to human freedom, and the rate at which the Milleniums are attainable, poor Lockyer! He falls shot in Paul's Churchyard on Friday, amid the tears of men and women."

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ST. BOTOLPH'S, BISHOPSGATE.

The London Tavern.

Of more recent fame than the "Bull" was the "London Tavern," long renowned for its banquets for benevolent purposes, its public meetings and its auctions, as well as for its wines and turtle soup, until in 1876 it was pulled down. It stood on the west side of the street, a little north of Cornhill, on the site where now stands the Royal Bank of Scotland, a fine structure which, however, is quite outshone by the head office of the National Provincial Bank of England, at the corner of Threadneedle Street. In the Classical style, with statues above the columns and with bold reliefs over the doors and windows, it was built in 1866, but even in these days of splendid banks it still holds its place as perhaps the handsomest office of the kind in the City. Until a few years ago it was faced, on the eastern side of the street, by another Classical building, the Wesleyan Centenary Hall. That building, originally the City of London Tavern, acquired by the Wesleyan Methodist Church in 1839 or 1840, and adapted for its purposes, was rebuilt in the early years of the present century, and while the lower part of the new structure is in the occupation of the National Bank of India, the upper part remains in the hands of the Trustees of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society.

Bishopsgate Street Without.

As soon as we pass to Bishopsgate Street Without—which is within the City boundary, be it understood—we come to the church of St. Botolph, a saint to whom reference has already been made. It dates only from 1729, old St. Botolph's, which escaped the Fire, having to be taken down in 1725 because it had become ruinous. Designed by James Gold, of whom otherwise little is known, it is a comely and not undignified building of red brick, with a stone steeple that abuts upon the main street. St. Botolph's still has, as it had in Stow's day, "a fair churchyard," and divided from it by a passage leading to New Broad Street is a pleasant and shady strip of greensward given to the parish by the Common Council in 1760, and now provided with seats for tired wayfarers. On the north side of the chancel of St. Botolph's is the monument of Sir Paul Pindar, who lived in the parish for twenty-six years. St. Botolph's has few other distinguised associations, but Edward Alleyn, the actor, who founded Dulwich College, was baptised here (1566), his father being the landlord of an inn close to Devonshire House in this parish; here, too, was baptised John Keats (October 31st, 1795). And among those who are buried here are Edward Allein (1570), "poete to the Queene," and the William Earl of Devonshire (1628) who gave his name to Devonshire House (see below). Among the rectors of St. Botolph's was Prebendary Rogers, known among his intimates, from an expression once used by himself, as "Hang-Theology Rogers," who died in 1896. Humanist and humorist, Prebendary Rogers has left many pleasant memories, and the parish possesses a permanent memorial of his enlightened activities in the form of the Bishopsgate Institute, the handsome stone front of which dignifies the eastern side of Bishopsgate Street Without. Founded by him, and built and equipped at a cost of some £70,000, with money derived from the Bishopsgate Charities, supplemented by grants from the City Parochial Foundation, it was opened by his friend the Earl of Rosebery in 1894.

Sir Paul Pindar.

The Sir Paul Pindar whose monument adorns the chancel of St. Botolph's was a great City merchant in the reign of James I., who in 1611 sent him to Turkey as his Ambassador, an office which he filled for nine years. A man of great public spirit, he contributed £10,000 to the repair of Old St. Paul's, but his devotion to Charles I., whom he supplied with money which he could not recover, brought him to ruin, and when he died, in 1650, at the age of eighty-four, his affairs were so tangled and embarrassed that his executor, one Wm. Toomer, in despair made away with himself. Pindar's fine old mansion, on the west side of the street, was converted into a public-house known as the "Sir Paul Pindar's Head." Rebuilt about 1871, it finally disappeared in 1890 in the course of extensions of Liverpool Street Station; but some relics of it may still be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

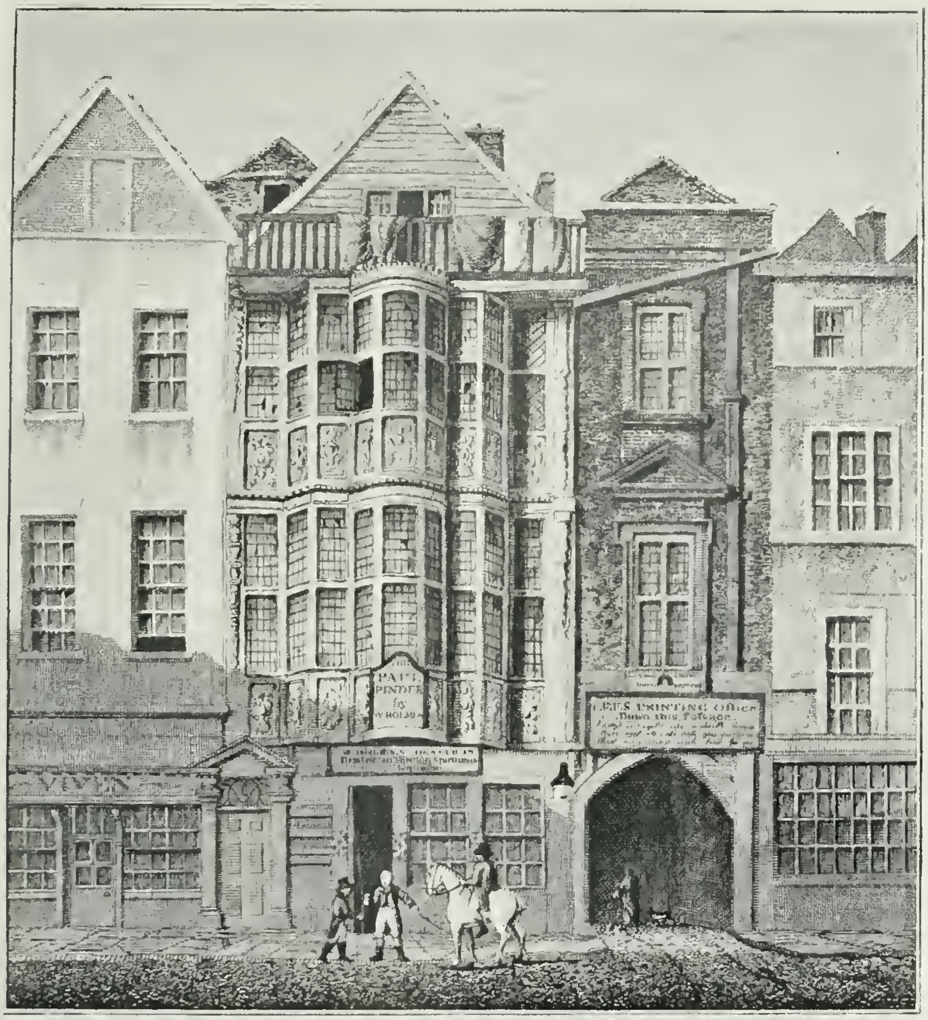
The Friends.

In Bishopsgate Street Without, on the eastern side, are the appropriately plain and drab buildings which form the headquarters of the Society of Friends, who in 1744 removed hither from White Hart Court, Gracechurch Street. It is curious, by the way, how many of our great banking firms have been founded by members of this Society, which has won so fair a renown for essential spirituality and good works. The Gurneys, the Barclays, the Hoares, the Hanburys, the Lloyds, the Dimsdales, are names which the pen almost automatically writes.

The Friends' Meeting House abuts upon the prim little square which bears the name of Devonshire, after a mansion which, from 1620 to 1670, was the town house of the Dukes of Devonshire, but which was built by one Jasper Fisher, a clerk in Chancery, and came

Devonshire Square.

to be known as Fisher's Folly, because his means were insufficient to keep up so large a house. In part of Devonshire House was installed, in 1638, a Baptist Church said to be the oldest but one in England, consisting of seceders from a church at Wapping who wished to practise close communion. About the close of the seventeenth century there was set up in the former mansion of the Cavendishes a Bank of Credit, where, on deposit of goods and merchandise, they were "furnished with bills of current credit at two-thirds or three-fourths of the value of the said goods." Soon after this Devonshire House must have reached the end of its career, for writing of the square in 1708, Hatton, who describes it as "inhabited by gentry and other merchants," says that "here was formerly a seat of the Earls of Devonshire."



SIR PAUL PINDAR'S HOUSE (*p.* 312).

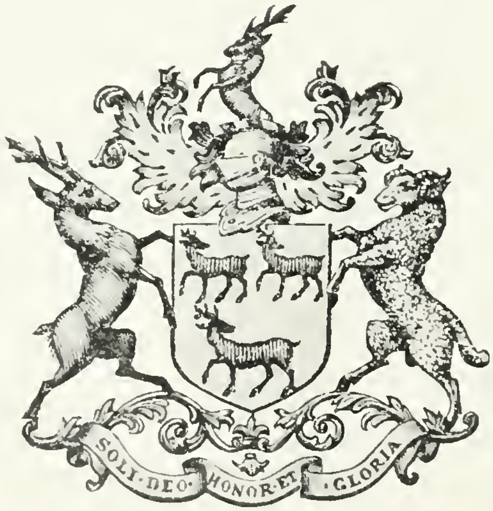
From a Drawing by G. Shepherd.

A Famous Baptist Church.

The Baptist church which settled first in Devonshire House built for itself in 1653 a chapel which in 1870 was acquired by the Metropolitan Railway, a new chapel, bearing the same name—Devonshire Square—being reared with the proceeds at Stoke Newington. As early as 1643 the church had for its minister William Kiffin, a City merchant, of whom Charles II. once wanted to borrow £40,000. Kiffin made him a present of £10,000, and congratulated himself upon having saved £30,000 by this act of munificence. Who can doubt that the congratulations were well merited? Two of Kiffin's grandsons were among the victims of Jeffreys' Bloody Assize, and Kiffin offered £3,000 for their acquittal, but he "missed the right door" and they were hanged. He ought to have gone to Jeffreys himself, who said to one of the young men, "You have a grandfather who deserves to be hanged as richly as you." Unfortunately for the young men, their grandfather did not take the hint.

Kiffin and James II.

In his efforts to make tools of the Nonconformists in order to serve the interests of the Roman Catholics, James II., after the issue of the Declaration of Indulgence (1687) thought it possible he might win over Kiffin, who had great influence in commercial circles. When the King sent for him and told him in gracious terms that he had nominated him an alderman, the old man—he was over seventy—answered, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, that the death of his grandsons had given a wound to his heart which was still bleeding, and would never close but in the grave. At this James was taken aback, but, recovering himself, coarsely replied that he would find "a balsam for that sore." Kiffin still held out, but at last, to avoid persecution, consented to accept the nomination, and was well received in his ward—that of Chepe. He and his brother aldermen were expected to see that the Livery Companies ejected their members by the hundred — for no other reason than that they were Protestant members of the Church of England. In nine months Kiffin contrived to get relieved of an office which in the circumstances was utterly odious to him. He resigned the pastorate of the Devonshire Square Church in 1692, died in his eighty-sixth year in 1701, and was buried in Bunhill Fields.



ARMS OF THE LEATHERSELLERS' COMPANY.

Bethlehem Priory.

A large part of Bishopsgate Ward Without is now occupied by railway stations — the Bishopsgate Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, Broad Street Station, the terminus of the North London Railway, which shares it with the London and North-Western Railway, and finally the Liverpool Street Station, the terminus of the Great Eastern Railway, which has been extended and extended until it is said to have become the largest station in London. The Liverpool Street and Broad Street Stations stand upon ground which once formed part of a priory of canons of the Order of the Star of Bethlehem, with brothers and sisters, founded in 1246 by Simon Fitz-Mary, a Sheriff of London. At the Dissolution Henry VIII. bestowed the priory upon the City of London, for conversion into a hospital for lunatics, and so originated the famous Bethlem Hospital. The hospital was transferred to Moorfields in 1675, and to St. George's Fields, Lambeth, in 1815, but the Bishopsgate site long continued to be known as Old Bethlehem.

Liverpool Street.

The name of Liverpool Street dates only from 1829, when this part of Old Bethlehem was so styled after the Minister who had died the year before. By his opposition to Catholic emancipation and other reforms, Lord Liverpool, who was as prejudiced as he was honest, had made himself one of the most hated of Prime Ministers, but the two last years of his life were passed in a state of imbecility, and it may possibly be looked upon as a sign of reaction in the minds of a populace never disposed to cherish rancour that in the year after his death this new street should have been named after him.

CHAPTER XXIX

FROM BISHOPSGATE TO ALDERSGATE

Broad Street—St. Peter's-le-Poor—Austin Friars and the Dutch Church—Winchester House and the Paulets—Pinners' Hall and the Independents—Finsbury and Moorfields—A Riot—A Fight between Butchers and Weavers—Finsbury Circus—South Place—The London Institution—City of London College—Finsbury Pavement and John Keats—Moorgate Street—London Wall and its Churches—Fore Street—Grub Street and its Hermit—Cripplegate—St. Giles's—Miltonic and other Associations—The Bastion—Monkwell Street and the Barbers—Redcross and Whitecross Streets—The Fortune Theatre—Barbican and its Famous Residents

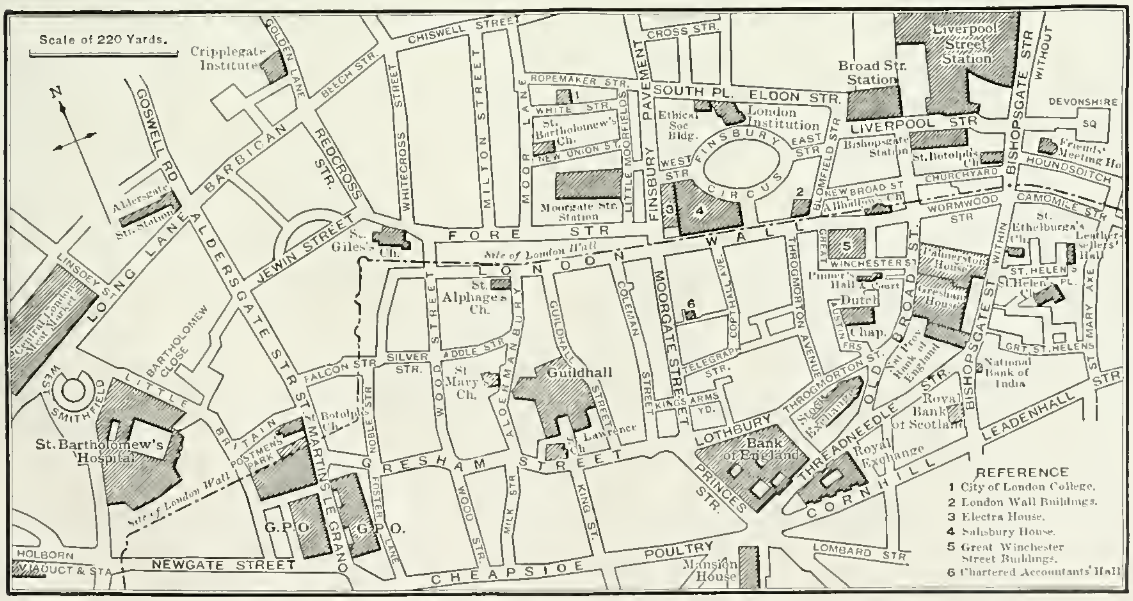
Broad Street.

BROAD STREET, which gives its name to one of the City wards, is now divided into Old Broad Street and New Broad Street. New Broad Street may be dismissed at once with the remark that it was formed about 1730 out of a region known as Petty France, "of Frenchmen dwelling there," says Stow, and that its chief personal association is with Sir Astley Cooper, the famous surgeon, whose income for a series of years while living here exceeded £15,000 a year.

St. Peter's-le-Poor.

As late as the reign of Charles I., Old Broad Street was one of the most fashionable parts of the City, where were houses of several members of the nobility. These have all long since disappeared. On the eastern side of the street stood until 1908 the ugly circular church of St. Peter-le-Poor, interesting from its curious name, which Stow thought might have originated in the poverty of the parish, though in his day it contained "many fair houses, possessed by rich merchants and others." Daniell, however, in his "London City Churches," states that in ancient documents the church is styled "Parvus," a circumstance which suggests a more probable derivation. Old St. Peter's escaped the Great Fire, but was taken down in 1788 and rebuilt by Jesse Gibson farther back.

An incomparably more interesting church than was St. Peter's-le-Poor is the Dutch


Scale of 220 Yards.
N
Cripplegate Institute
Golden Lane
Goswell Rd
Beech Str.
Chiswell Street
Barbican
Redcross Str.
Whitecross Street
Milton Street
Moor Lane
Ropemaker Str.
White Str.
St. Bartholomew's Ch.
New Union St.
Moorgate Str. Station
Little Moorfields
Finsbury Pavement
Cross Str.
South Pl.
Eldon Str.
Ethical Soc Bldg.
London Institution
Finsbury Circus
West Str
East Str
Blomfield Str
Broad Str. Station
Liverpool Street Station
Liverpool Str
Bishopsgate Station
St. Botolph's Ch.
Churchyard
Bishopsgate Str Without
Devonshire Sq
Friends' Meeting Ho
Houndsditch
Aldersgate St. Station
Long Lane
Linsdey St.
Central London Meat Market
Aldersgate Str
Jewin Street
St. Giles's Ch.
Fore Str
Site of London Wall
London Wall
New Broad St
Allhallows Ch
Wormwood Str
Camomile Str
St. Ethelburga's Ch.
Leathersellers' Hall
Bartholomew Close
West Smithfield
Little Britain
St. Alphage's Ch.
Wood Street
Aldermanbury
Silver Str.
Addle Str
Falcon Str
Noble Str
St Mary's Ch.
Guildhall
Guildhall
Coleman Street
Moorgate Street
Copthall Ave.
Throgmorton Avenue
Great Winchester St
Pinner's Hall & Court
Dutch Chap.
Austin Frs
Old Broad St.
Palmerston House
Gresham House
Bishopsgate St Within
St. Helen's
St. Helen's Pl.
St. Helen's Ch.
St Mary Axe
Grt. St. Helens
National Bank of India
St. Bartholomew's Hospital
St. Botolph's Ch.
Postmen's Park
St. Martins le Grand
Foster Lane
Gresham Street
St. Lawrence Ch.
Telegraph Str.
Kings Arms Yd.
Throgmorton St.
Nat Prov Bank of England
Stock Exchange
Lothbury
Bank of England
Princes Str.
Threadneedle Str.
Royal Bank of Scotland
Royal Exchange
Cornhill
Leadenhall Str.
G.P.O.
G.P.O.
Site of London Wall
Holborn Viaduct & Sta
Newgate Street
Wood Str.
Milk Str
King St.
Cheapside
Poultry
Mansion House
Lombard Str
1
2
3
4
5
6
REFERENCE
1 City of London College.
2 London Wall Buildings.
3 Electra House.
4 Salisbury House.
5 Great Winchester Street Buildings.
6 Chartered Accountants' Hall

PLAN OF THE STREETS BETWEEN BISHOPSGATE AND ALDERSGATE.

Church in Austin Friars, the region which lies between Old Broad Street and Throgmorton Avenue. This formed the nave and aisles of the Church of the Priory of Friars Eremites of the Order of St. Augustine, the great-souled Bishop of Hippo, in Africa. The Austin Friars made their way to England from Italy about 1250, and in 1253 a Priory was founded for them in this part of London by Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex. Their usual garb was a white garment and scapulary, but out of doors, and in the chapel, they wore a black cowl and large hood. At the Dissolution Henry VIII. reserved the church, and by his son, Edward VI., it was set apart for the use of refugees who fled to this country chiefly from the Netherlands to escape their persecutors, and it has been used for services in the Dutch tongue ever since. But the church, though still a spacious and noble structure, is not what it was when Edward VI. handed it over to the Dutch community. It then had choir and transepts, and a lofty spire of which Stow speaks admiringly, and it contained many sumptuous tombs. William Paulet, afterwards Marquis of Winchester and Lord High Treasurer, upon whom the Priory was conferred by Henry VIII., appears to have had some rights over the church also, in spite of its having been granted to the Dutch, for when the spire came to need repair he pulled it down, besides barbarously demolishing the choir and transepts; and after his death, in 1571, the second Marquis, a worthy son of such a sire, disposed of the glorious monuments for £100, "made fair stabling for horses in place thereof," as Stow records, "and sold the lead from the roof and laid it anew with tile." In 1862 what was left of the church, the nave and aisles, was burnt out, but happily the walls of the structure and the columns dividing the nave from the aisles were left standing, and in the following year a restoration was begun which, finished in 1865, cost some £12,000. Sir Gilbert Scott considered the nave "a perfect model of what is most practically useful in the nave of a church"; and no one who visits it can fail to be struck by the venerable aspect of its exterior, or by the spaciousness and dignity of its interior. Bare it looks, certainly, in the absence of memorial and of stained glass, but this, while in keeping with the simple form of service of which it is the scene, serves but to emphasise its noble proportions. Though the tombs have gone, there are some thirty-six monumental slabs, many of them incised with figures and with shields.

Austin Friars.

The Priory, as we have seen, was presented to the Marquis of Winchester, who either converted it into or, as Stow says, built upon the site a town house known as Paulet and as Winchester House, of which the memory is preserved by Great and Little Winchester Streets and by Great Winchester Street Buildings, a little to the north of the Dutch Church. The first Marquis treated the Priory church badly enough, as we have seen, but he was a remarkable and interesting man, who lived under nine sovereigns, and at his death, in his ninety-seventh year, could count a hundred and three descendants. He would appear to have combined with a time-serving disposition some latent capacity for candour, for when asked how he had contrived to keep in the good graces of so many sovereigns he replied, "By being a willow, not an oak." By none of the Paulets was their acquisition regarded in the light of a trust, and it is no matter for regret that in 1602 the fourth Marquis had to part with the whole of the estate, which was acquired by John Swinnerton, afterwards Lord Mayor. Winchester House did not finally disappear until 1839. Now almost all the old houses of Austin Friars have vanished.

Winchester House.

The house styled Pinners' Hall, accessible from Broad Street through Pinners' Hall Court, and dating from about the end of the eighteenth century, has associations with St. Austin's, for the building which preceded it, and whose name it bears, was a part of the Priory. In the reign of Elizabeth this older building became a factory for the making of Venetian glass, and while so used James Howell, the letter-writer, was its steward. Then it became a soldiers' barracks; next, the hall of the Pinmakers, a City Company which was incorporated by Charles I. and has now ceased to exist; and then an Independent chapel, where Baxter, Owen, and Howe, and later Isaac Watts, preached. Here was established,

Pinners' Hall.

immediately after the Declaration of Indulgence (1672), the Merchants' Lecture, a Tuesday lecture to merchants by Nonconformist divines, afterwards delivered at the Weigh-house Chapel, Fish Street Hill, and now at the Memorial Hall in Farringdon Street. The present Pinners' Hall—the older building was taken down in 1798—is divided up into offices.

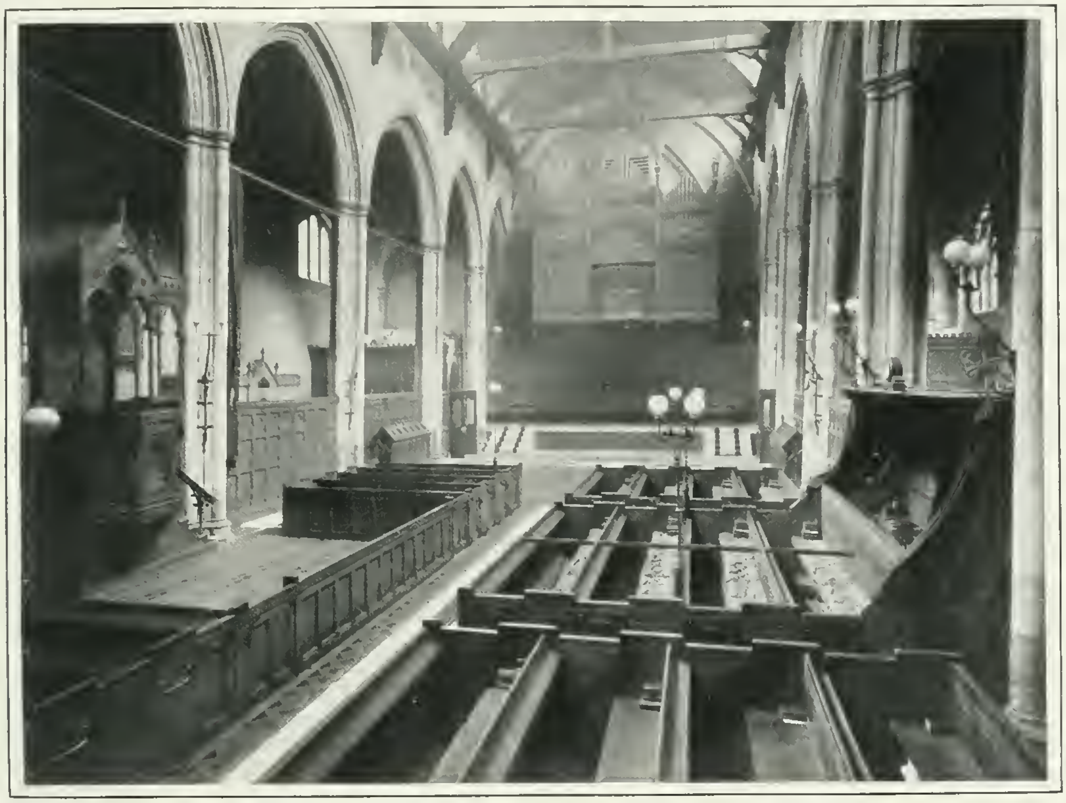


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE DUTCH CHURCH, AUSTIN FRIARS.

Austin Friars has not been without eminent residents. In 1513 Erasmus lodged here, and took his meals in the Convent itself, where he found it difficult to get good wine. In 1608-9 the Lady Anne Clifford was married in her mother's rooms in Winchester House to her first husband, the Earl of Dorset. In later times there lived here, at No. 18, James Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses." When he had long been resident in Austin Friars there settled here another James Smith, and a good deal of confusion resulting, the newcomer waited upon his namesake and suggested that one of them should leave, at the same time hinting that he would prefer to stay. "No," was the witty reply, "I am James the First, you are James the Second; you must abdicate."

Finsbury and Moorfields.

In our pilgrimage westwards towards Aldersgate we come next to Finsbury and Moorfields, lying immediately to the north of the old City walls, but long since partly included within the bounds of the City. In olden time this region, stretching from Bishopsgate Street to Cripplegate, and extending a considerable distance northwards, was marshland, variously known at different periods as The Moor, and Moorfield, and Vynesbury Moor. The name Finsbury, however, has nothing to do with fen land, but is derived from the Finnes, Fynes, or Fiennes family, who here had their bury or manorial residence.* It was first drained in 1527, was laid out in pleasant walks in the reign of James I., and began to be built upon after the Great Fire. Until it was drained it must have been a dismal region—"a waste and unprofitable ground" Stow calls it—yet at least as early as the reign of Henry II. it was put to festive uses.

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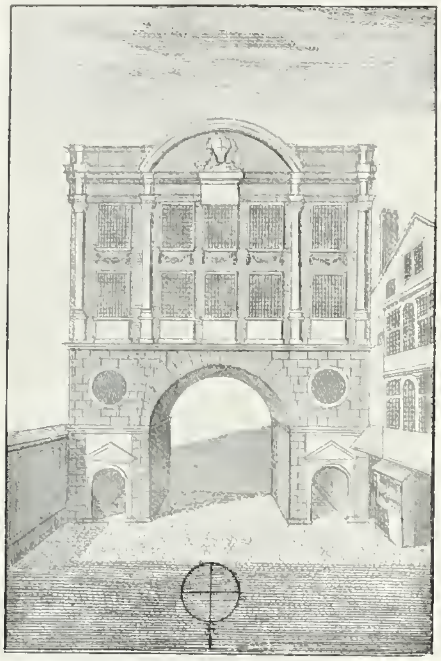
* See communication from Colonel Prideaux to *Notes and Queries*, 8th Series, Vol. XII., p. 310.

Fitzstephen the monk describes it as at that time a place of amusement for young Londoners. It was especially frequented, he says, in winter, and he gives a graphic description of a primitive form of skates used here. "Others there are," he says, "still more expert in these amusements; they place certain bones, the leg bones of animals, under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ankles, and then taking a pole shod with iron into their hands they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried on with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird, or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow."

Primitive Skating.



MOORGATE (*p.* 320).

The common lands on the north side of London were encroached upon from time to time by the dwellers at Islington, Hoxton, and Shoreditch, who enclosed them with hedges and ditches, so that, in the words of Grafton the chronicler, "neyther the yonge men of the City might shoot, nor the ancient persons might walk for their pleasure in the fields, except eyther their bowes and arrows were broken or taken away, or the honest and substantiall persons arrested or indicted, saiving that no Londoner should goe out of the City but in the high wayes." For a time the grievance was borne with more or less patience, but suddenly, in the year 1514 (Henry VIII.), the citizens took the law into their own hands. One wearing a fool's coat ran about the City streets crying, "Shovels and spades." "So many of the people followed," says Stow, "that it was a wonder to behold, and within a short space all the hedges about the City were cast down, and the ditches filled up, and everything made plain, such was the diligence of these workmen." The King's Council sent for the Lord Mayor and invited explanations, but contented themselves with admonition that no more violence was to be attempted.

A Riot.

When, in 1666, the Fire had rendered thousands homeless, crowds of them dwelt in this region, "as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle," says Evelyn; "some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels; many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who from delicateness, riches and easy accommodations, in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest poverty and misery." No wonder that this humane observer returned to his own house "with a sad heart." Two years later the other diarist of that age, Samuel Pepys, describes a fray that took place here in Moorfields between the butchers and the weavers, "between whom there hath ever been an old competition for mastery. . . At first the butchers knocked down all the weavers that had green or blue aprons, till they were fain to pull them off and put them in their breeches. At last the butchers were fain to pull off their sleeves, that they might not be known, and were soundly beaten out of the field, and some deeply wounded and bruised; till at last the weavers went out triumphing, calling '£100 for a butcher.'"

Butchers and Weavers at War.

Finsbury Circus is just within the City limits, while Finsbury Square is just without them, and Finsbury Pavement is partly on one side and partly on the other. Finsbury—to speak of the district generally—was until far on in the last century the great haunt of doctors, until they followed their richer patrons towards the setting sun, and even in these days the plates of not a few well-known members of the faculty are to be seen by the observant pedestrian. Finsbury Circus occupies the site of the second

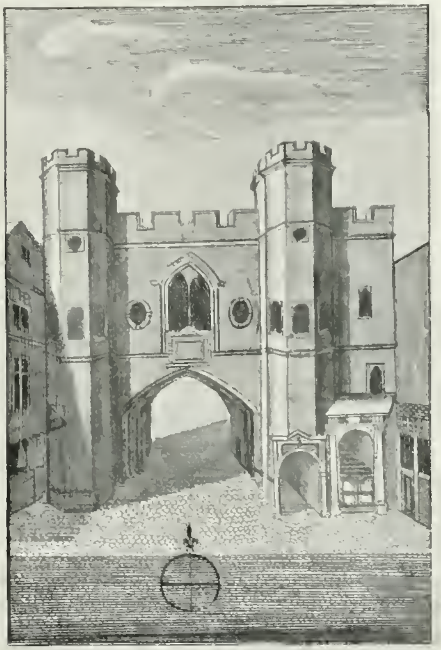
Bethlehem Hospital, over against which stood the first St. Luke's Hospital, founded in the eighteenth century to relieve the pressure on that earlier house of refuge for the insane, and transferred in 1784 to Old Street. Finsbury Circus was built about 1815, when Bethlehem was demolished, but during the last few years it has been largely rebuilt, many of the private houses of which it was composed having been swept away to make room for magnificent blocks of offices—Salisbury House, London Wall Buildings, and the rest. With these changes the garden in the centre of the Circus, containing an unusually varied selection of trees, has become a public pleasaunce under the control of the City Corporation, by whom it was formally taken over in 1901.

Finsbury Circus.

Among the buildings in the immediate vicinity of the Circus that have disappeared are the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary and Finsbury Chapel, which faced each other at opposite corners of East Street, leading into the Circus from Blomfield Street. The former, built in 1817-20, was constituted by Cardinal Wiseman the pro-Cathedral of the diocese of Westminster in 1852. A new St. Mary's has sprung up in Eldon Street, close by. The site of the older church realised upwards of £200,000. The Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital also, the first hospital of the kind established in England, founded in 1804, has disappeared. In South Place, however, which borders the Circus on the north side, there still stands the South Place Institute, a gloomy building of Ionic design, which from its erection has been a centre of Unitarian and yet more advanced teaching, and is now the habitation of the South Place Ethical Society. It was built for W. J. Fox, the orator and publicist, in 1824, and here he ministered until his death in 1864, when he was succeeded by Dr. Moncure D. Conway, who held the lectureship for twenty-one years. Dr. Conway, who was born in Virginia in 1832 and took a leading part in the Abolitionist movement, for which he made great sacrifices, is best known by his biographical works, and his own singularly interesting Memoirs appeared in 1904.

South Place.

Next to South Place Chapel stands the London Institution. Founded, as we have seen (p. 138), in the Old Jewry in 1805, incorporated there in 1807, and a few years later removed to King's Arms Yard, Coleman Street, it migrated in 1819 to a building on this site, reared at a cost of £31,000. It carries on its work, "the advancement of literature and the diffusion of useful knowledge," mainly through the agency of its library, which is particularly rich in topographical works, and by means of lectures delivered in the winter season by men eminent in science and in other walks of life. In 1908 arrangements were made for rebuilding the structure on the same site.


CRIPPLEGATE.

On the other side of Finsbury Pavement, in White Street, Moorfields, is another important educational agency, the City of London College, which originated at Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate, in 1848, in evening classes for young men—the first of their kind in London—founded by two clergymen, the Rev. C. Mackenzie and the Rev. R. Whittington. In 1860 the institution was transferred to Sussex Hall, in Leadenhall Street, as the City of London College. Its present house, in White Street, a very plain building, reared at a cost of £16,000, and furnishing accommodation for some four thousand students, was opened in 1883, and in 1904 was built, at a cost of £25,000, the Mitchell

City of London College.

Annexe, at the rear of the college, in Ropemaker Street, an addition which was made with a special view to purely commercial education. At the debating class of the College the Right Hon. Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., who now fills the office of President, fledged his elocutionary wings.

Ropemaker Street, which forms the City boundary, was formerly styled Ropemakers' Alley, and at his lodgings in this alley died Daniel Defoe (April 26th, 1731). The street ends at Moor Lane, where was the church of St. Bartholomew, interesting because it was built—by Cockerill, in 1849-50—as an exact imitation of the St. Bartholomew's-by-the-Exchange (p. 187) which was destroyed in 1841. Here were to be seen the organ and pulpit, and some of the woodwork and masonry, of the older St. Bartholomew's. But the new St. Bartholomew's has now gone the way of the old, and its place has been taken by warehouses.

Photo, [illegible]

BIT OF THE CITY WALL IN ALLHALLOWS' CHURCHYARD.

Finsbury Pavement.

John Keats.

We have passed over Finsbury Pavement in a flying leap, but we must note the handsome specimens of commercial architecture which now it presents to the eye, among them Electra House, the entrance dignified by sculptures by Sir George Frampton, R.A. Nor must we omit to speak of its association with John Keats, who was born here at large livery stables styled "The Swan and Hoop," on that part of the Pavement which is opposite the entrance to Finsbury Circus. The proprietor of the livery stables was one John Jennings, whose daughter presently married her father's head ostler, Thomas Keats. According to the register of St. Botolph's Bishopsgate, the date of the poet's birth was October 31st, 1795, but the family tradition, and apparently Keats's own belief, dated the birth two days earlier. Thomas Keats is described as a man "of lively, energetic countenance," and was esteemed for his "remarkably fine common sense and native respectability." His wife is said to have been a woman of "uncommon talents," lively, impulsive, imprudent, "passionately fond of amusement," and yet "of a somewhat saturnine demeanour." Until 1801, when they removed to Craven Street, City Road, the family lived at the livery stables, of which Jennings left the management to his son-in-law. Thomas Keats died as the result of a fall from his horse on the night of April 15-16, 1804. Within a year his widow had married a William Rawlings, who is conjectured by Mr. Sidney Colvin, the author of the article on Keats in the Dictionary of National Biography, to have succeeded him in the conduct of the stables. The marriage turned out unhappily, and before long the poet's mother and her second husband had parted.

Moorgate Street.

Moorgate Street, of which Finsbury Pavement is the continuation northwards, is named after the postern in the City wall which, as Stow records, was built in 1415 by Thomas Falconer, Mayor, "for ease of the citizens, that way to pass upon causeys into the field (Moorfields) for their recreation." Restored in 1472, it was rebuilt exactly two hundred years later, and was afterwards described as "one of the most magnificent gates of the City." It was finally taken down in 1762, and the stones were used to strengthen the sterlings of the central arch of Old London Bridge. It stood at the northern end of the present Moorgate Street, where it joins Finsbury Pavement. To the east of the street, approached by a narrow passage, is the new Chartered Accountants' Hall, designed by Mr. John Belcher, A.R.A., and embellished with sculptures by the late Harry Bates and with a frieze by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft.

Photo: Pictorial Agency

A PALACE OF COMMERCE: ELECTRA HOUSE, FINSBURY PAVEMENT.

London Wall.

The straight street which bears the name of London Wall, and runs from Old Broad Street to the northern end of Wood Street, is interesting as indicating the line of the ancient City wall, which formed its northern side, and of which two fragments are to be seen, one in the churchyard of St. Alphage, and the other and smaller one in the churchyard of Allhallows'-on-the-Wall. The present church of St. Alphage stands on the south side of the street, but it dates only from 1777, and the older St. Alphage, which escaped the Fire, stood on the north side. But even this was not the original church of St. Alphage, which was in existence as far back as 1068. By the reign of Henry VIII. this first church of St. Alphage had become so ruinous that the parishioners wished to rebuild it, but instead of allowing them to do this the King sold to them for £100 the chapel of the dissolved priory of St. Mary Elsing, and so the old parish church was pulled down, and some of the materials were used in repairing St. Mary Elsing's chapel. The priory, to which was attached a hospital for a hundred blind men, was founded by William Elsing, mercer, early in the fourteenth century. In the grounds of the Priory in the seventeenth century (1630) was built Sion College, of which we must give some account when we come to the Victoria Embankment.

St. Alphage's.

Allhallows'-on-the-Wall.

Allhallows'-on-the-Wall, near the eastern extremity of the street, was built about the same time as St. Alphage's (1765-67), by George Dance the younger, old Allhallows', which had escaped the Fire, having by that time become ruinous. Of brick, with a quite curiously ugly stone steeple, the church is perhaps the most unlovely, as to its exterior, in the City, presenting to London Wall a blank wall of dingy brick, with an apsidal termination on the east which is unrelieved by a single window; within, however, it is well-lighted and not at all unpleasing. The fragment of the ancient City wall has been incorporated with the wall of the churchyard.

Fore Street.

Grub Street.

Running parallel with London Wall, on the north side, is Fore Street, no doubt so called because it was "before," or just outside, the City wall. Here James Foe, the father of Daniel Defoe, carried on the business of a butcher. Leading out of it northwards, and partly within and partly without the City, is Milton Street, which until 1830 was the Grub Street which has furnished an ill-sounding phrase to literature. The street was re-christened after the great Puritan poet for no better reason than that he lived and died in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields. When Stow wrote, it was largely occupied by lawyers, fletchers, bow-string makers and the like, who were thus near to Finsbury, where, as we have seen, archery and other sports and exercises were wont to be carried on.

Andrew Marvell is said to have been the first to make Grub Street a synonym for contemptible literary work; but it is to Dr. Johnson, of course, that we are indebted for that very significant definition of Grub Street as "the name of a street in London much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called Grub Street."

The Hermit of Grub Street.

Perhaps the most eminent of Grub Street residents was Foxe, the martyrologist, who was "vicar" of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and appears to have dwelt here continuously from 1571 to his death in 1587. Grub Street has also had its hermit, in the person of Henry Welby, a Lincolnshire gentleman who here secluded himself for forty-four years, dying in 1636, and being buried in St. Giles's. He was believed to have retired from the world in horror and disgust at an attempt made upon his life by a profligate younger brother or some other relative; but such romantic ways of accounting for eccentricity are always open to suspicion. Setting apart for himself three rooms, one for living, a second for sleeping, the third for study, he was never seen except by an old female attendant, and rarely by her. His diet was bread, oatmeal, water-gruel, milk, and vegetables, and as a special indulgence the yolk of an egg, and his time was spent in study and in meditation and prayer. But to his faith he did not forget to add works of charity, upon which he expended a large part of his income of over a thousand a year. His old servant died six days before her master.

Cripplegate.

Cripplegate, which has given its name to one of the City Wards, divided into two parts, Cripplegate Within and Cripplegate Without (the walls), was a postern-gate leading to the Barbican, a fortified watch-tower a little in advance of the City walls. The gate received its name, according to Stow, from cripples who here sat begging, while according to another tradition, glanced at by Ben Jonson in *Every Man Out of His Humour*, the founder was a cripple: "as lame as Vulcan, the founder of Cripplegate," the allusion runs. These theories have now been generally discarded in favour of one presented by the Rev. W. Denton in his "Records of St. Giles's, Cripplegate," which identifies the first part of the name with the Anglo-Saxon *crepel*, *cryfele*, or *crypele*, a den or passage underground, a burrow; and the second part with *geat*, a gate, street, or way. "The road between the postern and the burgh-kenning [Barbican] ran necessarily between the two low walls—most likely of earth—which formed what in fortification would be described as a covered way." Presently the postern became a prison for debtors and common trespassers. Rebuilt in 1244, and again in 1491, and renovated and beautified in the reign of Charles II., it was pulled down in 1760, having been sold to a carpenter for the sum of £91.

St. Giles's.

The church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, at the west end of Fore Street, is a good specimen of the Perpendicular, consisting of nave, chancel, and two side aisles—the whole battlemented—with a tower capped by a bell-turret. Founded about 1090 by Alfune, afterwards first hospitaller of St. Bartholomew's, it was rebuilt towards the end of the fourteenth century. In the interval there was attached to it a

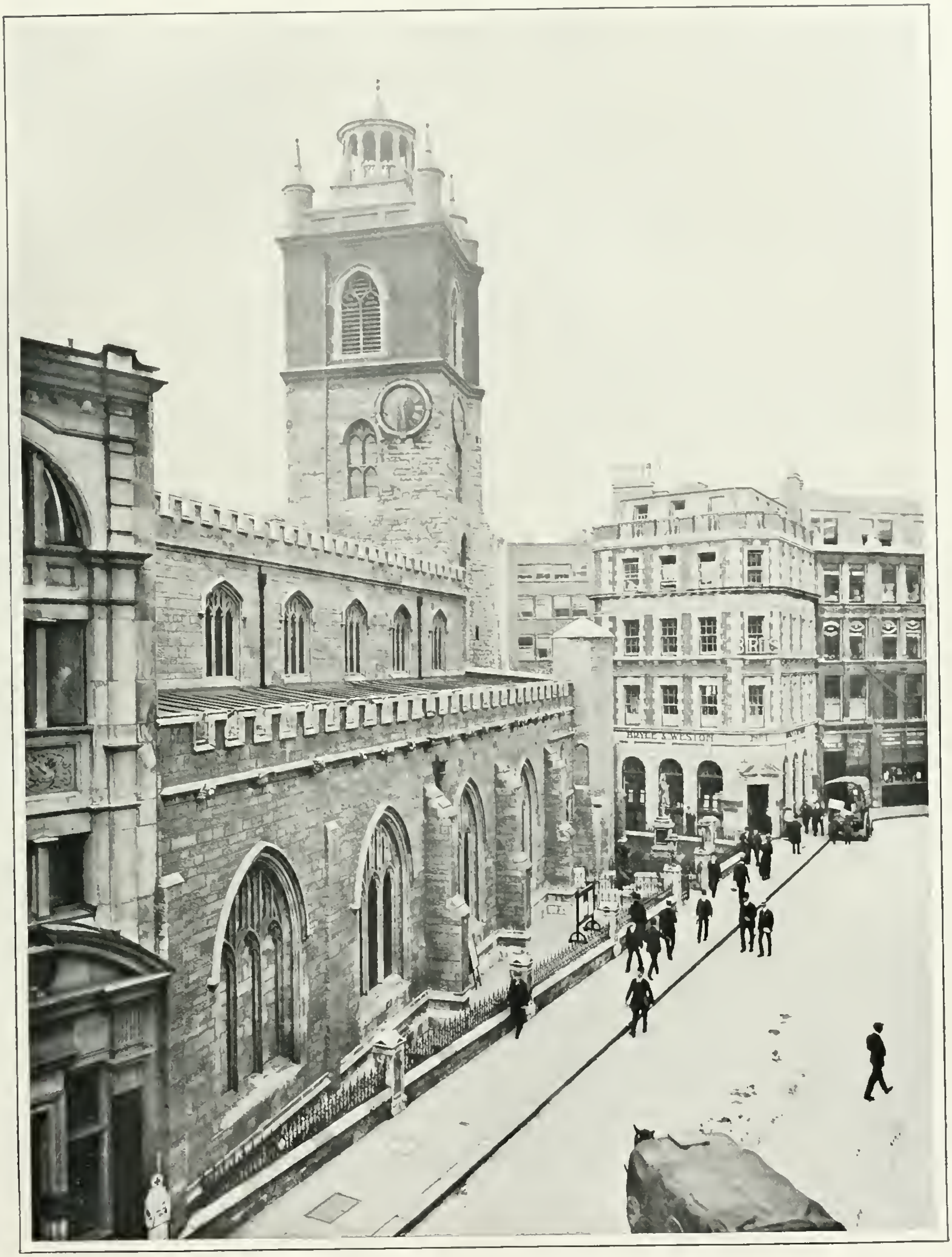
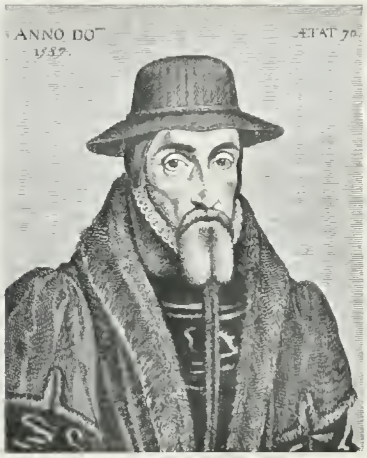

BRYCE & WESTON

Photo. Pictorial Agency.

WHERE MILTON IS BURIED: ST. GILES'S, CRIPPLEGATE.

brotherhood or guild of St. Mary and St. Giles, by Matilda, consort of Henry I. In 1545 it was burnt out, the massive walls, however, remaining intact, and now we see the church virtually as it was reconstructed after the fire; and though it has been a good deal altered at various times, the extensive restorations carried out in 1869 and in 1880 have undone some of the mischief wrought by hands less regardful of architectural veracity. In 1904 the removal of the old "Quest House" and "the Four Shoppes" for the widening of Fore Street disclosed that the north wall of the church was much dilapidated, and its restoration was carried out with a good deal of vigour and rigour. The raising of the necessary funds was largely due to the exertions of Mr. Deputy (afterwards Sheriff) Baddeley, the historian of the ward, who himself bore the cost of a statue of Milton which stands in front of the north wall of St. Giles's, and was the work of Mr. Horace Montford. This statue, the first which the City had raised to its most famous son, represents the poet in the days when the plan of "Paradise Lost" was more and more occupying his mind, and on the pedestal, designed by Mr. E. A. Rickards, is inscribed the invocation from that work:

> "O Spirit. . . . what in me is dark
> Illumine, what is low raise and support;
> That to the height of this great argument
> I may assert Eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to men."


ANNO DO 1587.
ÆTAT 70.

JOHN FOXE.
From a Drawing by G. Glover.

The statue was unveiled on the 2nd of November, 1904, in presence of a distinguished company which included Lord Rosebery and Lord Mayor Ritchie, by the Lady Alice Egerton, a descendant of Milton's patron, the Earl of Bridgewater, whose town house was in the parish, almost on the site of the Cripplegate Institute. At that Institute the poet's "Comus," which he wrote for the Earl of Bridgewater, and in which the part of the lady was taken by the Lady Alice Egerton of that day when the masque was performed at Ludlow Castle, was presented by the Mermaid Society.

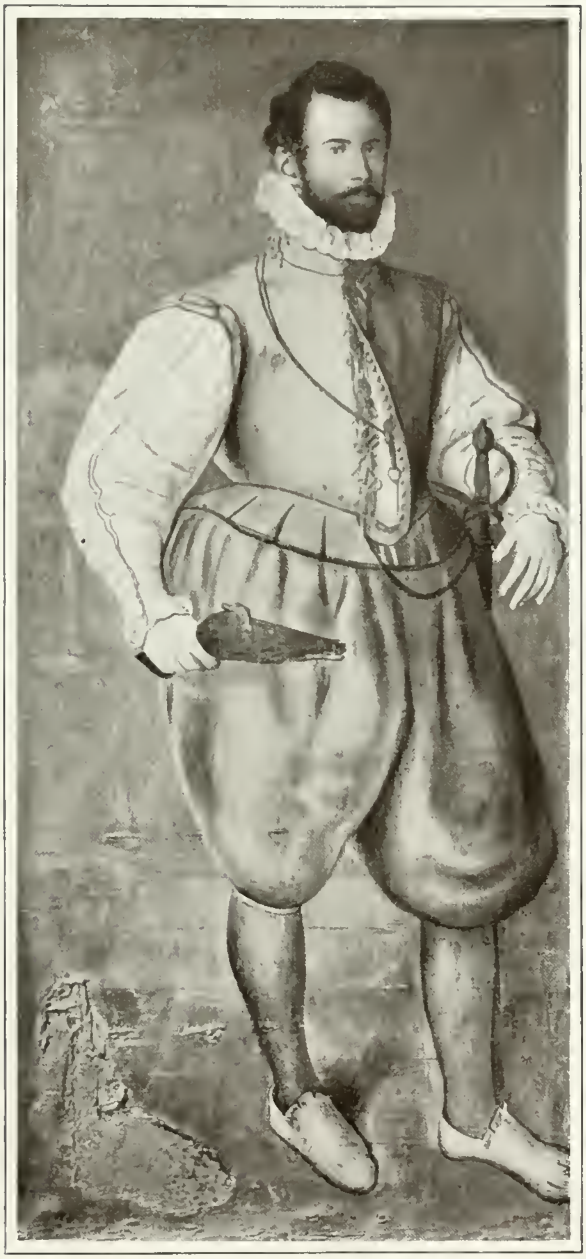
Milton's Grave.

Few City churches are so rich in associations as St. Giles's. Here on the 22nd of August, 1620, Oliver Cromwell, at the age of twenty-one, was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bourchier. But the church has an interest stronger still in its possession of Milton's sacred dust. On the 12th of November, 1674, the poet, who had died four days before at his house in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, was laid to rest in the grave—in the chancel—to which twenty-eight years before (1646) his father had been committed. John Milton the elder had gone to live with his son in Aldersgate Street in 1643, and had accompanied him to the poet's new house in the Barbican in 1645, and dying in 1646 had, as a parishioner, been buried in St. Giles's. Thus it was that the poet himself, though he died so close to Bunhill Fields Cemetery, was interred not in that *campo santo* of Dissenters, but in St. Giles's, according to the rites of the Church of England. "All his learned and great friends in London," says Toland, "not without concourse of the vulgar, accompanied his body to the Church."

The precise spot in the chancel where father and son were buried cannot now be determined, but it cannot have been far from the stone which is now to be seen, inscribed—

"Near this spot was buried
John Milton,
Author of Paradise Lost.
Born 1608, Died 1674"

The stone, however, is now outside the chancel, for in 1790-91 a part of the chancel was thrown into the nave. In the year 1790,



MARTIN FROBISHER

(Bodleian Library, Oxford)

N

in the course of the alterations, an attempt was made by the churchwardens and vestry clerk to fix the exact spot of the interment by digging up and opening the coffin. That a disgusting outrage was perpetrated there can be no doubt, but it is at least possible that the victim of it was not the poet. The story of the sacrilege rests upon the authority of P. Neve, who wrote a "Narrative of the Disinterment of Milton's Coffin," but to this there was an immediate reply in the *St. James's Chronicle* by a writer who urged a number of reasons for believing that the coffin which was so profanely disturbed was not that of Milton. The report is discredited also by Mr. C. M. Ingleby, the author of "Shakespeare's Bones" (1883), who recalls the fact that George Steevens, the editor of Shakespeare, satisfied himself that the corpse which was taken out of its grave was that of a woman, of fewer years than Milton.

Desecration.

Three years after this deplorable occurrence, Samuel Whitbread, the founder of the great brewery in the northern part of this parish, set up on the north side of the nave a bust of the poet, which he had commissioned from the elder Bacon; but since 1862 this bust has stood near the west end of the south aisle, in the central niche of a canopy of carved Caen stone, designed by Edmund Woodthorpe, the architect who superintended the work of restoration then carried out.

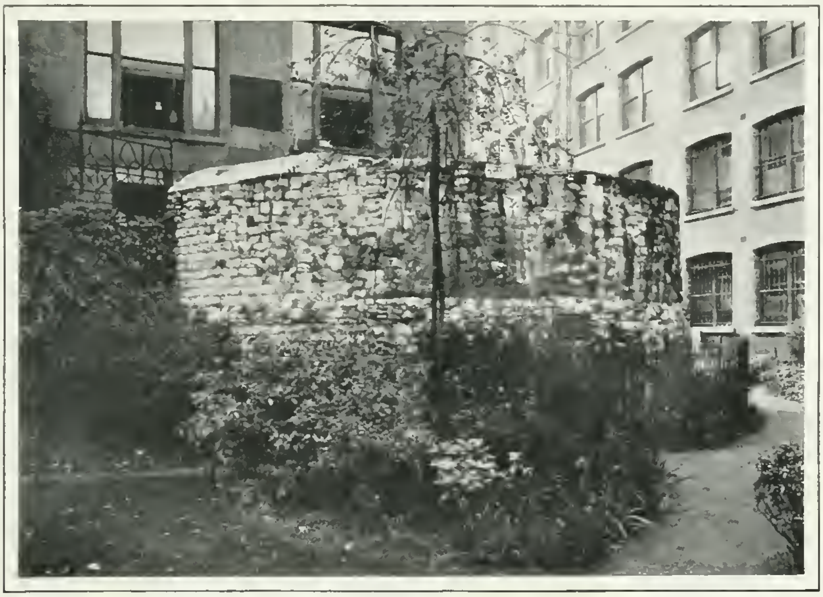


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

BASTION OF THE CITY WALL IN ST. GILES'S CHURCHYARD.

Martin Frobisher.

Another great man who rests in St. Giles's is Sir Martin Frobisher, the bold sea-king who in a mere fishing-boat of five-and-twenty tons fared into the Arctic regions in quest of the North-West Passage, who added to his laurels by the part he took in defeating the Spanish Armada in 1588, and who six years later (November 22nd, 1594) died of wounds received in an action off Brest. But he was committed to a nameless grave, and not until 1888, the tercentenary of the defeat of the Armada, was there anything in St. Giles's to commemorate him. Then a fine monument of marbles was reared by the vestry of the parish on the eastern part of the south wall.

John Speed.

A little west of this is the monument of another Elizabethan worthy, John Speed, the topographer (1555-1629), who, like his contemporary John Stow, was a tailor by trade. Yet another eminent man of the spacious days who lies buried in St. Giles's, where he is commemorated by a tablet on the west wall, is John Foxe, the martyrologist, who, as we have seen, for many years lived in Grub Street, in this parish, is often spoken of as its vicar, and is in fact so designated in an inscription

The Martyrologist.

appended to his Latin epitaph. But Mr. Daniell, in "London City Churches," points out that his name does not appear in the list of vicars, and as he is known to have declined all preferment except a prebendal stall at Salisbury, from ecclesiastical or theological scruples, the probability is, as Mr. Daniell conjectures, that he did nothing more than assist the vicar, Robert Crowley, probably being on that account designated "minister" of St. Giles's.

Timely Help.

Born in 1517, Foxe was expelled from his fellowship at Magdalen College and had a hard time of it until appointed family tutor to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcote Hall, whose deer Shakespeare has been accused of poaching. When Lucy's children had grown up, Foxe again found himself in distress until that happened which his son interprets as "a marvellous accident and great example of God's mercy." He was sitting one day in St. Paul's, pale with fasting, when a stranger put into his hands a sum of money and assured him that new means of subsistence were at hand. The prophecy was amply fulfilled, for within three days Foxe was taken up by the Duchess of Richmond as tutor to her nephews and niece, the children of the poet Earl of Surrey. In the Marian persecution he found it necessary to flee to Switzerland, but on the accession of Elizabeth he returned, and was made a prebend of Salisbury, and there can be no doubt that, with his learning and industry, he might have risen high in the Church but for his scruples.

Not a few other interesting monuments are there in St. Giles's, but we can only pause to note that the window at the west end of the south aisle commemorates by its crude stained glass Edward Alleyne, the founder of Dulwich College, who with Philip Henslowe was the owner of the Fortune Theatre in Golden Lane, Barbican. We must not, however, fail to record the fact that in this church Mr. Holman Hunt—born, as we have seen, in Wood Street—was christened in 1827.

Of the vicars of St. Giles's, the most famous was the eloquent Lancelot Andrewes, who held the living from 1588 until 1605, when he became Bishop of Winchester. A later vicar was the learned Dr. Annesley, who, unable to accept the Act of Uniformity, founded a Presbyterian Church at Little St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, in 1672, and ministered to it until his death in 1694. His pious daughter, Anne, married the Rev. Samuel Wesley, the vicar of Epworth, and so became the mother of the founders of Methodism.

A Bastion of the Wall.

In the churchyard of St. Giles's is a bastion of the old City wall—the most perfect fragment of that structure now to be seen. Until 1803 there was attached to it a battlemented piece of the wall, but this, having become ruinous, was taken down, which was no doubt less troublesome than it would have been to repair it. The bastion was damaged by the great fire which raged in Cripplegate in 1897 (November 19th), but the scathe was skilfully repaired under the direction of the City Lands Committee of the Corporation in 1900. The church itself was only saved by the spirited efforts of some of the parishioners, who mounted the roof and with buckets of water quenched the sparks as they alighted upon it.

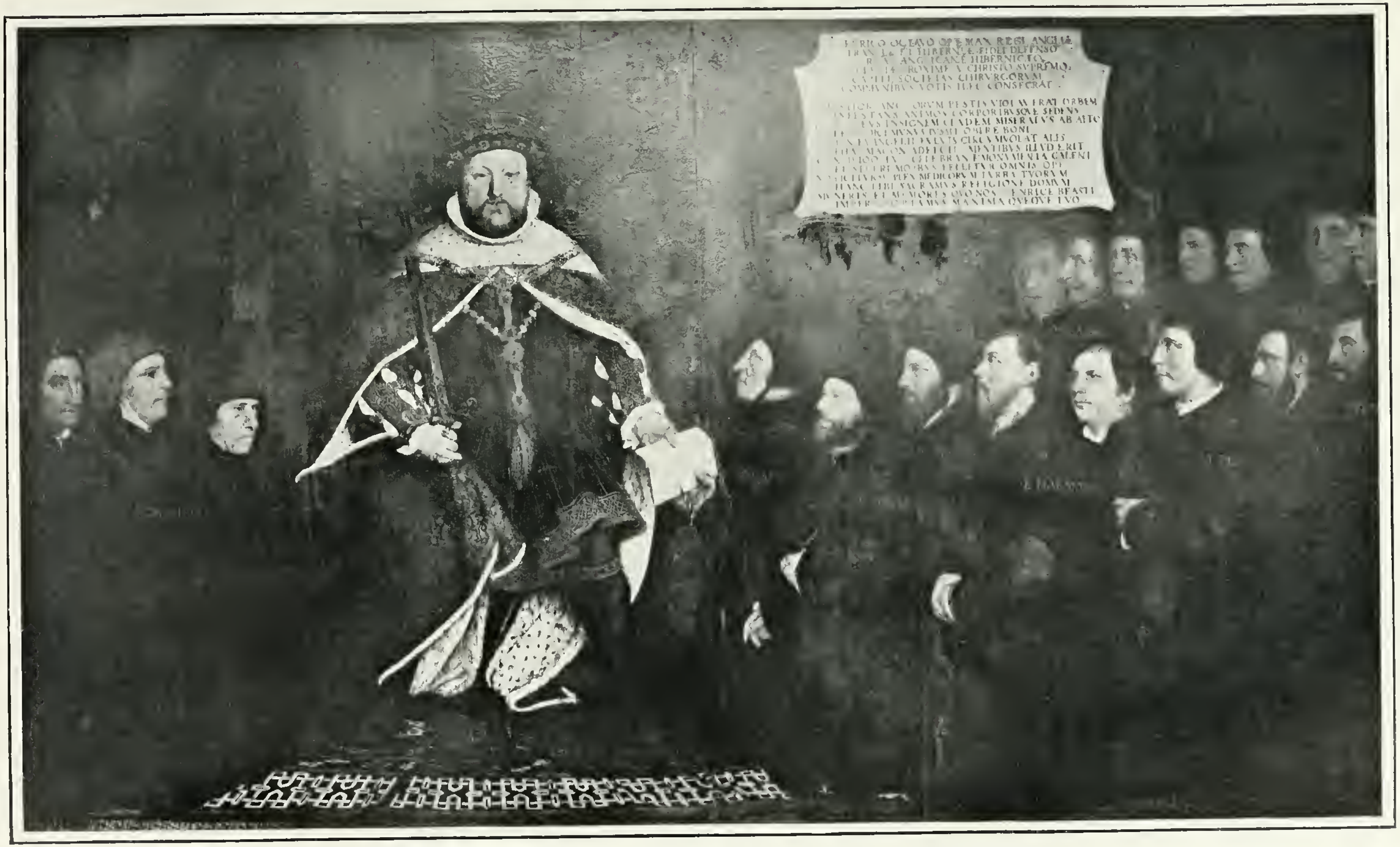
Monkwell Street.

Running south from St. Giles's towards Cheapside is Monkwell Street, a name which Stow explains by a "monks' well" at "the north end thereof" belonging to a house or cell of the Abbot of Garendon. This is one of the old historian's pleasant little romances. In the "Memorials" Riley cites a document of the year 1303 in which the street appears as Mogwelle Street, and Monkwell is no doubt simply a softening of that ugly name.

The Barbers' Company.

In Monkwell Street is the entrance to so much as is left of the Hall of the Barbers' Company, the carved gateway and court-room, resting in part on a tower of the old wall of London. The hall, rebuilt by Inigo Jones in 1636, included a theatre of anatomy, and while the hall was destroyed by the Great Fire, the theatre was saved, to be barbarously pulled down in 1783, in spite of its being, in Horace Walpole's words, "one of the best of Inigo's works." The hall, again rebuilt in 1668, after the Fire, was taken down in 1863-64 to make room for warehouses, with which a part of the dining-room was incorporated. The present court-room was rebuilt in 1752, under the supervision of the Earl of Burlington, the architect of Burlington House, Piccadilly.

The Company's pictures include two Vandycks, one a full-length portrait of the Countess of Richmond, her right hand resting



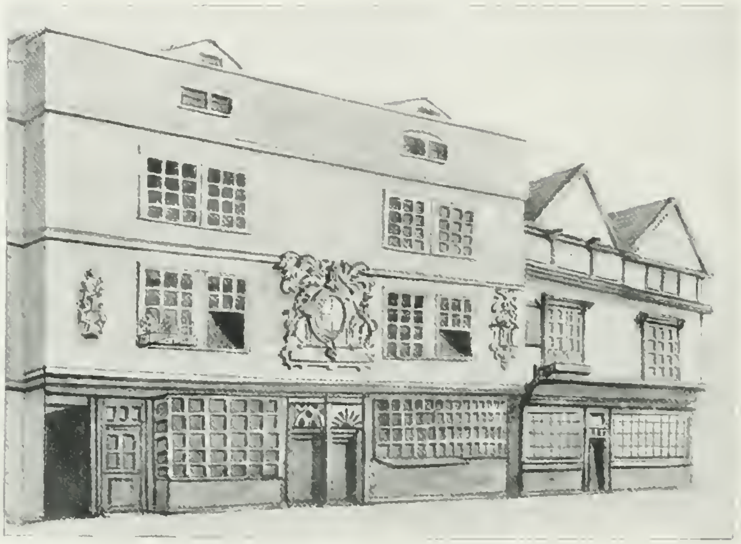
HENRY VIII. PRESENTING TO THE BARBER-SURGEONS THEIR CHARTER.

From the Painting at Barbers' Hall.

upon a lamb, the other a portrait of Inigo Jones, of whom, also, there is a bust over the entrance to the Hall. This bust, of marble, was discovered in a lumber closet some time in the last century, and was invested with a coating of bronze by order of the Master of that day! But the great treasure of the Barbers is the picture, painted on oak panels, showing Henry VIII. presenting the charter of incorporation to the Company in 1541. It contains nineteen life-size figures, among them Dr. John Chambre, who attended Anne Boleyn in her confinement with Elizabeth. The King himself is shown twice as large as life. The attribution of the picture to Holbein, who died of the plague in the year 1543, has been much discussed, and the conclusion arrived at by Wornum, in his "Life and Works" of the painter, seems to be justified by the evidence. "In its foundations," he holds, "there can be no doubt of its genuineness." "I am disposed to think," he adds, "that Holbein never did finish the picture, and from the great inferiority of the second series of heads on the left hand of the King I think that these must have been added later." In the possession of the Company is a letter of James I., written from Newmarket in 1617, requesting the loan of the picture in order that it might be copied. The copy then taken was believed by Wornum to be that now in the Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

A Famous Picture.

At one time Pepys thought of buying the original, not because he liked it, for he thought it "not a pleasant though a good picture," but because it was held to be worth a thousand pounds, and he hoped he might buy it for two hundred and so get a good bargain. But when he went to see it he found it "so spoiled" that he had "no mind to it."



THE NURSERY, GOLDEN LANE (*p.* 330).

When the Barbers were first incorporated, by charter of Edward IV. (1461), the mystery of "barbery" included, besides shaving and hairdressing, the art of surgery. By an Act passed in the reign of Henry VIII. the barbers and surgeons were amalgamated, and yet the statue shows that the process of differentiation was at work, for, as quoted in the City of London Directory, it provided that "no one who used barbery or shaving should do anything belonging to surgery but the drawing of teeth," and that surgeons, on the other hand, "should not occupy the craft of barbery or shaving." The amalgamation was dissolved by Act of Parliament in 1745, but traces of the former union of crafts that have grown so widely apart are to be seen in the pole still affected by barbers, and in the arms of the Company, which show chevrons and fleams, spatulas

"Barbery" and Surgery.

and double roses, crowned, with lynxes for supporters, and an opinicus for crest. According to the authority just quoted, this is a combination of the arms of the two crafts, the spatulas and the roses crowned belonging to the surgeons, and the fleams and chevrons to the barbers.

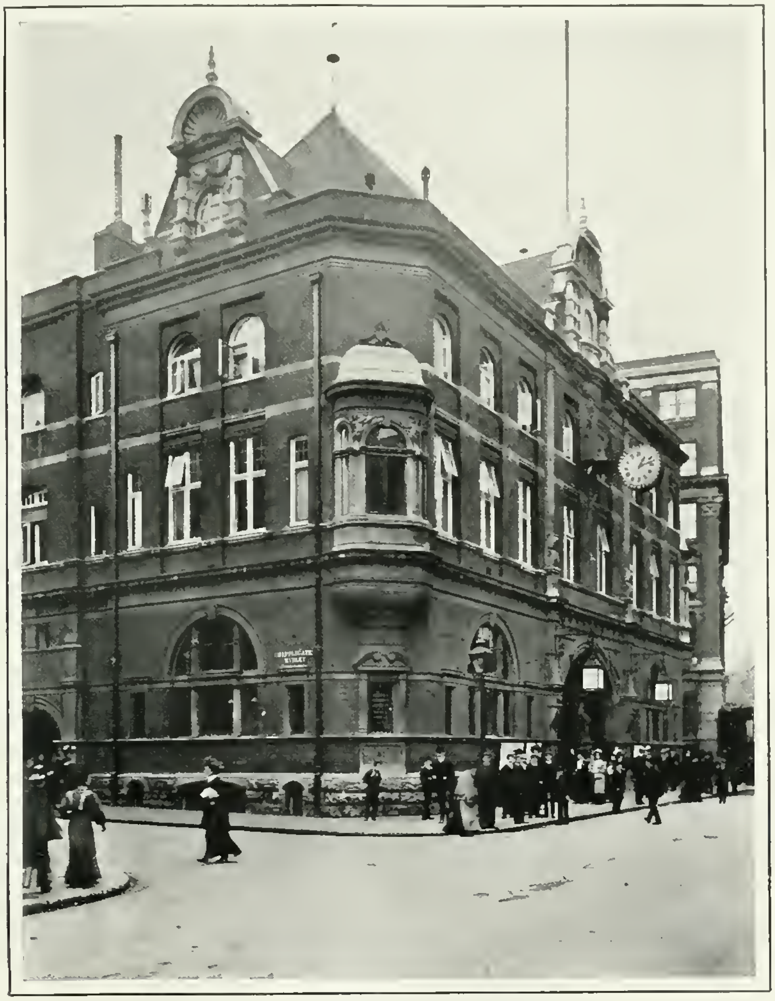


Photo. Pictorial Agency.

THE CRIPPLEGATE INSTITUTE.

Whitecross Street.

In Whitecross Street, running northwards from St. Giles's, and named after a stone cross which is mentioned as far back as 1275, is the City Greenyard, which is used as a "pound" for stray livestock and vehicles, and also for the storage of the Lord Mayor's state coach. Here stood the Gresham Almshouses until in 1883 they were removed to Brixton. Adjoining the Greenyard are the City Weights and Measures Offices, designed by the City Surveyor, Mr. Sidney Perks, and opened by the Lord Mayor in 1906.

Redcross Street.

On the opposite, the western side of the street, where is now a large goods depôt of the Midland Railway, stood a large debtors' prison, capable of holding 500 persons and dating from 1813-15. In Redcross Street, running parallel with Whitecross Street, and named after a cross which stood near its junction with Golden Lane was established, in 1724 Dr. Williams's Library, which now has its habitation in University Hall, Gordon Square.

On the east side of Golden (formerly Golding) Lane, the continuation of Redcross Street, was built, in 1601, for Edward Alleyne and Philip Henslowe, the Fortune Theatre, named after a figure of Fortune with which it was ornamented. It was burnt down in 1621 (December 9th); was rebuilt in circular form

The Fortune Theatre.

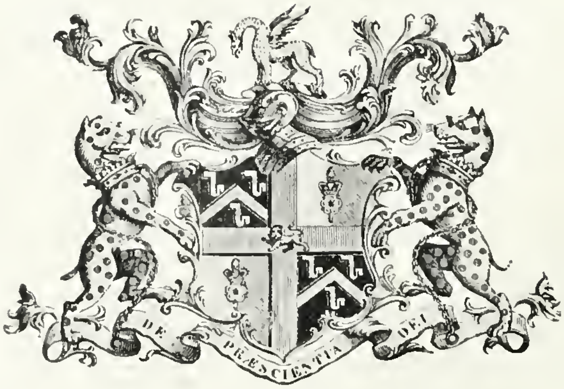
and of brick and tile, instead of lath, plaster and timber; was almost wrecked by soldiers in the days of the Puritan ascendency; and in 1661 the ground was advertised to be let. A passage communicating between Upper Whitecross Street and Golden Lane, outside the City boundary, still bears the name of Playhouse Yard. In Golden Lane stood the Nursery, a seminary founded in the reign of Charles II., at which children were educated for the stage.

Close to the site of the Fortune Theatre there now stands the Cripplegate Institute and Free Library, a spacious and handsome building of red brick and stone, of which the foundation stone was laid by the present Prince of Wales in 1894, and which was opened by the Lord Mayor in 1896. The ground was acquired at a cost of £17,500, and altogether the expenditure amounted to £50,000. The Institute is embellished with statues of Milton, Cromwell, Defoe and Bunyan. The connexion of the three first of these great men with Cripplegate has already been indicated. That of Bunyan, less obvious, arises from his being buried at Bunhill Fields cemetery, which was in the parish of St. Giles until 1732, when a part of the parish was erected into the separate parish of St. Luke.

The Barbican.

Of the Barbican, the watch tower which has given its name to the street leading from Golden Lane to Aldersgate Street, we have already spoken in connexion with St. Giles's, Cripplegate (p. 322). It was in a state of ruin in 1682, but did not finally disappear until towards the end of the eighteenth century. In the reign of Queen Mary the Barbican was in the keeping of the Lady Catherine Willoughby d'Eresby, baroness in her own right, and widow of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who lived in a mansion close by, known as Barbican House. This lady gave great offence to Bishop Gardiner by calling her lap-dog after him and dressing it up in episcopal garb, and she and her second husband, Richard Bertie, ancestor of the Duke of Ancaster, presently found it discreet to retire to the Continent.

Milton, as we have seen, settled in Barbican in 1645. In 1647 the poet removed to Holborn. His house (No. 17) survived until 1864, when it was pulled down to make way for a warehouse. Barbican has had other distinguished residents as well, among them Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador. Bridgewater Square, a little to the north of Barbican, marks the site of the mansion of the Egertons, Earls of Bridgewater, destroyed by fire in 1687, during the occupancy of John, third Earl, when his two eldest sons, Charles and Thomas, were burnt in their beds. In Beech Street, formerly Beech Lane, the eastward continuation of Barbican, lived, in his old age, Prince Rupert, in Drury House, named after Sir Drew Drury, of Drury Lane, and once belonging to the Abbots of Ramsey. The lane was conjectured by Stow to be named after Nicholas de la Beech, Lieutenant of the Tower in the reign of Edward III.



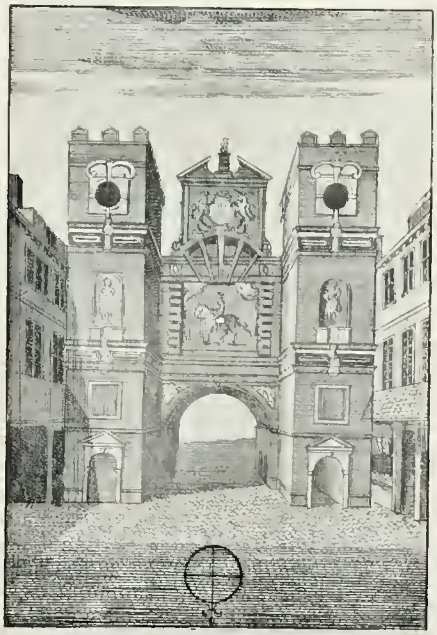
ARMS OF THE BARBERS' COMPANY.

CHAPTER XXX

ALDERSGATE STREET AND ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND

The Gate—St. Botolph's—Postmen's Park and the Watts Cloister—Aldersgate Street—Shaftesbury House—London House—Bacon House—Westmorland House—"Shakespeare's House"—Milton's—Where "Paradise Lost" was Printed—John Wesley's Conversion—The Cooks' Company—Famous Taverns—Jewin Street—St. Martin's-le-Grand—The French Protestant Church—The Postal System—Origin and Growth—The Buildings

The Gate. ALDERSGATE, which gives its name to a ward of the City, divided, like several others, into two, Aldersgate Within and Aldersgate Without (the City wall), stood just at the junction of St. Martin's-le-Grand and Aldersgate Street, the exact spot being marked by the shop numbered 62, on the eastern side of St. Martin's-le-Grand. Less ancient than Bishopsgate, which it was constructed to relieve, it was in existence, as Riley shows, in the Introduction to the "Memorials," in 1243, when it appears as Aldrichegate, while in 1289 it was spelt Aldredesgate. Stow, rejecting other derivations, tells us that its name was determined by its antiquity, "as being one of the first four gates of the City"; but this was not the fact, and the inference drawn from it is open to question. It is much more probable, as Mr. Loftie holds, that it was named after one Aldred, who was a silversmith at the time when Henry of London Stone was Mayor.* Having become ruinous, it was rebuilt in 1617, and as James I. had through this gate made his first entry into London the outer front presented an equestrian figure of the King in high relief, flanked by effigies of the prophets Samuel and Jeremiah, with extracts from the Book of Samuel and the Prophecies of Jeremiah appropriate to the royal entrance into the capital. On the City front was a low relief of the King in his royal robes. In Queen Elizabeth's reign the rooms over the gate were occupied by John Day, the printer of the folio Bible dedicated to Edward VI. in 1549, and also of the "Actes and Monuments" of Foxe, the martyrologist, who in 1567 was living here as Day's guest. Renovated after the Great Fire, the gate was sold in 1761 for £91 and at once demolished.



ALDERSGATE : THE OUTER FRONT.

St. Botolph's. St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, just outside the site of the Gate, is one of the least interesting of the City churches. Dedicated to the East Anglian saint after whom three others of the City churches, all of them near City gates, were named, it was repaired and in part rebuilt in 1627. It was not much harmed by the Great Fire, but by 1790 had fallen into decay, and was entirely rebuilt, at a cost of some £10,000. Its churchyard, now a pleasant garden, leads into the Postmen's Park, a strip of land between Aldersgate Street and King Edward Street, within the shadow of the most northerly and most recent of the great Post Office buildings in St. Martin's-le-Grand. In 1900 this tiniest but not least pretty of public parks (formed in part of the graveyard of St. Leonard's, Foster Lane, a church which was not rebuilt after the Great Fire) was enlarged, and though but a few square yards—one-fifteenth of an acre—were added to it, a sum of £12,000 had to be paid for the new ground, so precious is land in this part of the City. Here in a cloister—which was the gift of the late George Frederick Watts, most public-spirited of the great Victorian painters—are tablets recording the gallantry of those who, mostly in humble walks of life, have lost their lives in the service of their fellows—not amid the pomp and circumstance of war, but in the course of prosaic duty. The first of the tablets bears this inscription: — "Thomas Griffin, fitter's labourer. April 12th, 1899. In a boiler explosion at a Battersea sugar refinery was fatally scalded in returning to search for his mate." The idea of thus commemorating heroes of London and the region round about who have made the supreme sacrifice in circumstances which surround it with no glamour and invoke for it little admiration occurred to Mr. Watts at the time of Queen Victoria's first Jubilee, but among more ambitious projects it fell upon men's ears unheeded, and not until 1898 was a beginning made with the pious scheme. Since Mr. Watts's death it has been continued by his widow, and further tablets are added from time to time. In 1905 there was affixed to the wall a small memorial bearing a full-length statuette of the painter, surmounted by his noble motto, "The Utmost for the Highest." The ceremony of unveiling was fittingly entrusted to another idealist in art, Sir William Richmond, R.A.

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* *Notes and Queries*, 8th Series, XII. 161.

The Watts Cloister.

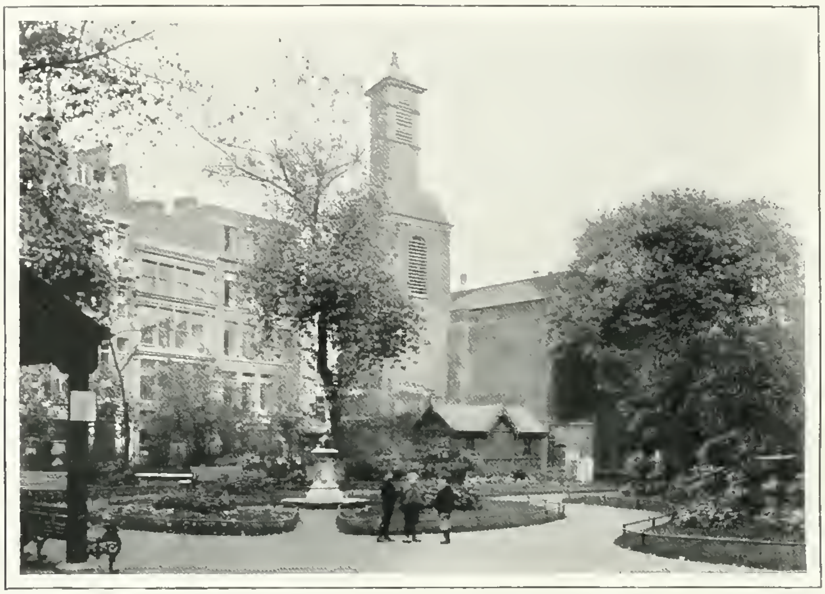


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

POSTMEN'S PARK, ALDERSGATE STREET.

In these days Aldersgate Street, extending from St. Martin's-le-Grand to the City boundary at the beginning of Goswell Road, where stood Aldersgate Bars—now marked by two granite obelisks—is prosaic enough, with nothing but a few names to remind one of the stately mansions and picturesque, gallery-surrounded inns in which formerly it abounded. Howell, in his "Londinopolis" (1657), speaks of it as more resembling an Italian street than any other street in London, by reason of the largeness and uniformity of its buildings and the ample spaces between them. On the east side, where now is the block of buildings numbered 35 to 38, stood until 1882 Shaftesbury House, formerly known as Thanet House, it having been built, by Inigo Jones, for the Tuftons, Earls of Thanet, from whom it passed into the family of Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, that brilliant and changeable politician of whom both Dryden and the author of "Hudibras" have drawn such unflattering portraits. Here, as Shaftesbury's guest, lived John Locke, the philosopher, and here, too, the Duke of Mon-

Aldersgate Street.

mouth at one time lay in hiding. In 1708 Thanet House was re-acquired by its old owners the Tuftons; twelve years later it was converted into an inn, and between that date and its demolition it was put to a variety of uses.

Close to Shaftesbury House stood Bacon House, the residence of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper in the reign of Elizabeth, and father of Francis Bacon, who, however, was not born here. The Lord Keeper had a shrewd wit, and it is said that when a thief of the name of Hogg begged for leniency on the plea of kindred between the Hoggs and the Bacons, he replied, "Ah, you and I cannot be of kin until you have been hanged."

Nearly opposite Shaftesbury House there stood, until 1768, when it was destroyed by fire, Petre House, the residence of the Petre family in Elizabethan times. When the Great Fire had destroyed the palace of the Bishops of London in St. Paul's Churchyard, Petre House was acquired as the episcopal residence, and it continued so to be used, with change of name to London House, until 1749. At the Revolution Bishop Compton brought the Princess Anne to London House in a hackney coach when, finally breaking with her father, James II., she fled at night from Whitehall Place. In the building which succeeded London or Petre House after the fire of 1768 was made, in 1814, the cradle for the Messiah to whom Joanna Southcott was to give birth, and for a time Aldersgate Street was daily thronged by the crowds who from a medley of motives flocked to see it. The woman had no lack of disciples, and was able to spend £500 upon the cradle and another £500 upon the baby-linen.

London House.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

POSTMEN'S PARK: THE WATTS CLOISTER (*p.* 332).

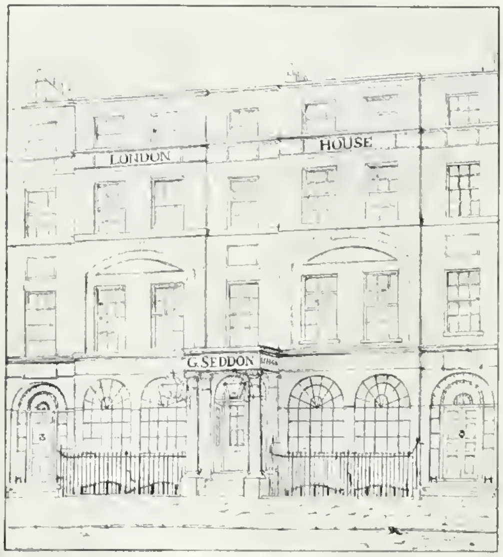
Westmorland Buildings, on the same (west) side of the street, a little nearer St. Botolph's, indicate the site of Westmorland House, the London residence of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmorland, which disappeared about the middle of the eighteenth century; and Nos. 57 to 60, on the eastern side, show where stood Lauderdale House, the town mansion of one of the five statesmen who in the reign of Charles II. formed the Cabal. Other noble residents of Aldersgate Street were the Countess of Pembroke, "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," who died here in 1621, and Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, the friend of Swift, who celebrated him as shining

> ". . . In all climates like a star,
> In senates bold, and fierce in war;
> A land commander and a tar."

In Aldersgate Street also lived the Earl's contemporary, the Duke of Montagu, whom Swift did not love, declaring him to be "as arrant a knave as any in his time."

Milton.

Aldersgate Street has made an altogether spurious claim to have numbered Shakespeare among its residents, for on a couple of old shops about half-way along the street on the western side, which were taken down in 1879, there used to hang a board bearing the legend, "This was Shakespeare's house." The claim was of recent origin, and was never taken seriously. Aldersgate Street should have been content with the honour of having given harbourage to Milton. The poet, soon after his return from his Continental tour in 1639, had settled in St. Bride's Churchyard, but after a while he came here to Aldersgate Street, to "a pretty garden house," to use the expression of Philips, his biographer, at the lower end of Lamb Alley, now Maidenhead Court, on the east side of the street. "As soon as I was able," to use his own words, "I hired a spacious house in the City for myself and my books, where I again with rapture renewed my literary pursuits, and where I calmly awaited the issue of the contest (the Civil War), which I trusted to the wise conduct of Providence and to the courage of the people." It was just before he left Aldersgate Street for the Barbican (p. 330) that he was reconciled to his first wife, Mary Powell, whom he had married in 1643, and who left him after a month of mutual discontent. She was to have returned the following Michaelmas, but did not do so, and when the messenger whom he sent for her was treated contumeliously by her royalist family he resolved never to take her back, and relieved his indignation by inditing his tract advocating the right of divorce on such grounds as incompatibility of temper or disposition. With the ruin of the royal cause the Powells became anxious to see Mary reconciled to her husband, and in July, 1645, they introduced her to the house of a Mr. Blackborough, a relative and neighbour of Milton's, and when one day he came to the house she suddenly appeared before him and besought his pardon on her knees. Not over-readily he forgave her, and it was arranged that she should return to him as soon as he was settled in the Barbican.



LONDON HOUSE, ALDERSGATE STREET, IN 1808.
From a Drawing by G. Shepherd.

Nor is this Aldersgate Street's only association with Milton. Next door to the "Golden Lion" Inn was the printing press of Samuel Simmons, who in 1667 bought the copyright of "Paradise Lost" for an immediate payment of £5 and further payments of £5 each as first, second, and third editions, each of 1,300 copies, were exhausted. It was impossible, therefore, for the author to receive more than £20—say £50 in present money; and in point of fact he was paid only £10, and soon after his death his widow assigned all further rights for a cash payment of £8. Compare this £18 for England's great epic with the fabulous sums which in these days some writers of third-rate fiction can command!

John Wesley.

Aldersgate Street has intimate association with another name which all men hold in reverence. It was at a house which Mr. Ross, in "Bygone London," identifies with Trinity Hall, the place of assembly of the last non-juring congregation in London, which stood at the corner of Little Britain, that John Wesley "found salvation." In his Journal, under date May 24th, 1738, he writes:—"In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's Preface to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the changes which God makes in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ alone for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins—

even *mine*—and saved *me* from the law of sin and death."

The Cooks' Company.

Opposite St. Botolph's Church there stood until 1771, when it was destroyed by the enemy it had escaped in 1666, the Hall of the Cooks' Company, a brotherhood which is still in existence, but of which little is heard in these days. It is "nearly as ancient as good living," and was incorporated by Edward IV. in 1482. In its arms the supporters are a buck and a hind, and for crest there is a cock pheasant. Since 1771 its business has been transacted at the Guildhall.

The Albion Tavern, on the west side of the street, the scene of so many City dinners, was the last of the inns for which Aldersgate Street was long famous—the "Half-moon," the "Cock," the "Bell," the "George," and the rest—to survive, for it was only dismantled in 1908. The "Half-moon," which vanished in 1881, was the house of which Ben Jonson sings in the lines in which he recounts how, on one occasion finding it closed, he repaired to the "Sun" in Long Acre :—

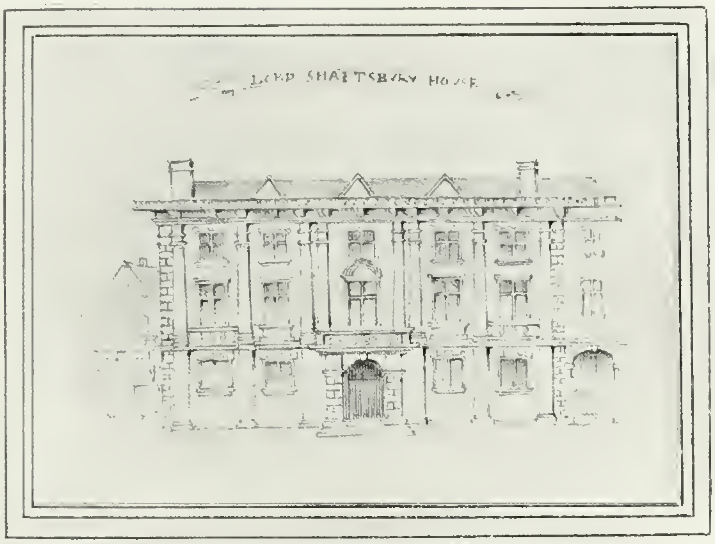
"Since the 'Half-moon' is so unkind
To make me go about,
The 'Sun' my money now shall have,
The 'Moon' shall go without."

The "Bull and Mouth."

Gone also has the "Bull and Mouth," in St. Martin's-le-Grand. Rebuilt after the Fire of 1666, it was again rebuilt in 1830 as the "Queen's," and survived under that name until 1886, when its site was acquired for the extension of the Post Office buildings. But the old sign, a large tablet of sandstone, carved with a huge grotesque face with an open mouth, within which is a bull, is preserved in the Guildhall Museum. It is surmounted by the arms of Christ's Hospital and a bust of Edward VI., and at the base is this inscription :—

"Milo the Crotonian
An ox slew with his fist;
And ate it up at one meal.
Ye gods, what a glorious twist!"

The original name of the inn is said to have been "Boulogne Mouth," in allusion to the town and harbour of Boulogne, to which Henry VIII. laid siege. But another theory is that "Bull and Mouth" is a corruption of "Bowl and Mouth." The "Bowl" was certainly an inn sign, and at St. Giles's, Bloomsbury, was a tavern of this name, which may have had reference to the practice of presenting malefactors with a bowl of ale on their way to Tyburn. Both derivations appear to be sufficiently dubious.



SHAFTESBURY HOUSE, ALDERSGATE STREET (*p.* 332).

Jewin Street.

Jewin Street, leading out of Aldersgate Street eastwards, was "the burying-place of the Jews of London," as Stow records : hence no doubt its change of name from Leyrestow. But when Stow wrote, the cemetery had been converted into "fair garden plots and summer houses for pleasure." In this street we come across another Milton association. On regaining his liberty after the Restoration, the poet came to live here (1661), and here he remained until 1663, when he moved to the house in Artillery Walk in which he was to die. It was in this house in Jewin Street that much of "Paradise Lost" was written, and it was while living here that he married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull.

Jewin Street, with several neighbouring streets, was in November, 1897, the scene of a destructive fire, which destroyed or damaged over a hundred buildings, and ravaged four and a half acres—from Nichol Square on the south to Australian Avenue on the north, from Edmund Place on the west to St. Giles's, Cripplegate, on the east. It is said to have been the largest conflagration that had raged in London since the Fire of 1666.

St. Martin's-le-Grand.

Of the collegiate church and sanctuary of St. Martin-le-Grand the origin is involved in obscurity. It is said to have been founded about the middle of the eighth century; if so, it was enlarged in 1056 by Ingelric, Earl of Essex, and his brother Girard. It was confirmed in 1068 by a charter of William the Conqueror, who endowed it with all the moorland without Cripplegate. As Sir Walter Besant points out in his "London," it is not easy to understand why St. Martin, a French saint, was so popular in this country. In London alone, besides this monastic foundation, there were dedicated to him five parish churches—St. Martin's, Ludgate Hill, St. Martin Outwich, St. Martin Orgar, St. Martin Pomary, and St. Martin Vintry, and of these, St. Martin's, Ludgate Hill, is the only one that has survived

Though within the City walls, St. Martin's-le-Grand, a house of secular canons, formed a liberty by itself, and claimed privileges of sanctuary which were naturally very obnoxious to the citizens. In the reign of Henry VI. (1442), as Stow relates, a soldier, on his way from the Newgate Compter to the Guildhall, was rescued by comrades and dragged into St. Martin's, and though the Sheriffs of the City promptly haled him out and locked him up in the Compter they had to return him to St. Martin's. So late as the reign of Henry VII. the Dean and Chapter successfully vindicated the right of sanctuary when it was violated by the Sheriffs, who were "grievously fined." Even at the Dissolution, when the collegiate buildings were destroyed, the "liberty" retained its privileges of sanctuary, and though these were abolished in the reign of James I. St. Martin's-le-Grand continued to be a refuge for debtors until the reign of William III. No trace of the college now remains above ground, but when the site was cleared for the first of the General Post Office buildings in 1818 an Early English crypt and a range of vaults were discovered, of which the former had served as the cellar of the "Bull and Mouth" Tavern, afterwards the Queen's Hotel (p. 335). When the hotel was taken down there disappeared with it the French Protestant Church, built in 1842-43 for the accommodation of the congregation to which Edward VI. had assigned the church of St. Anthony's Hospital in Threadneedle Street. The French Protestants, after the Great Fire, worshipped in so much as was left of the church of St. Martin Orgar, in St. Martin's Lane, Eastcheap, and there they remained until 1820, when for a space (1820-43) they returned to Threadneedle Street, to St. Mary's Chapel. In these days they worship in Soho Square.

The Huguenots.

The Post Office.

Of the postal system, which has grown and grown until St. Martin's-le-Grand became much too small for its headquarters, the obscure beginnings have been traced out by Mr. Herbert Joyce,* who shows that until the reign of Henry VIII., or a little earlier, there was no regular system of posts in England, and that for some considerable time afterwards such posts as there were existed for the sole use of the Sovereign. Even at the beginning of the seventeenth century there were only four posts—to Scotland, to Ireland, to Plymouth, and to Dover. The present postal system may be said to have been founded in 1635 by Thomas Witherings, who drew up a scheme for the establishment of trunk lines of post between London and the principal towns of the kindom, with branch posts to the smaller towns, and proposed to make the institution self-supporting by levying for every letter a charge varying from 2d. to 9d., according to size and distance. In 1637 Witherings, already in charge of the foreign post, was appointed head also of the inland post, but three years later he was deprived of his office on a charge of abuses and misdemeanours, and so, in Mr. Joyce's words, "ended the career of one who had the sagacity to project and the energy to carry out a

Beginnings.

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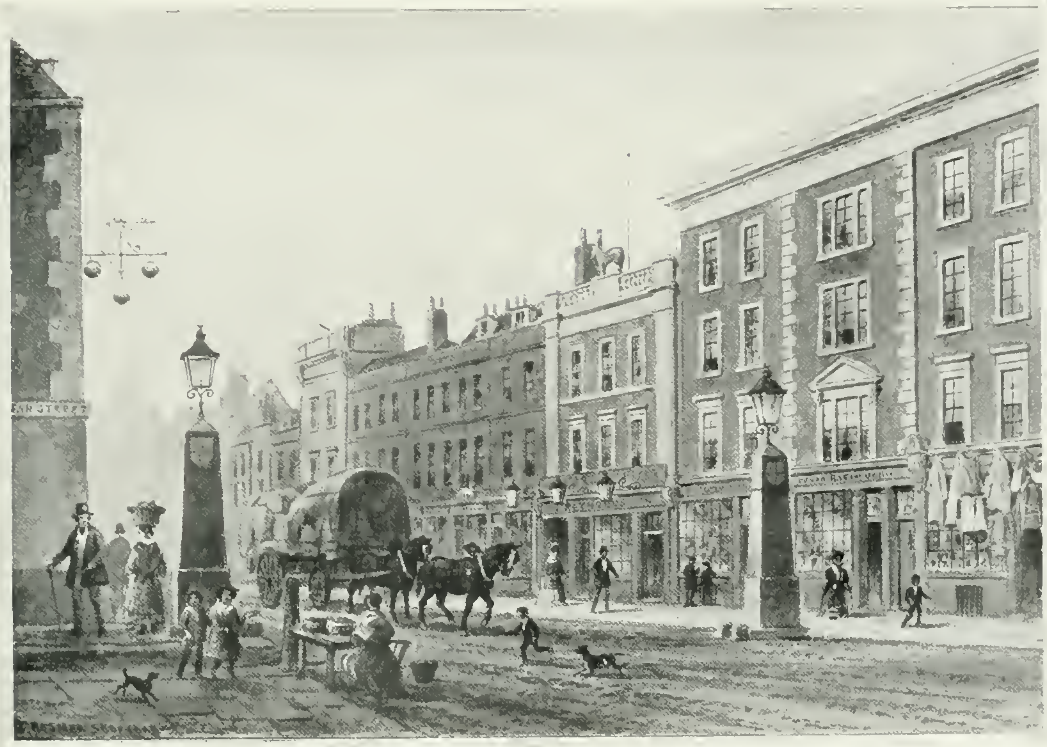
* "The History of the Post Office." By Herbert Joyce, C.B. 1893.

system the main features of which endure to the present day."



OLD VIEW OF THE CITY BOUNDARY, ALDERSGATE STREET (*p.* 332).
From a Drawing by T. Hosmer Shepherd.

In 1644 the direction of the Post Office was entrusted to Edmund Prideaux, M.P., a man of great organising ability, who, in fulfilment of his predecessor's scheme, set about establishing a weekly post to all parts of the kingdom. Five years after he became master of the posts the Common Council of the City started a post of its own along the road from London to Edinburgh, and having done so much, proceeded to establish posts in other directions as well, until Parliament took action for the preservation of its monopoly and suppressed the City posts. In 1657, during the Commonwealth, was passed an Act which gave a statutory basis to the postal system, hitherto resting upon Proclamation or Order in Council — an Act establishing a General Office to be called the Post Office of England, and to be under the control of an officer to be styled the Postmaster-General and Comptroller of the Post Office. This statute, re-enacted at the Restoration, has been styled the Post Office Charter, and it remained in force until 1710.

During the Commonwealth, as Mr. Joyce shows, the Post Office was largely used as an instrument of police, and foreign mails were stopped for weeks at a time, and the letters, or such of them as came under suspicion, opened and read. The Venetian Ambassador was among those whose letters were thus tampered with, and on one occasion he was moved to a protest in which it is curious to see his just indignation mastering his sense of diplomatic propriety. "He could not persuade himself," he protested, "that the Government of England, so noble and generous, should have so inferior a mind as to open the letters of an ambassador, and by this means to violate the laws and to give an example to the world so damnable, and of so little respect towards the minister of the Most Serene Republic."

A Post for London.

Up to the year 1680 there was no post between one part of London and another. It was Wm. Dockwra, a City merchant who had been a subsearcher in the Customs, who set himself to provide the London area not merely with a postal service, but with a postal service at the rate of one penny, and on the 1st of April, 1680, London found itself possessed of a service "in comparison with which even the post of our own time was cast into the shade." Between four and five hundred post offices were opened in a single morning, and the letters received at these offices were delivered at places of business in London and at the Inns of Court virtually once an hour during the day, and at other places, according to distance, from four to eight times a day. The service included also parcels, which, if they were not more than 1 lb. in weight or £10 in value, were delivered in the London district at the same rate as letters. Moreover, the charge of one penny covered the insurance of the letter or parcel up to the value of £10. To the same bold innovator is also to be traced the origin of post-marks.

SIGN OF THE "BULL AND MOUTH."
(*Guildhall Museum.*)

Dockwra's Reward.

To Dockwra came the reward which is so often the lot of reformers and inventors. So long as he carried on his penny post at a loss he was left undisturbed, but no sooner did his scheme begin to yield him a profit than the Duke of York (afterwards James II.), upon whom the revenues of the General Post Office had been settled, went to law in defence of his monopoly, Dockwra was cast in damages, and in less than five years from its foundation, his penny post was annexed by the General Post Office. During James's reign he received no recognition of the service he had done the capital, but under William and Mary he was pensioned, and in 1697 was appointed Comptroller of the penny post at a salary of £200. But soon afterwards he was dismissed by the Lords of Treasury, on complaint made by subordinates, and both salary and grant came to an end. His penny post for London survived until 1801, when a step backwards was taken and it was made a twopenny post.

The Penny Post.

The uniform penny postage which we now enjoy was established in 1840 by Sir Rowland Hill, and since then the business of the Post Office has advanced by leaps and bounds until now, within the United Kingdom, the Post Office effects some five thousand million deliveries each year, representing an average of over a hundred and twelve to each inhabitant of the British Isles. The foreign and colonial mail service, too, is constantly expanding, thanks in part to the reductions that are from time to time made in the charges. Thus in 1907 the unit of weight for outward mails was raised from half an ounce to an ounce, and on the 1st of October, 1908, the penny post to the United States came into operation.

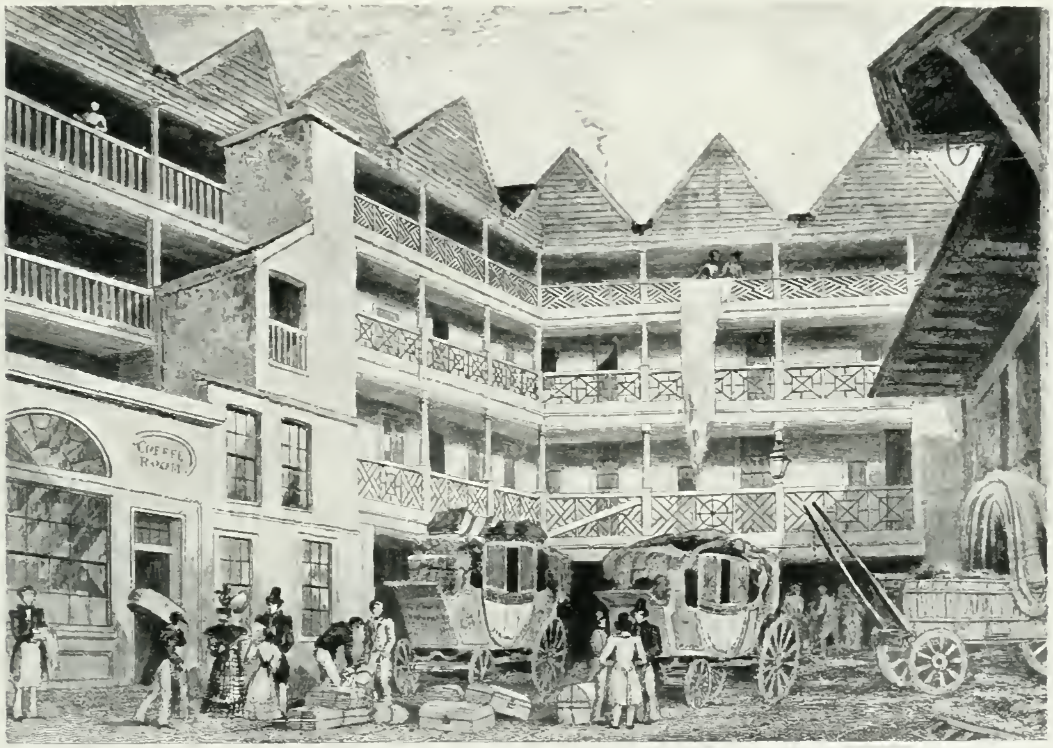
Encouraging Thrift.

The Money Order Office, like the London Penny Post, was originally a private speculation, and so it remained from 1792 until 1838, when it was incorporated with the General Post Office. To it has been added the Postal Order Branch, which has greatly outdistanced it in popularity. The Savings Bank Department, which has done so much to encourage thrift among a people not naturally inclined to it, was established in 1860, and there now stands to the credit of depositors the enormous sum of over £150,000,000. An extensive business in annuities and life insurance is carried on by this department, which also has upon its books the names of over 150,000 holders of Government stock.

In 1870 the General Post Office, which in this instance did a bad stroke of business, took over the telegraph system of the country, except the wires of the railway companies.

Telegraphs and Telephones.

The number of home telegrams that passed over the Post Office wires during the year 1907-8 numbered close upon 86 millions, a decrease of about three millions and a half compared with the year before, which is attributable to the growing popularity of the telephone system, the latest of the fruits of private enterprise to be absorbed by the Post Office. In the Postmaster-General's annual report for 1895-96 it was announced that during that year a new agreement with the National Telephone Company had been executed, and that in future the operations of the Company would be restricted to local areas, the trunk wires having been taken over by the Post Office. In 1899 was passed a Bill authorising the Post Office to provide a telephone service for London by way of breaking down the monopoly of the National Telephone Company, and in pursuance of this Act an agreement was entered into with the Company by which its plant in London is to be purchased on the expiration of the licence in 1911; meanwhile there is co-operation as regards working arrangements, and competition is limited to the quality of service and not extended to the charges.



COURTYARD OF THE "BULL AND MOUTH," ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.
From a Drawing by T. Hosmer Shepherd.

The Buildings.

At first the General Post Office was in Cloak Lane, Dowgate Hill, and then at the "Black Swan" in Bishopsgate Street. After the Fire of 1666 it was transferred to premises in Abchurch Lane, Lombard Street, which, though again and again extended, were never able to keep pace with the growth of the business for which they were required. In 1824 was laid the first stone of the first of the General Post Office buildings in St. Martin's-le-Grand, for which designs were furnished by Sir Robert Smirke, and it was opened five years later. Standing on the east side of the street, and styled the General Post Office East, it is of the Ionic order, with a bold central portico surmounted by a pediment. Opposite is the next in order of the buildings, the General Post Office West, built in 1869-74 from designs by Mr. James Williams, of H.M. Office of Works and Public Buildings, and now mainly occupied by the Telegraph Department. In 1880 the business of the Savings Bank was transferred to a building in Queen Victoria Street, also designed by Mr. Williams, and now known as the General Post Office South. In 1903 the Savings Bank was again removed, this time to new quarters at West Kensington, to make way for the Central Telephone Exchange, and for the chief Money Order Office. In 1907 a fifth storey was added to the Carter Lane block of the General Post Office South to provide further accommodation for the London telephone service.

In spite of the relief afforded by the removal of the Savings Banks Department to Queen Victoria Street, further accommodation at St. Martin's-le-Grand was soon found to be necessary, and in 1889 the Government acquired a site to the north of the General Post Office West, where was built (1890-95), in the Italian style, the General Post Office North, for the accommodation of the Postmaster-General, the Secretary, and the Administrative Staff. The front of this structure now bears a tablet "in honour and remembrance" of the non-commissioned officers and men of the Post Office Army Corps who lost their lives in the South African War (1899-1902), and are thus commemorated by their comrades. Those who remember by sight the late Cecil Raikes, who was Postmaster-General when this block was built, will recognise his features in the sculptured keystone of the arch which forms the chief entrance.

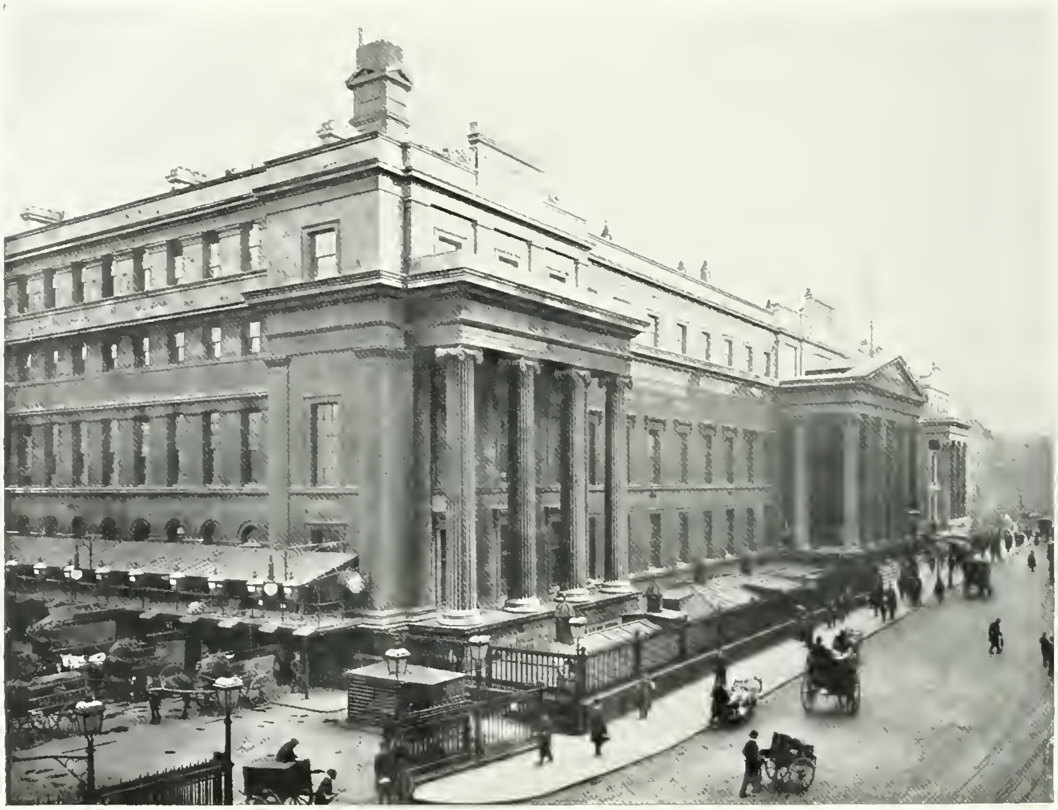


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE EARLIEST OF THE POST OFFICE BUILDINGS IN ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.

In 1901 the pressure upon the accommodation of the buildings in St. Martin's-le-Grand was further relieved by transferring the Country Mails to Mount Pleasant, where the Parcels Post, established in 1883, was already installed. But still the cry of the Post Office was for "more room," and when in 1903 Christ's Hospital, off Newgate Street, was demolished, three and a half acres of the site were acquired, and two years later (October 16th) the foundation stone of a new block, to be called King Edward's Building, was laid by his Majesty. It needs no prophetic gift to foresee that before that has long been in use, another building scheme will have become necessary.

CHAPTER XXXI

LITTLE BRITAIN AND SMITHFIELD

Little Britain—A Publishers' and Printers' Quarter—Smithfield—Brave Tournaments—William Walworth and Wat Tyler—Executions—William Wallace and Roger Mortimer—The Marian and Elizabethan Martyrs—Bartholomew Fair and the Court of Piepoudre—The Cattle Market—The Central Markets

Little Britain.

A Learned Quarter.

TO get from Aldersgate Street to Smithfield we may take the street bearing the curious name of Little Britain, which winds round St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Anciently, says Maitland, it was designated Britain Street from the City mansion of the Duke of Bretagne; and it has absorbed the street which used to be known as Duck Lane. In the 17th and to the end of the 18th century Little Britain was known for its printing offices and booksellers' shops, and it was here, according to Richardson, the author of "Remarks on Milton" (1734), that the Earl of Dorset, "beating about for books to his taste, lighted upon 'Paradise Lost,' was struck with some passages in it, and sent it to Dryden, from whom it elicited the famous comment, 'This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too.'" It is fitting that Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the Library at Oxford, should have lived in this region, and that Dr. Johnson also should be associated with it, though in his case the connexion was not of a voluntary kind, for he was "but thirty months old," as he himself says, when his mother, bringing him to London to be touched by Queen Anne for the Evil, put up "at Nicholson's, the famous bookseller of Little Britain." "I always retained some memory of this journey," he says. It was but natural, too, that when Benjamin Franklin, at the age of eighteen, came to London in 1724 with a mind ravening for knowledge he should have taken lodgings in Little Britain, where he was in the midst of books and close to the printing office where he worked as a compositor.

"Smoothfield."

Smithfield, more properly Smoothfield, a level space a little under six acres in extent, without the old City walls, has been the scene of jousts and tournaments, of duels and ordeals by combat, of hangings and burnings, of the coarse revellings associated with Bartholomew Fair, and of London's great cattle market, and now it is given up to the ordered business of the Central Markets of the City Corporation.

Jousts.

Of the jousts and tournaments, Stow describes several, among them the joust held here in 1374 by Edward III. in the forty-eighth year of his long reign, when Alice Perrers, his mistress, rode hither from the Tower of London decked out as Lady of the Sun, and accompanied by many lords and ladies also on horseback, "every lady leading a lord by his horse-bridle." "Then began a great joust," the historian adds, "which endured seven days after." In 1390 Richard II. held here a tournament, of which Stow, following Froissart, gives a brave account. "At the day appointed there issued forth of the Tower . . sixty coursers, apparelled for the jousts, and upon every one an esquire of honour, riding a soft pace; then came forth sixty ladies of honour, mounted upon palfreys, riding on the one side, richly apparelled, and every lady led a knight with a chain of gold; those knights, being of the king's party, had their harness and apparel garnished with white harts,* and crowns of gold about the harts' necks; and so they came riding through the streets of London to Smithfield, with a great number of trumpets and other instruments of music before them. The king and queen, who were lodged in the bishop's palace of London, were come from thence, with many great estates, and placed in chambers to see the jousts; the ladies that led the knights were taken down from their palfreys, and went up to chambers prepared for them. Then alighted the esquires of honour from their coursers, and the knights in good order mounted upon them; and after their helmets were set on their heads, and being ready in all points, proclamation made by the heralds, the jousts began, and many commendable courses were run, to the great pleasure of the beholders. These jousts continued many days, with great feasting."

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* Richard II.'s badge.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.
LITTLE BRITAIN, WITH THE TOWER OF ST. BOTOLPH'S.

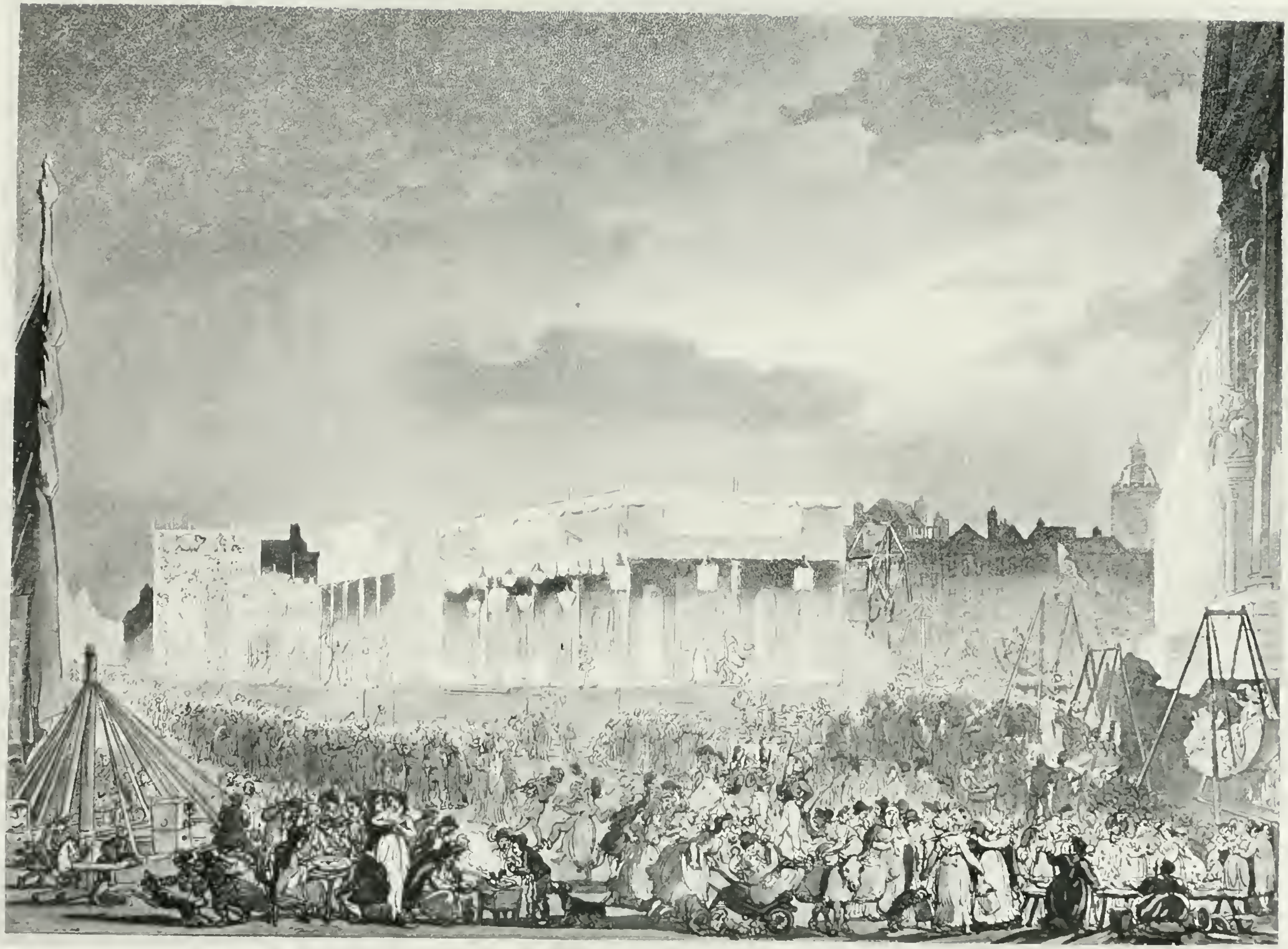
Nine years before this joust Richard had come to Smithfield on very different business.

Wat Tyler.

On the night of the 12th of June, 1381, Wat Tyler had led into the City a horde of rebels from Essex and Kent who had made up their minds to do away with taxes and landlords and all such intolerable evils. The next day the Duke of Lancaster's palace of the Savoy was sacked and burnt, and after this they paid their attention to the Templars, and to the Knights Hospitallers of Clerkenwell. On the evening of the 15th, the King, accompanied by Walworth and a large retinue, rode to Smithfield to parley with the rebels. A dispute arose between Tyler and one of the royal suite, the King ordered the former's arrest, and Walworth, having been struck by the rebel leader, smote him down with his dagger. He was as prompt in fleeing from the vengeance of the infuriated mob as he had been to provoke it, but he was soon back again with enough force to bring the rebels to submission. To prevent further bloodshed the King interposed with promises of clemency, and then, on the spot, as is noted in our Introduction, he knighted Walworth, and with him other City magistrates who had borne themselves bravely in a dangerous crisis. As for Wat Tyler, when he fell from his horse he was taken with scant ceremony within the gate of St. Bartholomew's Hospital and there died. The body was laid in the Master's Chamber, but Walworth had it dragged out and decapitated, and the head was exposed on London Bridge, on the spike which had borne the head of one of the dead man's victims, Archbishop Sudbury.

Executions.

Long before the reign of Richard II. that part of Smithfield which was known as the Elms, "for that here grew many elm-trees," had become the place for executions of a more judicial character, and so it remained until, in the reign of Henry IV., the gallows was removed to Tyburn. In 1222, for example, a riot was caused by Constantine Fitz-Athulf, or Olaf, a former Sheriff of the City, and a member of the party of Louis the Dauphin, who had been invited over by the barons to undertake the government of the land in the place of King John, and had returned to his own country in 1217. This Fitz-Athulf raised the Dauphin's battle-cry of "Mountjoy" at a tournament, and there was some disorder, but Hubert de Burgh, the justiciar, acting with



BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

From a Drawing by Rowlandson & Pugin.

prompt decisiveness, arrested the ringleader and had him and two of his followers taken straight to the Elms and hanged. With the halter round his neck, Fitz-Athulf, anticipating Johnnie Armstrong the Border freebooter when in similar case, offered 15,000 marks of silver for his life. But De Burgh thought the bargain a bad one. That there should have been a party in London in favour of having a French prince for ruler may seem strange; but, as is pointed out by Dr. Sharpe in "London and the Kingdom," at this time the land was swarming with foreigners.

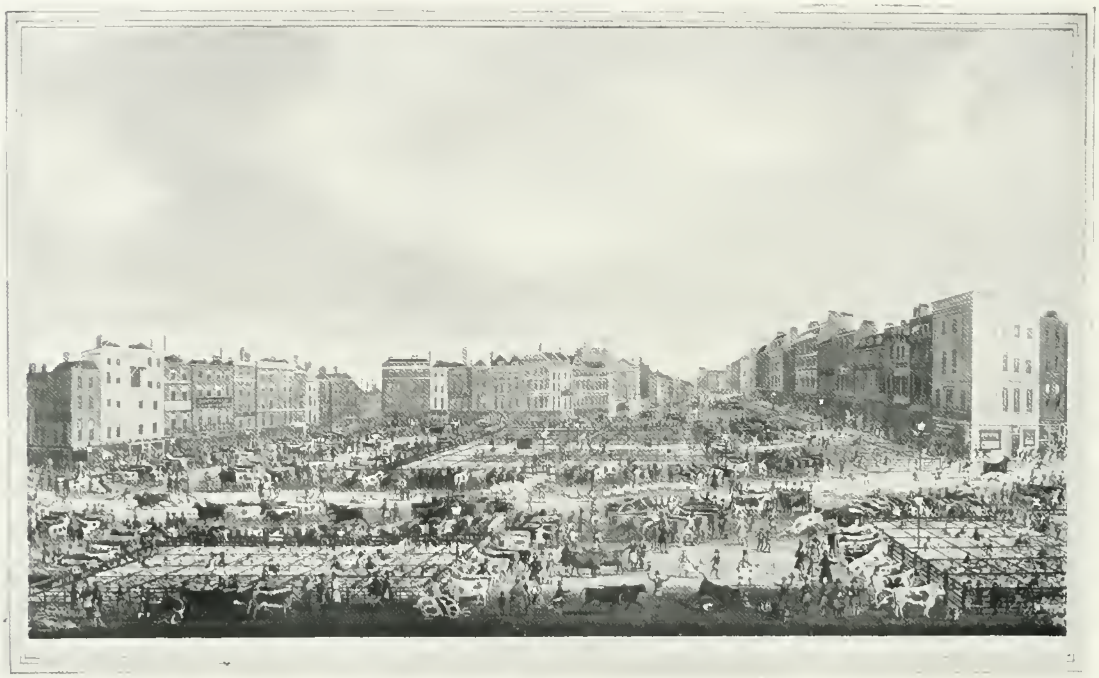
Summary Punishment.

At the Elms also, on St. Bartholomew's Eve, 1305, was executed Sir William Wallace, the Scottish hero. For seven years after his defeat by Edward I. at Falkirk (July 22, 1298) he was lost sight of, and was thought by some to be on the Continent, though more probably he was roaming the wilds of his native land. Then, betrayed into the hands of his enemies at Glasgow by his false friend Sir John Menteith, he was brought to London, tried at Westminster, dragged from the Tower to the Elms by horses, and here put to a barbarous death, being hanged and, while still conscious, quartered.

William Wallace.

Twenty-five years later there suffered here one who richly deserved his fate. After Queen Isabella had entered into her guilty intrigue with Roger Mortimer, Edward II. fled, and in 1327 the Queen's favourite was master of the situation. For nearly four years the precious pair carried things with a high hand; but at last the young King, Edward III., flung off the intolerable yoke, Mortimer was surprised in Nottingham Castle, brought to trial for the murder of Edward II. and the Earl of Kent, and hanged at the Elms amid universal execrations.

Roger Mortimer.



THE SMITHFIELD CATTLE MARKET.

From a Drawing by James Pollard.

Of the executions for heresy of which the memory still clings to Smithfield the earliest was that of William Chatris, priest of the church of St. Osyth,* who was burnt here in 1401. The next victim was John Badley, a tailor in the diocese of Rochester, who (1410) disputed the doctrine of Transubstantiation and was burnt, though Prince Hal tried hard to induce him to turn from his heresy, and had the fire quenched to give him a chance of thinking better of it. In the reign of Henry VIII. there was some show of impartiality about the executions for heresy, for on one and the same day (July 28th, 1540) three Papists were hanged, drawn, and quartered for denying the royal supremacy, and three divines, Barnes, Garrett, and Jerome, were burnt for going too far on the Protestant side. Of Mary's 277 victims—what an appalling number!—the first was John Rogers, burnt on the 4th of February, 1555, within sight of the tower of his own church of St. Sepulchre, Holborn. When, says Foxe in a familiar and beautiful passage, the fire "had taken hold both upon his legs and shoulders, he, as one feeling no smart, washed his hands in the flame as though it had been in cold water. And after lifting up his hands unto heaven, not removing the same until such time as the devouring fire had consumed them, most mildly this happy martyr yielded up his spirit into the hands of his heavenly Father. . . . His wife and children, being eleven in number, and ten able to go, and one sucking on her breast, met him by the way as he went towards Smithfield. This sorrowful sight of his own flesh and blood could nothing move him but that he constantly and cheerfully took his death, with wonderful patience, in the defence and quarrel of Christ's Gospel."

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* *See* p. 84.

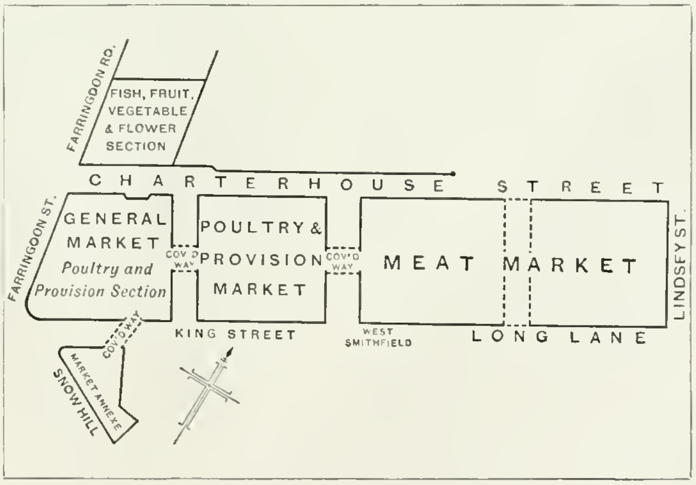
The Marian Martyrs.

In Elizabeth's day Anabaptists suffered at the stake at Smithfield, and it was not until the next reign that burnings for heresy ceased, the last victim being Bartholomew Legate, who in spite of his name was an Arian and died for his faith in 1612. Burnings, however, for crimes of peculiar atrocity, for which hanging was thought too good, continued at Smithfield for some time longer.

Rogers and others of the Marian martyrs are now commemorated by a memorial of red and grey granite let into the wall of St. Bartholomew's Hospital opposite the site of the stake, which was just over against but some few yards distant from the present entrance to the church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great. The spot was discovered in 1849, when, three feet below the surface, were found ashes and charred human bones, with unhewn stones, blackened as though by fire.

Bartholomew Fair.

Of Bartholomew Fair the origin is to be traced to Rahere, the founder of St. Bartholomew's Priory in the reign of Henry I. As the late Henry Morley shows in his history of the fair, such institutions generally originated in the assembling of pilgrims at Church festivals, and so it was with this fair at Smithfield, for at the same time that he obtained from the King a charter to found the Priory, Rahere secured the privilege of holding a three days' fair on the Feast of Bartholomew, the day before (Bartholomew Eve), and the day after. At first, and for some hundreds of years, Bartholomew Fair was the great Cloth Fair of the country, and this was held within the Priory Gates, on the site of what to this day is known as Cloth Fair, an ancient but dingy rather than picturesque thoroughfare running eastwards from Smithfield towards Aldersgate Street. The fair being thus much more than an occasion for revelling, there was a special tribunal, the Court of Pie-poudre, set up within the Priory gates to see that debts were paid and bargains properly carried out, and generally to deal with offences arising out of the fair. Blackstone, in his "Commentaries," praises these pie-poudre courts as "the oldest and at the same time most expeditious courts of justice known to the law of England," as they certainly must have been seeing that punishment was inflicted, in the form of a whipping or a sojourn in the stocks, before the sun went down upon the offence. Blackstone derives the name of the court from "the dusty feet of the suitors," but gives, on the authority of Sir Edward



PLAN OF THE CENTRAL MARKETS.

Coke, an alternative derivation, "because justice is there done as speedily as dust can fall from the feet."

So early as 1445 the City claimed to be joint lord of the fair with the Prior of St. Bartholomew's, and when the Priory was dissolved the profits and privileges of the fair were shared by the Corporation and Lord Rich, ancestor of the Earls of Warwick and Holland. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the Cloth Fair began to wane and the revellings to wax, until they grew into a fourteen days' saturnalia. Many are the references in the dramatic and other literature of Elizabethan and later days to this carnival of vice and vulgarity, with its rope-dancers and merry-andrews, its learned pigs and calculating horses and dancing bears, its freaks and monstrosities, its cutpurses and tricksters. Presently it became such an intolerable nuisance that in Queen Anne's decorous days (1708) the fair was again limited to three days. But the fun continued to be as fast and furious though not so long-drawn-out as ever. As it grew older the fair did not become more seemly, and in one morning of September, 1815, forty-five cases of felony, misdemeanour and assault arising out of the revellings were dealt with at Guildhall. In 1830 Lord Kensington sold to the City his interest in the fair, and at last, as the result of restrictions imposed by the Corporation and of the pressure of public opinion, it dwindled to a few gingerbread stalls. In 1850, when Lord Mayor Musgrove, in accordance with ancient custom, went to the gateway of St. Bartholomew's to open the fair he found that there was no fair to open, and in 1855 it was formally suppressed.

Photo, Pictorial Agency.

THE CENTRAL MARKETS.

The Cattle Market.

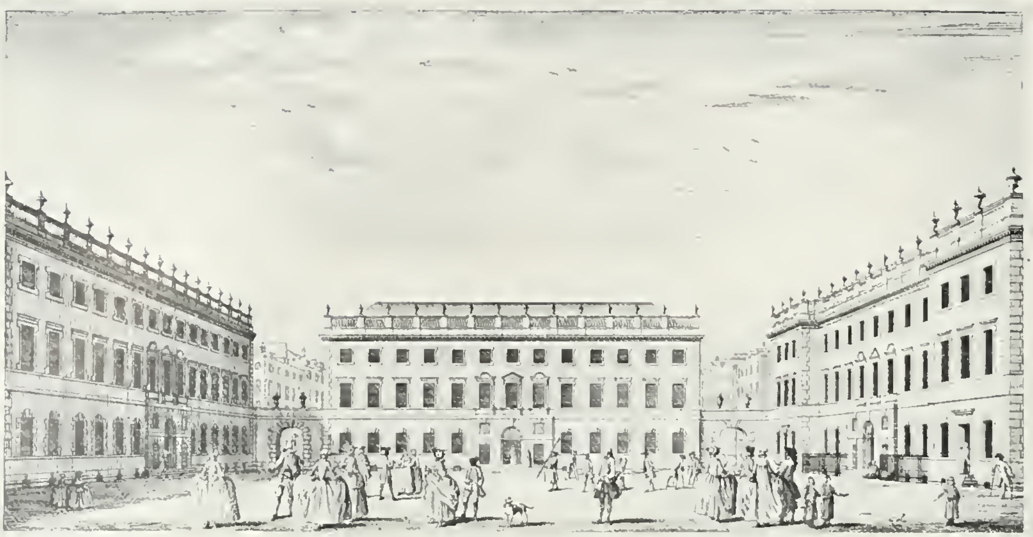
But for many years a more serious because a daily nuisance had to be borne with by those who dwelt in this part of London. In 1615 the Corporation, as may be read in Howes, reduced Smithfield, hitherto a "rude, vast place," into "a faire and comely order," paved it all over and effected other improvements, moved thereto by the expectation that it might prove "a faire and peaceable market place," to the relief of Newgate Market, Cheapside, Leadenhall Street, and Gracechurch Street, which were "unmeasurably pestered with the unimaginable increase and multiplicity of market-folkes." Smithfield did indeed become the scene of a greater market than Howes or any of his contemporaries ever imagined, but it was anything but "faire and peaceable." A vivid picture of London's Cattle Market as it existed in 1838 is drawn by Dickens in "Oliver Twist" in a passage which we need not quote over again. That in the middle of the nineteenth century the City authorities should have allowed two million animals to be driven through the streets of the City in the course of the year on their way to Smithfield says much for their regard for ancient institutions and for the tolerance of the public. At last, though the Corporation was in favour of letting things alone, the public would have no more of it, and in 1855, under the powers of an Act of 1852, the Cattle Market was removed to Copenhagen Fields, Islington. A part of the site was used for the erection, by the Corporation, of the Meat Market, and when in 1868 the building thus designated was opened, Newgate Market, which had been London's great Meat Market, was superseded. The rest of the site was preserved as an open space, with a garden and drinking fountain in the centre; and in this open space is still held one of those hay-markets which are still carried on in certain thoroughfares of the metropolis.

The Central Markets.

The great group of market buildings in and around Smithfield is known as the London Central Markets. The earliest and much the largest of them, the Meat Market, designed by Sir Horace Jones, and completed, as we have seen, in 1868, is an enormous and well-proportioned structure of red brick and stone, covering an area of three and a half acres, with an underground railway depôt furnished with cellars where meat and provisions are stored, and traversed by the lines which bring to the market the traffic of several great railways. To the south-west of it is the Poultry and Provision Market, in the same style and by the same architect, completed in 1872, and supplemented three years later by other blocks—(1) a Poultry and Provision section adjoining the one just mentioned, and originally intended as a Fruit, Flower, and Vegetable Market, then converted into a Fish Market, and finally adapted to the sale of meat, poultry and provisions; (2) a Fish, Fruit, Vegetable and Flower section, on the north side of Charterhouse Street; and (3) an annexe abutting upon Snow Hill, opened as a Fish Market, but now used for the sale of chilled and frozen meats (*see* the plan on p. 345).

THE MARTYRS' STONE IN THE WALL OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

The meat and provisions sold at the Central Markets in the course of a year, mostly though not exclusively in a wholesale way, amount to considerably over four hundred thousand tons. But a better notion of the volume of trade may be gathered from the fact that, including the market staff, about a hundred strong, between six and seven thousand men here earn their daily bread, of whom about a thousand are licensed porters and meat-carriers. At Smithfield business begins very early, earlier even than at Billingsgate. The market gates are opened about the time when the votaries of fashion begin to think of going to bed. At four o'clock business has begun, and as six approaches it is in full swing, and so remains until about eight. Though during the last decade there has been a considerable growth in the business transacted, the buildings were planned on so ample a scale that there is no overcrowding, and the Central Markets are among the best-ordered in the world.



OLD VIEW OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.
From a Print in the Crace Collection.

CHAPTER XXXII

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S—PRIORY AND HOSPITAL

Apparition of St. Bartholomew—Smithfield a Morass—Rahere's Priory—St. Bartholomew's Hospital—Royal and Noble Benefactors—The Hospital Refounded—Rebuilding in the Eighteenth Century—Hogarth's Donation—The Present Rebuilding—"Bart's" First Surgeon—Abernethy—St. Bartholomew's-the-Less—St. Bartholomew's-the-Great—Degradation—Restoration—Monuments—Picking up Sixpences—The Close—Cloth Fair

Rahere's Vision.

As we saw in the last chapter, the Priory and the Hospital dedicated to St. Bartholomew were founded by Rahere, in the year 1123. How he came to put his hand to this great work is not known, but a beautiful legend, which appears to have grown up not long after his death, tells how, in or about 1120, after years of gaiety in royal palaces and great houses, he made a pilgrimage to Rome, and was there smitten with malarial fever, of which he seemed like to die. Repenting of his follies, he vowed that if it should please God to spare his life he would build "an hospital in recreation of poor men, and to them, so there gathered, necessaries minister after his power." One night he had a vision in which he seemed to be carried up on high by a strange winged beast with four feet, and then there appeared to him one of majestic mien who announced himself as the Apostle Bartholomew, by whom he had unwittingly been succoured in his anguish. "Know me truly," proceeded the saint, "by the will and commandment of the Holy Trinity, and the common favour of the celestial Court and Council, to have chosen a place in the suburbs of London, at Smithfield, where in my name thou shalt found a church, and it shall be the house of God."

Draining the Swamp.

When Rahere returned, in 1123, he sought to secure the land thus indicated, but though the City authorities approved of his design, it was necessary to get the King's permission, since the land was within the royal market. At that time Smithfield was a mere swamp, and as soon as Rahere had obtained a grant of the land he set about draining it and then began to build a Priory and a Hospital for the sick. The Priory was for the Order of the Black Canons of St. Augustine, of which he had become a member, and its church, as we shall presently see, was built on a scale of veritable magnificence. How he contrived to raise the money for his vast undertaking we know not, but tradition says that, feigning to be half-witted, he drew idlers together and got them to help him in preparing the site, and that he wrought many miracles, which proved, as always, to be a rich source of revenue. It is certain that the power of his patron, Richard Bishop of London, at the Court of Henry I., stood him in good stead. He was the first Prior of the house which he had founded, and in the twelfth year of his office he obtained leave to institute and appropriate to the Priory the profits of the Fair of which some account was given in the last chapter. For four-and-twenty years he presided over the Priory, and then (September 20th, 1143) "the clay house of this world forsook and the house everlasting he entered," and was succeeded by Thomas, a canon of the church of St. Osyth.

At the time of Rahere's death there were thirteen canons on his foundation, a number which under Prior Thomas was increased to thirty-five. In the reign of Henry IV. the Priory, though not its glorious church, was rebuilt. The precincts were of generous dimensions, as the reader will see if he turns to a map of the City and notes that the north wall ran from Smithfield along the south side of Long Lane to within about thirty yards of Aldersgate Street, that the west wall extended from the south-west corner of Long Lane along Smithfield to what is now the chief entrance to Bartholomew Close, that the south wall stretched from this spot to Aldersgate Street, and that the east wall ran parallel with Aldersgate Street at a distance of about six-and-twenty yards until it joined the north wall. When the Dissolution came (1536) the value of the Priory was assessed at £653 15s. a year, and the dispossessed canons were left to draw what consolation they could from annuities of £6 13s. 4d. apiece.

The Priory became the property of Sir Richard (afterwards Lord) Rich, ancestor of the Earls of Warwick and Holland, who, having won Henry the Eighth's favour by the part he had taken in the trial of Sir Thomas More, was able to purchase it for the sum of £1,064 11s. 3d. The grant was revoked by Queen Mary, who transferred the church to the Black Friars in 1556, but it was renewed to Rich and his heirs "in free socage" in the year after Queen Elizabeth's accession (1559). Scarce anything now remains of Rahere's Priory except a part of its church. Of this something will be said when we have told the story of his other foundation, which happily has survived to the present day, and with the process of the years has vastly extended its beneficent activities.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital had a constitution independent of the Priory and a separate estate, though to a strictly limited extent it was subject to the control of the Prior. The relations between the two institutions were at various times revised, but in some form they subsisted until the Priory was dissolved. The foundation consisted of a master, eight

THE SMITHFIELD GATE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

brethren, and four sisters, who were subject to the rule of St. Austin ; and from the first it was not a mere almshouse but a hospital for the sick, who were tended in a large hall. According to Dr. Norman Moore,* Rahere's Hospital occupied the site of the present one, and like it had a principal gate in Smithfield and a gate in Little Britain, besides two others. There were several chapels, with lodgings for the chaplains, within the enclosure, as well as many private houses. As time went on the Hospital attracted the charitable interest of opulent citizens and others, and on the roll of its benefactors appear the names of Thomas Becket, Henry FitzAylwin, first Mayor of London, Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, Henry III., who gave two oak trees from Windsor Forest to provide fuel, and Richard Whittington.

Photo Pictorial Agency.

THE QUADRANGLE, ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

Refounding the Hospital.

When the Priory was dissolved, Henry VIII. appropriated the lands of the Hospital, and for a short space Rahere's work of charity was suspended. But in 1538, two years after the dissolution, the Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Gresham, father of the builder of the Royal Exchange, with the Aldermen and Commonalty of the City, petitioned the King that they might have the control of the revenues of the Spitals of St. Bartholomew, St. Mary, and St. Thomas, and the new Abbey at Tower Hill, and after some years had sped by, and a second appeal had been made by the citizens, Henry was pleased (1544) to enter into a covenant refounding the Hospital for a hundred persons and endowing it with 500 marks a year, on condition that the citizens provided a similar amount, bringing up the revenue to a thousand marks, or £666 13s. 4d. The King, however, was not so good as his word, and after his death the governing body felt themselves at liberty to tell the truth about his share in the foundation.

According to "The Ordre of the Hospital of St. Bartholomewes, in West Smythfelde, in London," published in 1552 by the governors, the houses from which the King's 500 marks were to come were in decay, and some of them "rotten ruinous," and so much had to be spent in repairing them that only enough funds were left to maintain three or four harlots lying in childbed. To carry on the Hospital on the scale intended, the citizens had, therefore, to find about four times as much money as they had undertaken to furnish forth—a draft upon their generosity which, we may be sure, did not make their loyalty more enthusiastic.

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* "A Brief Relation of the Past and Present State . . . of St. Bartholomew's Hospital." By Norman Moore, M.D., F.R.C.P. 1895.

At this time St. Bartholomew's had seven grades of paid officers: (1) the Hospitaller, (2) the Renter Clerk, (3) the Butlers, (4) the Porter, (5) the Matron, (6) the Sisters, (7) the Beadles. Then there were, says the "Ordre," "as in a kynde by themselves, three chirurgeons in the wages of the Hospitall, gevyng daily attendaunce upon the cures of the poore." The "Ordre" exhorts the officers to accept no gifts and to admit none from whom they had received money, while to the Sisters the following counsel of perfection, qualified out of regard to feminine infirmity, is addressed: "And so muche as in you shall lie, ye shall avoyde and shonne the conversacion and company of all men."

The buildings reared when the Hospital was refounded in the reign of Henry VIII. were pulled down in 1730, and replaced by a quadrangular structure, designed by James Gibbs, the architect of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and of the Radcliffe Library at Oxford. The work was completed in 1760, and the cost defrayed by public subscription, but the accomplished architect, it is pleasant to record, did his work gratuitously. There are twenty-eight wards, each with its own name painted on the doorway, the name of a benefactor, of a virtue, or of an example of virtue. In the Great Hall, on the upper floor of the north wing, is a painting of St. Bartholomew, and here and elsewhere are portraits of distinguished physicians and surgeons whose fame is bound up with the Hospital—Dr. Radcliffe, by Kneller; Percivall Pott, by Reynolds; Abernethy, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; Sir James Paget and Mr. Luther Holden, by Millais; Sir William Savory, by Ouless; and others, besides Herkomer's portrait of the late Sir Sydney Waterlow, the treasurer to whom the Hospital owes the idea and first establishment of a Convalescent Home. There is also a portrait of King Edward VII., subscribed for by the Governors to commemorate his Majesty's presidency of the Hospital, which at the time of his resignation, on his accession to the throne, had extended over a period of thirty-four years. On

Gibbs's Buildings.

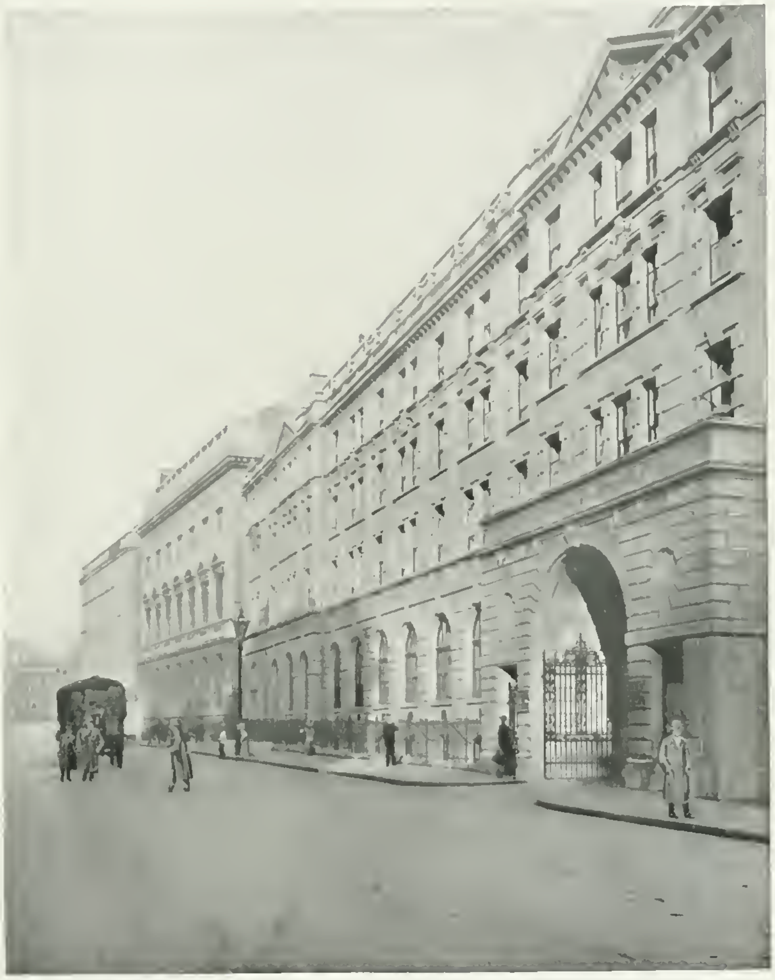


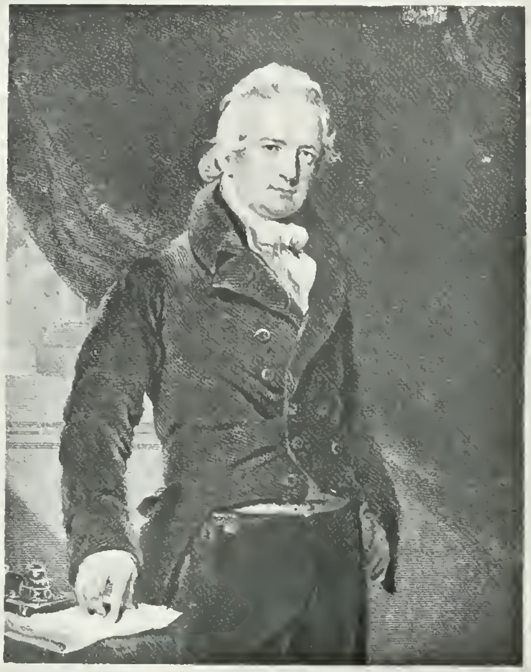
Photo. Pictorial Agency.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S: THE NEW OUT-PATIENTS' DEPARTMENT (IN THE FOREGROUND), THE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE, AND THE PATHOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

Hogarth's Gift.

Pathological Fidelity.

the grand staircase are two paintings, the gift of Hogarth, who was made a life governor in recognition of his generosity. He has himself recorded how at that time (1736) he entertained hopes of "succeeding in what the puffers in books call 'the great style of history painting.'" So, he proceeds, "without having had a stroke of this grand business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and, with a smile at my own temerity, commenced history painter, and on a great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital painted two Scripture stories, 'The Pool of Bethesda' and 'The Good Samaritan,' with figures seven feet high." Hogarth appears to have gone to work in the most realistic manner, for of "The Pool of Bethesda" Dr. Norman Moore remarks that "physicians will admire . . . the accurate representation of the distribution of psoriasis on the well-rounded limbs of one patient, the contrast of hypertrophy and atrophy on the left of the picture, the gouty hand, the wasted figure with malignant disease of the liver, and the rickety infant." The painter had his models close at hand.



DR. ABERNETHY.
From the Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The gate which gives entrance to the Hospital from Smithfield is rather older than the quadrangle itself, having been built in 1702. Above the pediment, which shelters a statue of Henry VIII., are figures personifying Lameness and Sickness. The earliest of the additions which have been made since the completion of Gibbs's buildings was a laboratory, built by George Dance in 1793. Other extensions from time to time became necessary. In 1881 the former School of Medicine was replaced by a handsome structure of granite and Portland stone, built by Mr. E. I'Anson, at a cost of £50,000, with a classical façade looking down upon Giltspur Street. Spacious as is the present School of Medicine, with its Museum, Library, laboratories, and class-rooms, it is none too large to accommodate the five hundred students who flock to "Bart's" for their medical training.

In 1903 the Governors felt that the time had come to undertake the rebuilding of the older part of the Hospital. There were those who considered that the institution should be transferred to a less valuable site outside the City boundaries, and the question was canvassed with some warmth, but the Governors were indisposed to remove the Hospital from its historic site and sever its time-honoured connexion with the City, and they were supported by a large and influential body of opinion in the City, which found expression at a meeting at the Mansion House, convened by the Lord Mayor. In the end a part of the adjoining site of Christ's Hospital was acquired, at a cost of £255,325, and on the 6th of July, 1904, King Edward, who was accompanied by Queen Alexandra, laid the foundation-stone of the first block of the new buildings, designed by Mr. E. B. I'Anson, son of the architect of the School of Medicine. It comprises the Out-patients' and Casualty Departments, with a frontage to Giltspur Street, in continuation of the façade of the School of Medicine, and it was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales on the 22nd of July, 1907. This block is on the south side of the School of Medicine, and stretches almost to Newgate Street; on the other, or northern, side is the yet more recent Pathological Department. The three buildings, all faced with stone, are in the same general style, and the most southerly of them harmonises with the new Sessions House, which is in alignment with it on the other side of Newgate Street.

The reconstruction of the Hospital as a whole is a vast undertaking which will involve an outlay of half-a-million. But the Governors were able to make out a strong case for their appeal to the public. They could point to the facts that St. Bartholomew's had not asked for money for more than a hundred and fifty years; that it had 740 beds, and every year

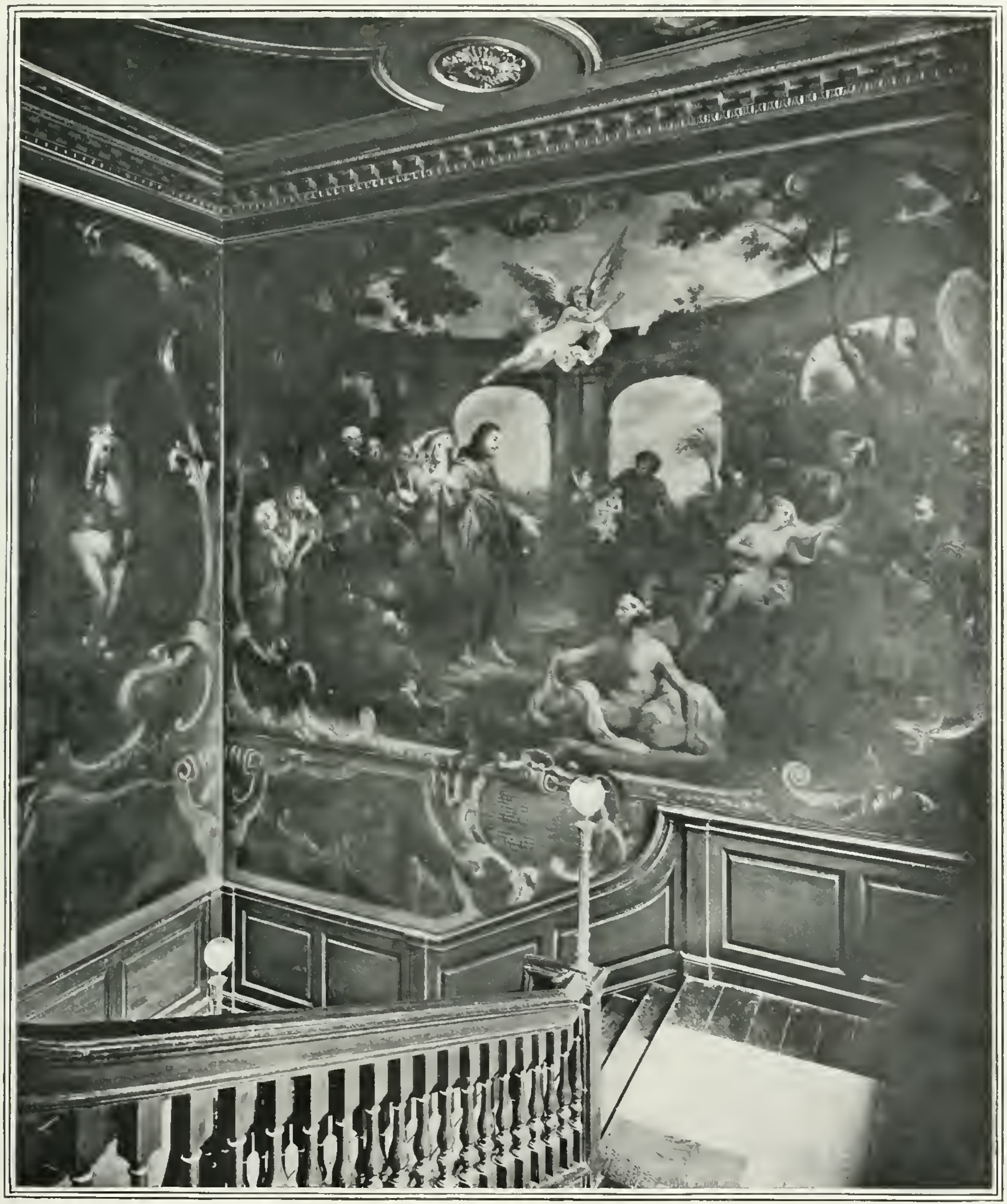
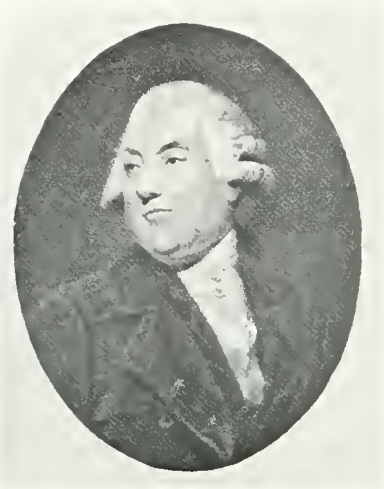


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

HOGARTH'S "POOL OF BETHESDA," IN ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

gave its beneficent help to some 7,000 in-patients and 130,000 out-patients; that a thousand patients were annually admitted to the Convalescent Home at Swanley, in Kent; and that during the preceding half-century 300,000 in-patients and as many as seven million out-patients had enjoyed its benefits.



PERCIVALL POTT.

The address of the Governors to King Edward and Queen Alexandra at the foundation-stone function was read by the Prince of Wales, who had succeeded his father as President of the Hospital, and the ceremony was made the more interesting and memorable by the induction of Queen Alexandra as the first lady Governor. The historic connexion of the Hospital with royalty is further emphasised by the fact that when the King ceased to be its President he became its Patron. All the Aldermen of the City are *ex-officio* Governors, and formerly the President was always chosen from the aldermanic body, but in 1866 it was legally decided that the Governors were free to elect their own President, and their choice fell upon the then Prince of Wales.

The First Surgeon at "Bart's."

Abernethy.

The first medical officer of St. Bartholomew's was Thomas Vicary, Serjeant Surgeon to Henry VIII., whose position has been described by Dr. Norman Moore* as intermediate between that of the Master of older times and that of the surgeons subsequently appointed. The first physician was Dr. Roderigo Lopez, a native of Portugal, who was hanged (June 17, 1594) for participation in a plot against the life of Queen Elizabeth. In the next century Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and the most illustrious of all the great names associated with the Hospital professionally, was physician for the long period of thirty-four years (1609-43). A few others of the famous surgeons and physicians who have been associated with "Bart's" have been mentioned incidentally, but we must not omit to recall that among those who attended the lectures of Percivall Pott, who has given his name to a fracture of the leg which he himself suffered as the result of a fall from his horse, and to a form of spinal disease of which he made a special study, was the distinguished anatomist John Hunter. Of all the great men who have taught at the Hospital none, perhaps, has excelled Abernethy in lucidity and attractiveness. And scarcely any of them, not even Dr. Radcliffe—who, it must be noted, was a generous benefactor to the Hospital, bequeathing to it £500 a year for the improvement of the general diet and £100 a year for the purchase of linen—has had attributed to him a larger number of caustic sayings, many of them at the expense of patients who owed their ailments to excesses at the table. It is pleasant to recall that in his encounters with patients this rough-tongued though not inhumane surgeon did not always have things his own way. Nothing could have been neater than the rebuke he received from a gentleman who came to him with a painful affection of his shoulder. Before he could enter into his case Abernethy gruffly said, "Well, I know nothing about it." "I do not know how you should," was the quiet reply; "but if you will have patience till I tell you, perhaps you may."

St. Bartholomew's-the-Less.

Of the three chapels of St. Catherine, St. Nicholas, and the Holy Cross, which stood within the circuit of the original Hospital, only that of the Holy Cross has survived, under the name of St. Bartholomew's-the-Less; and since the Dissolution it has been the parish church of those residing within the Hospital precincts. No part of the present church except the tower has any claim to antiquity; the rest of the building was converted into an octagon of timber by George Dance in 1789. In 1823 Thomas Hardwick rebuilt it in the same form, but of stone, and since then the church has been drastically "restored." Most of the old monuments and brasses have been made away with, but there is still to be seen a tablet to Lady Bodley, erected by her husband, Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of the Library at Oxford which bears his name, who lived within the Hospital enclosure. Among recent tablets is one which commemorates Sir James Paget, the great surgeon (d. 1899), piously inscribed — "The righteous and the wise and their works are in the hand of God." In the parish register, under the date July 19, 1573, is an entry of the baptism of Inigo Jones, the architect, whose father, of the same name, was a clothworker living in or near Cloth Fair.

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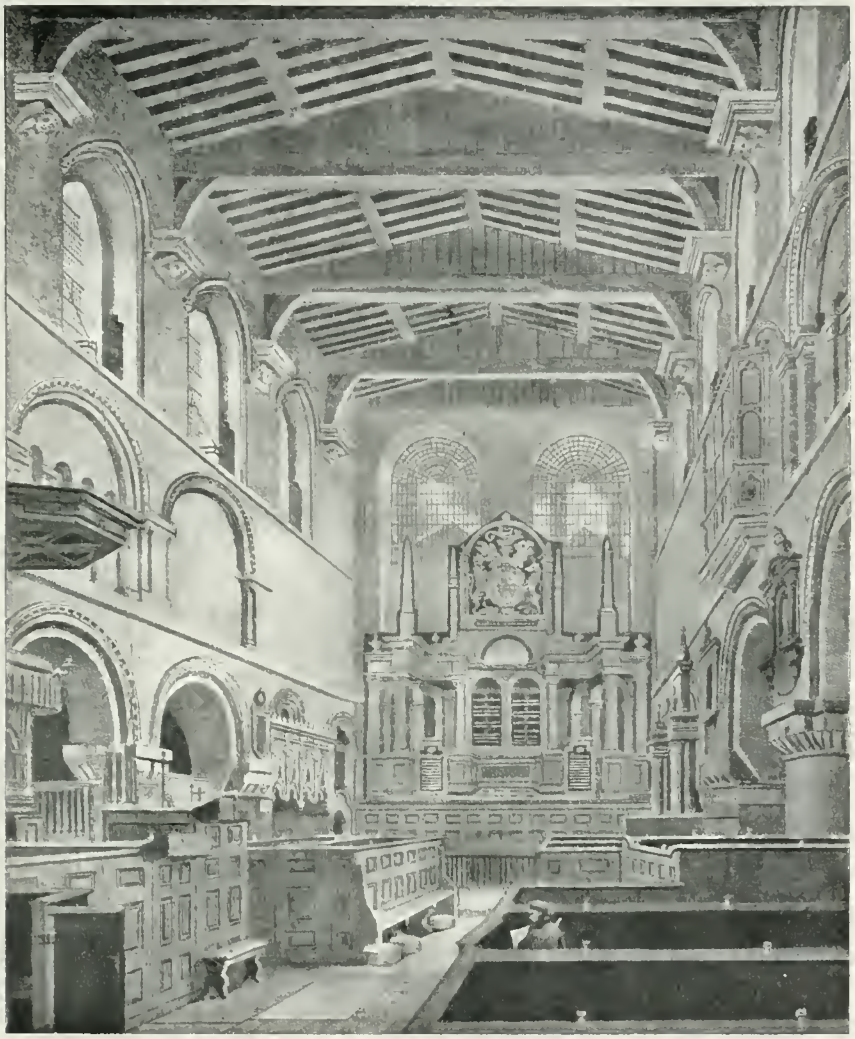
* *St. Bartholomew's Hospital Reports*, 1882.

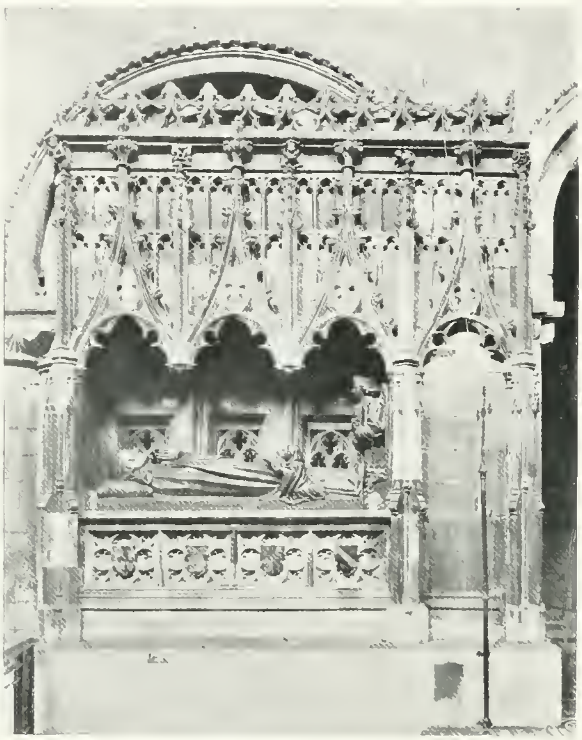


ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S-THE-GREAT BEFORE RESTORATION.
From a Drawing by T. Hosmer Shepherd.

We come now to the incomparably more interesting church of St Bartholomew-the-Great, just outside the Hospital walls—the noble remnant, as we have seen, of the glorious church of Rahere's monastery. It consists of the choir and ambulatory and transepts of the church — which were granted to the parishioners as their parish church when the Priory was sold to Sir Richard Rich—the Lady Chapel and a day-lighted crypt beneath it, a bit of the cloisters, and a red brick tower of venerable tinge, built in 1628, and altered in the early years of the nineteenth century.

The Priory Church.

The tower is a mean enough structure in itself, but in it are swung five ancient bells, dating from about the beginning of the sixteenth century. There is also a graceful Early English gateway, with dog-tooth ornamentation, giving access from Smithfield. The dimensions of the church of which these are the remains may be gauged from the fact that the nave extended from the choir to this gateway, over what at the dissolution of the Priory became the parish graveyard. St. Bartholomew's was mostly built in the Norman and Transitional Norman and Early English periods, but in the fifteenth century a good deal of Perpendicular work was added, and the whole of the triforium and clerestory of the apse, with its two centre piers, was pulled down, and out of the materials was built a straight wall, which made the eastern termination square instead of round. This barbarous proceeding appears to have been carried out in order to insert two east windows of stained glass.



RAHERE'S MONUMENT.

Degradation.

Restoration.

As time went on the church suffered still worse things from callous neglect and hideous misuse, and in 1830 it was much damaged by fire. The north transept had become a blacksmith's forge, the Lady Chapel a fringe factory, the refectory a tobacco factory, the remnant of the cloisters a stable; and the condition of the whole fabric was deplorable. In 1863 the work of restoration was begun, and has been prosecuted at intervals ever since. The upper part of the apse has been rebuilt on the model of the old one, from a design by Sir Aston Webb, who has carried out all the more recent restorations; and the whole of what is left to us of the building has now been restored to its pristine state. The re-opening of the north transept, in 1893, was the occasion of a remarkable demonstration of the interest which, after ages of neglect and desecration, is now felt in this magnificent memorial of the distant past. In 1895 the crypt was opened as a mortuary chapel; the re-opening of the Lady Chapel, after restoration, followed in 1897. In 1904 the reversion of the freehold of what is left of the cloisters—three bays adjoining the south wall, and leading to a Norman entrance that had long been walled up — was purchased, and funds were raised to acquire the leasehold interest and restore this interesting adjunct of the church. With the opening of the restored fragments of the cloister, and the Norman entrance just referred to, the work of restoration was completed. Captain Phillips, the patron of the benefice, had already restored the floor of the sanctuary in memory of his father. From first to last a sum of thirty thousand pounds has been spent in repairing the injuries inflicted upon the noble fabric by time and by man's stupidity.

The first impression which the visitor to St. Bartholomew's-the-Great receives is one of massiveness — a massiveness, however, happily mated with grace. Having enjoyed the general effect, and the play of light and shade on the majestic Norman columns and in the recesses of the arches, he will observe the elaborate canopied tomb of the founder of the Priory, on the north side of the choir. The recumbent effigy of Rahere is believed

Rahere's Memorial.

to have been carved under the direction of his immediate successor, Prior Thomas, and is much older than the rest of the structure, which belongs to the Perpendicular period. Beside Rahere kneel two brothers of the Priory, each with a Bible open at the 51st chapter of Isaiah, which contains the beautiful passage, so applicable to a church built on a marsh, "The Lord shall comfort Zion: he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody." Some five-and-twenty years ago the tomb was opened and the skeleton of Rahere found within it, with a part of a sandal, now carefully preserved in a glass case. Over against the tomb, in the south triforium, is an oriel window believed to have been built by Prior Bolton, so that watch might be kept over the tomb, for beneath it is carved his rebus, a *bolt* transfixing a *tun*. The Prior was not the first to employ this petrified pun, for Mr. Philip Norman, the author of "London Signs and Inscriptions," points out that in 1443 the White Friars, who had settled beside the Thames, received a grant of the "Hospitium vocatum Le Bolt en ton," in Fleet Street, which became a great coaching inn, as we shall see in a later chapter.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

OLD HOUSES IN CLOTH FAIR.

Of the other monuments in St. Bartholomew's-the-Great, much the most striking is that, in the south aisle, of Sir Walter Mildmay and Mary his wife. To Sir Walter, who was Chancellor and Sub-Treasurer of the Exchequer in the reign of Queen Elizabeth,

Other Monuments.

Emmanuel College, Cambridge, owes its existence, and the Master and Fellows of that College have borne no insignificant part in the restoration of the church in which their founder lies buried. Near Mildmay's sumptuous tomb is a bust of James Rivers, a descendant of the Sir John Rivers who was Lord Mayor in 1573; it is noticeable as probably the work of Hubert Le Sueur, the French artist to whom we owe the fine equestrian statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross, and who lived in Bartholomew Close and is believed to have been buried in the church. The name of a greater artist than Le Sueur is associated with St. Bartholomew's-the-Great, for here (November 28th, 1697) William Hogarth was baptised.

A Quaint Custom.

An ancient custom is still kept up in the churchyard. Every Good Friday, after the rector's sermon, twenty-one sixpences are dropped near the spot where the founder of this curious charity lies, and are picked up by as many previously selected women. The original fund has long since been lost sight of, but the churchwardens continued to provide the sixpences until a few years ago, when a sum of money was set aside by the Rev. J. W. Butterworth for the perpetuation of the old custom.

Bartholomew Close, the old Close of the Priory, is now represented only by a small square and a winding street leading out of it on several sides. Here lived Dr. Caius, the physician who founded Caius College at Cambridge, and Le Sueur, the sculptor of whom we have just spoken; and here John Milton lay hidden in a friend's house from May to August, 1660, while waiting for the Act of Oblivion. Here, too, in 1725, Benjamin Franklin worked in one of the printing offices which at that day, and long afterwards, abounded in the Close, Palmer's printing office, carried on in the Lady Chapel of the Priory, which Lord Rich had converted into a dwelling-house. In the square is the modern hall (1884-85) of one of the most ancient of the Livery Companies, the Butchers, who when their ancient quarters in Butcher Hall Lane (now King Edward Street) perished in the Great Fire, settled in Pudding Lane, and remained there until the present Hall was built. Though only incorporated in 1605, the Butchers' Guild was in existence at least as early as 1180.

Cloth Fair, where was held the business part of St. Bartholomew's Fair, has already been mentioned in this chapter. Many of the old houses still stand, and above the shop numbered 22 may be seen the armorial shield, surmounted by a coronet, of the Sir Richard Rich who bought the Priory at the Dissolution, or of one of his immediate descendants. "Ye Olde Dick Whittington" has been said to be the oldest licensed house in London. Old it undoubtedly is as a building, but Mr. Philip Norman discovered that, when drawn by T. H. Shepherd in 1850, it was a hairdresser's shop. An earlier print in the same collection — that of Mr. Crace — shows that before this it was a butcher's shop.*

SHIELD ON HOUSE IN CLOTH FAIR (NO. 22).

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* *Notes and Queries*, 9th Series, Oct. 27, 1900.

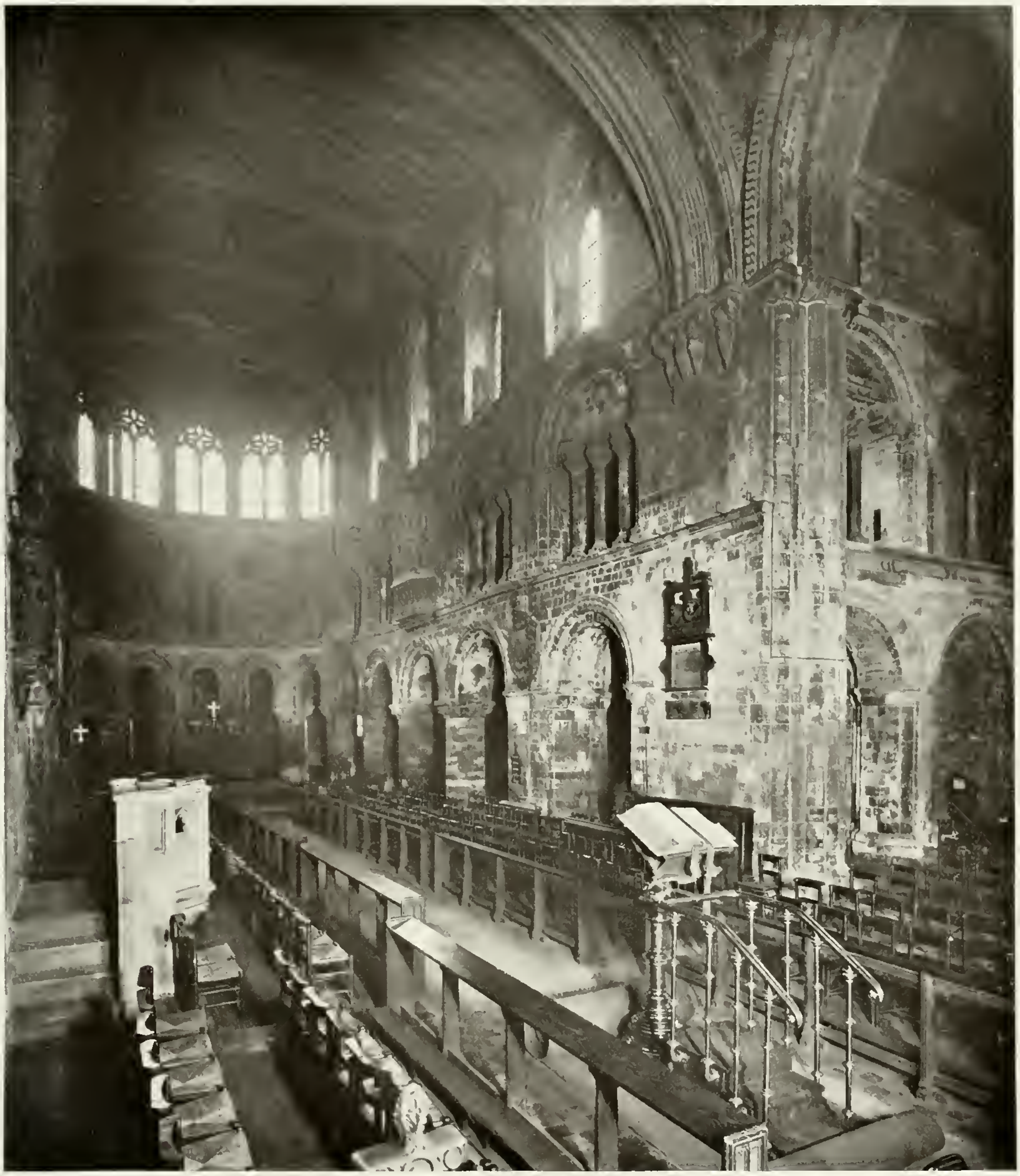
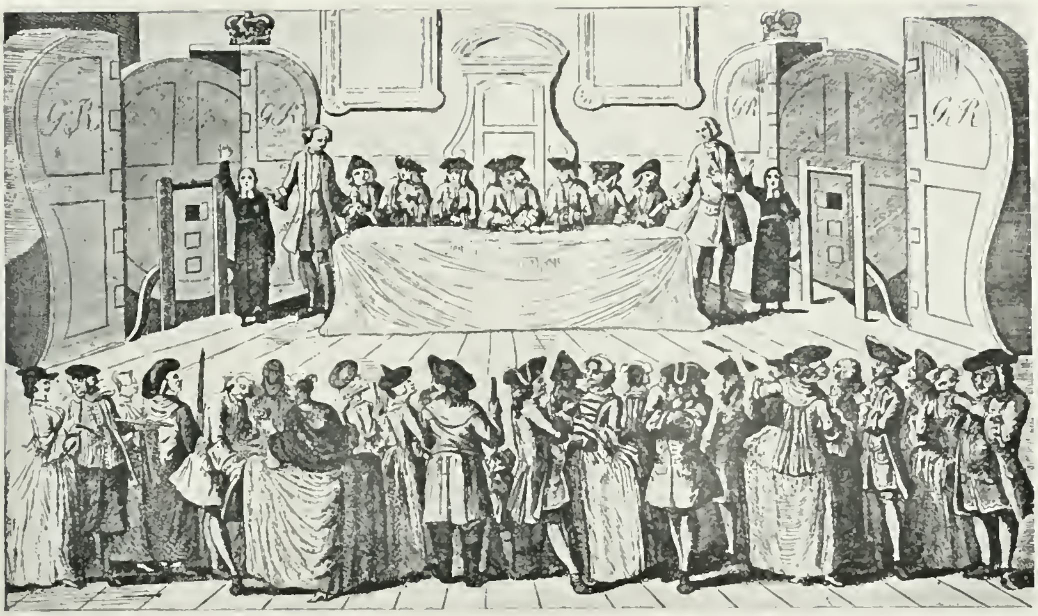


Photo. Pictorial Agency.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S-THE-GREAT AFTER RESTORATION.



BLUECOAT BOYS OFFICIATING IN A STATE LOTTERY AT GUILDHALL IN 1765.

CHAPTER XXXIII

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

Points in Common with "Bart's"—The Franciscan Monastery beside the Tower Ditch—A Home for Foundlings—Edward VI.—Bishop Ridley—Converted into a School—The Children put to Base Uses—The School Uniform—Rebuilding after the Fire—The "Suppings in Public"—Ties between the City and the School—Removal to Horsham—Jeremiah Boyer—Charles Lamb's Recollections—Christ Church

BETWEEN Christ's Hospital and St. Bartholomew's, which forms one of the subjects of the preceding chapter, there is intimate connexion. Both the one and the other have grown out of institutions which were suppressed by Henry VIII. at the Reformation, and both were refounded by him, at one and the same time, in response to the appeal which was made by Sir Richard Gresham, on behalf of the poor of London. The indenture of 1546, which granted to the City "the late Hospitall of St. Bartholomewe in West Smythfield, nigh London," also conveyed to it the Church and site of the house "of the late Gray Freyrs," the Fratry, the Library, the Dortos, and the Chapter House, "all the land soile called the greate Cloyster and the littel Cloyster," together with various buildings. It was further decreed that the church of the convent, under the name of Christ Church, should serve for the parish formed out of the parishes of St. Nicholas and St. Ewen, and so much of the parish of St. Sepulchre as was within Newgate; and that the vicar of Christ Church should receive his stipend from the Corporation, the advowson to be in the hands of the Lord Mayor and Corporation, as the Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The rather intricate history of Christ's Hospital, as the new foundation came to be called, can only be briefly outlined here, and readers who ask for more must be referred to the "Annals" of the Rev. E. H. Pearce,* formerly "Grecian" and Assistant-Master of the school, and still incumbent of Christ Church, who brought to his task a scholarly mind and patient industry.

The Grey Friars.

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* "Annals of Christ's Hospital." By E. H. Pearce, M.A. 2nd Edition, 1908. (Methuen & Co.)

A Franciscan Monastery.

In 1224, to begin at the beginning, four brethren of the order recently founded by Francis of Assisi came to London, and after a short stay in the Dominican house at Holborn, and in a hired dwelling at Cornhill, established themselves in the following summer at Stynkyng Lane, in the parish of St. Nicholas Shambles at Newgate, where a property was made over to them by John Iwyn or Ewen, a citizen and mercer, who shortly afterwards himself joined the order. The very names, as Mr. Pearce remarks, with their possibilities of sickness and smells, must have made the Franciscan mouth water, and the lane no doubt richly deserved its title, for here ran the Town Ditch, which was simply an open sewer that was not arched over till three hundred years later. The sympathetic citizens followed Ewen's example, and within five years the Franciscans found themselves possessed of all the essentials of a monastery—church, chapter-house, dormitories, refectory, infirmary, library. Then royal and noble personages rallied to the convent. Margaret, second wife of Edward I., Queen Isabella, wife of Edward II., "the she-wolf of France," and Queen Philippa, wife of Edward III., gave of their bounty, and by Stow's time the monastery boasted one of the most magnificent churches in the land, which was double the length of its successor, the Christ Church of to-day. Another benefactor of the house was Richard Whittington, who in 1429, besides building for the brethren a spacious library that escaped the Fire and survived till about the year 1832, spent a further £400 upon books to fill it. So the house prospered until it and all such houses fell upon the hostile days of the Reformation. In November, 1538, it was surrendered to Henry VIII., and for a while the church was shut up or used as a storehouse, while Richard Grafton, afterwards the Treasurer of Christ's Hospital, set up in it his printing press. But in 1547 it was re-opened as "Crystys churche of the foundacion of Kynge Henry the viij."

The next year, as we have seen, this and other monastic houses in the City were refounded as Royal Hospitals, for the benefit of the sick and destitute who had formerly looked for help to the monasteries. A few months afterwards Henry died, and, for some reason which cannot now be explained, it was not until the end of 1552 that the house of the Grey Friars was ready for occupation as a hospital or home for orphans and other poor children. The ready sympathy of Edward VI. had been enlisted by Bishop Ridley and others, and eleven days before his death (1553) the young king signed the charter of incorporation which is still the Hospital's most treasured possession. It gives the City leave to take, in mortmain or otherwise, lands to the yearly value of four thousand marks, and the amount, which had been left blank by those who drew up the document, is filled in in the King's own handwriting. Then, it is said, the dying King exclaimed with pious fervour, "Lord, I yield Thee most hearty thanks that Thou hast given me life thus long, to finish this work to the glory of Thy name."

A Home for Foundlings.

The scheme for the new hospital was drawn up by the Mayor, Sir Richard Dobbes, six Aldermen, and a number of citizens nominated by the City. They gave liberally themselves and zealously pressed the cause upon their fellow-citizens, and "the worke was so generally well lyked" that soon the governors found themselves with ample funds. It was, in fact, as Mr. Pearce remarks, less to royal gifts that Christ's Hospital owes its start and its continuance in well-doing than to the generosity of the citizens of London, who even to this day, when the school is no longer in their midst, take in it an interest greater than that which they feel in any other City school. The part which Bishop Ridley had played in the foundation of this and the other City charities yielded him comfortable thoughts in the evil days that presently came upon him. "Oh, Dobbes," he wrote while lying in prison awaiting his fiery ordeal, to the Lord Mayor who had zealously promoted these benevolent enterprises. "Oh, Dobbes, Dobbes, Dobbes, Alderman and Knight, thou in thy year didst win my heart for evermore, for that honourable act, that most blessed work of God, of the erection and setting up of Christ's Holy Hospitals and truly Religious Houses which by thee and through thee were begun."

A Truly Pious Founder.

The number of children who were received into Christ's Hospital at the beginning was

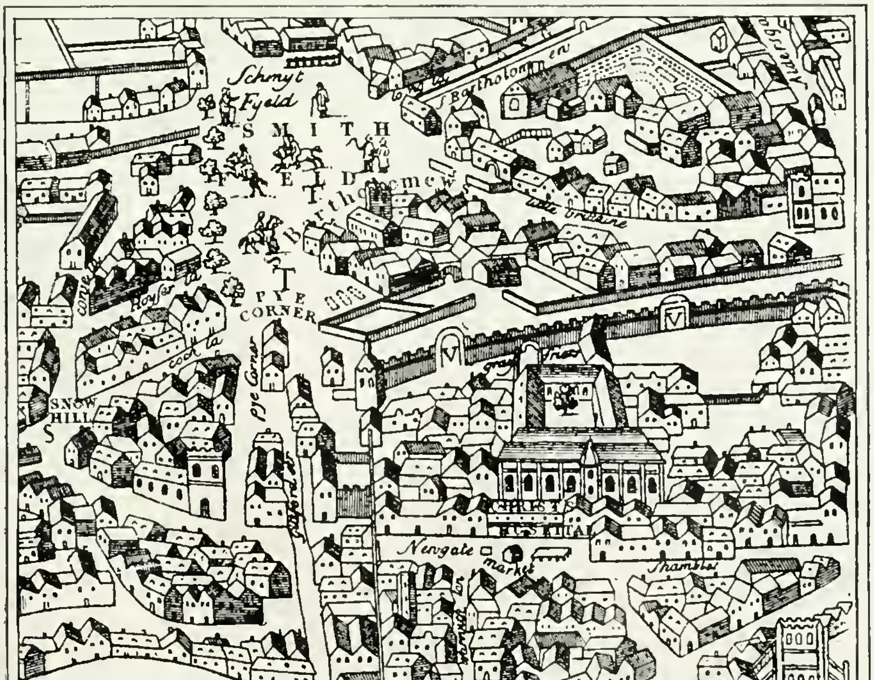
380, and in John Howes' "Contemporaneous Account" we are told that many of them, "being taken from the dunghill, when they came to swete and cleane keping and to a pure dyett, dyed downe righte!" By Christmas of that same year (1552) such of them as survived the trying change had been brought into good order, and in their "livery of russet cotton" were ready to line the procession of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to St. Paul's from Lawrence Lane westward.

A School.

Within a few months of its beginning Christ's Hospital became a school, instead of the mere home for foundlings which it was at first intended to be. And it is interesting to note that provision was at once made for the teaching of music, for included in the staff of seven for the management and teaching of some three hundred children was "the schoole-master for music," otherwise the "teacher of Pricksonge," the other officers being a Grammar Master and his Usher, a Writing Master and two elementary teachers, and a Matron to look after the "mayden-children." In those days, however, music was thought meanly enough of as a profession, for in 1569 the Court of Governors ordained that "from henceforthe none of the children harbored and kept in this Hospitall be put apprentis to aney Musissioner othere than suche as be blinde or lame, and not able to be put to other Trades." About the same time began the practice—gruesome enough, no doubt, to the poor children—of sending batches of them to swell the pomp of funerals of persons of consequence.

Mutes at Funerals.

At first, it would seem, the attention was paid in the case of persons who had "mentioned" the Hospital in their wills; afterwards it became possible for anyone to secure it by paying or guaranteeing such-and-such sums of money. In the twenty-six years between 1622 and 1648 the unfortunate children played the part of mutes at one thousand funerals. Then the odious custom appears to have begun to decline, for in the hundred and five years between 1649 and 1754, when it finally ceased, the funerals so attended numbered only about five hundred and fifty. It is roughly calculated that, by the presence of the children at these fifteen hundred and fifty funerals, the Hospital benefited to the extent of about £75,000; "of the sums contributed



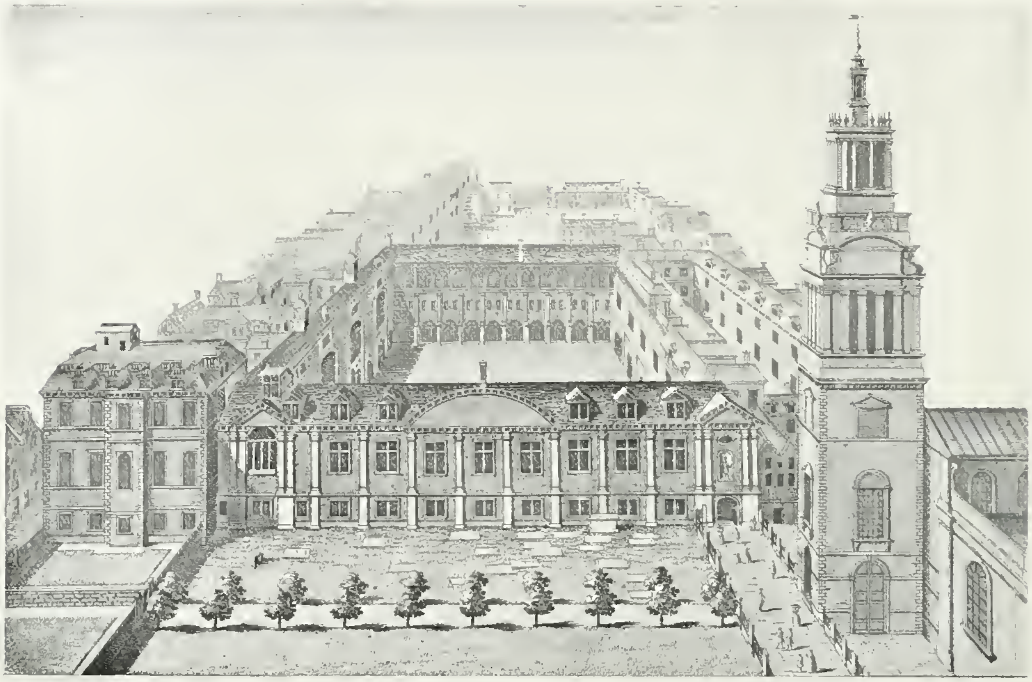
CHRIST'S HOSPITAL AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD IN QUEEN ELIZABETH'S DAY.

From Aggas's Map.

by corpses before 1622," as our Annalist grimly puts it, "no account remains." It was a happy day, he adds, when the Clerk could no longer reckon, as did this officer in 1690, upon "Buryalls and other Casualties" as a source of income.

Another highly undesirable use to which the Bluecoat boys were put, as orphan children still are at certain places on the Continent, was that of drawing tickets in the public lotteries. This practice began about 1694, and the boys selected for the function usually numbered a dozen. In 1775 (December 5th), when a man was charged at the Guildhall with tampering with a lottery, it was shown that, having insured a certain ticket seventy-nine times for one day, he had, by dint of "several half-guineas" and a breakfast at a coffee-house, bribed one of the boys to secrete the ticket in question and pretend to take it from the wheel at the right moment. The boy was expelled the school, and instead of directing that the "Blues" should no longer be employed for this ignoble purpose, the authorities contented themselves with decreeing that before they were allowed to touch the wheel, "the bosoms and sleeves" of their coats should be closely buttoned, their pockets sewn up and their hands examined, and that while on duty they should keep the left hand in the girdle behind them and the right hand open with the fingers extended; and in this attitude one of the boys in the print reproduced on p. 359 is seen.

Drawing Lottery Tickets.

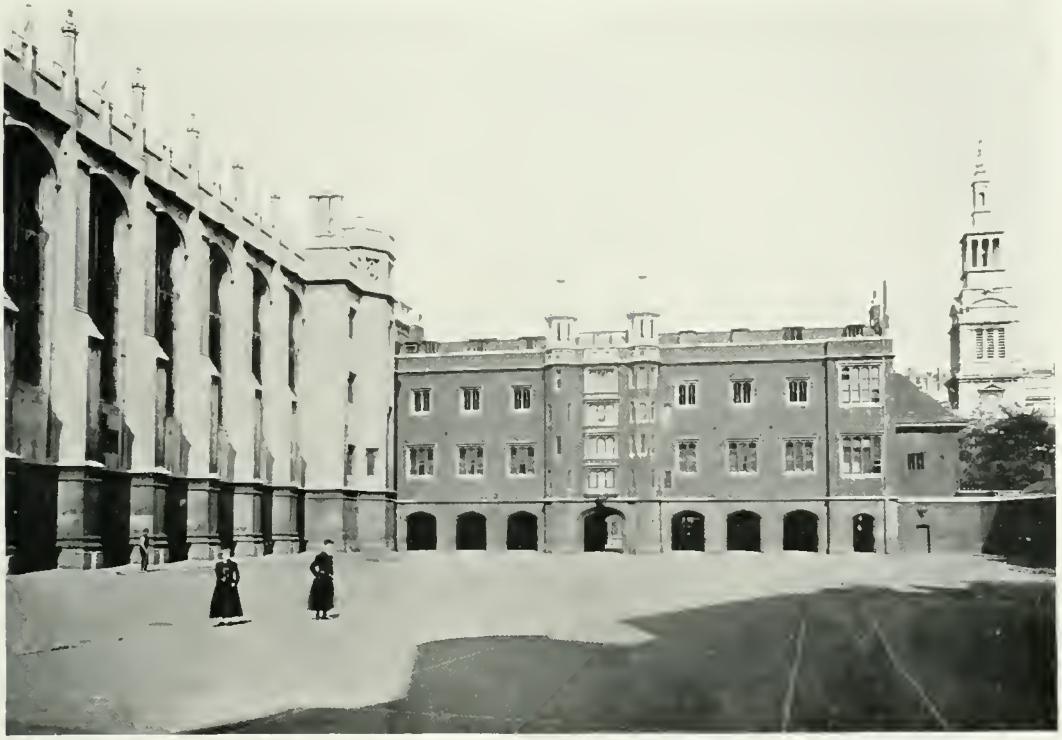


CHRIST'S HOSPITAL IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, SHOWING THE STEEPLE OF CHRIST CHURCH BEFORE THE PINNACLES WERE REMOVED FROM THE TOPMOST STAGE.

The costume of the boys, so familiar to passers-by in Newgate Street until a few years ago, has undergone little change from the beginning, but until 1865 there used to be worn under the blue coat in winter, and in earlier times in summer as well, a long yellow smock. And the breeches were not introduced until 1736, and at first were confined to "sick and weakly children," and were made of leather; but by 1760 they became general, and the material was changed, it being decreed that the boys should have "each yearly two pairs of Breeches made of Russia drab." This, says Mr. Pearce, may serve to describe the breeches still worn by the rank and file. Concerning the yellow stockings the records are silent. It is only since about the middle of the last century that the Bluecoat boys have braved the elements with unprotected heads. In 1553, as Stow records, they

The Costume.

wore red caps, but afterwards the colour was changed to blue. They could have been of little practical use, for even Tommy Atkins, in the old days, would hardly have cared to perch upon his head a cap so much too small as were those worn by the Blues at the time the headgear was abolished. The bands were at first a part of the skirt, but presently acknowledged the law of differentiation. They have always, within living memory, been fastened with pins, which in Newgate Street can never have been a drug in the market. *À propos* of pins, it is curious to note that in 1736 the matron of the school was charged with "embezelling," among other stores, "207,082 pins," valued at £10 7s.



CHRIST'S HOSPITAL SHORTLY BEFORE ITS DEMOLITION, WITH THE TOWER OF CHRIST CHURCH AFTER THE REMOVAL OF THE PINNACLES.

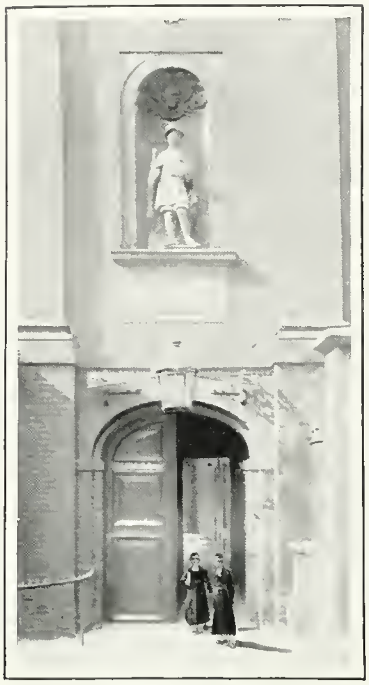
The Great Fire.

The Great Fire wrought much havoc both with the monastic buildings of the Grey Friars, now used as the school, and with their magnificent church, in which were buried many royal and noble personages, among them Queen Margaret, the second wife of Edward I., Queen Isabella, wife of Edward II., in whose grave was placed her husband's heart, and Joan, Queen of Scots, their eldest daughter, wife of David Bruce. Here, too, was buried Isabella's paramour, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, hanged at Tyburn when Edward III. made up his mind to govern as well as reign, and left swinging there for two days. The old tombs and monuments, many of them stately and sumptuous, were sold in 1545 by Sir Martin Bowes, the Mayor, for a paltry £50! After the Fire, church and school buildings alike were rebuilt, in part by Sir Christopher Wren, and so it is that in the buildings which were demolished in 1903 there was little that was very ancient except the cloisters, which had behind them a life of about six hundred years. It is true that the Hall, seen from Newgate Street across the playground, had the look of a building dating from the Perpendicular period, but, like the King Edward Grammar School at Birmingham, which attempts the same deception, it was a mere thing of yesterday, being built in 1825-29, by John Shaw, to replace the one built about 1680 at the sole charge of Lord

Rebuilding.

Mayor Sir John Frederick. Here were hung some of the Hospital's celebrated pictures — the great canvas, formerly attributed to Holbein, showing Edward VI. granting the charter of incorporation; Verrio's painting of James II., seated on his throne, receiving mathematical pupils at their annual presentation; and full-length portraits of several of our monarchs, among them the late Queen Victoria.

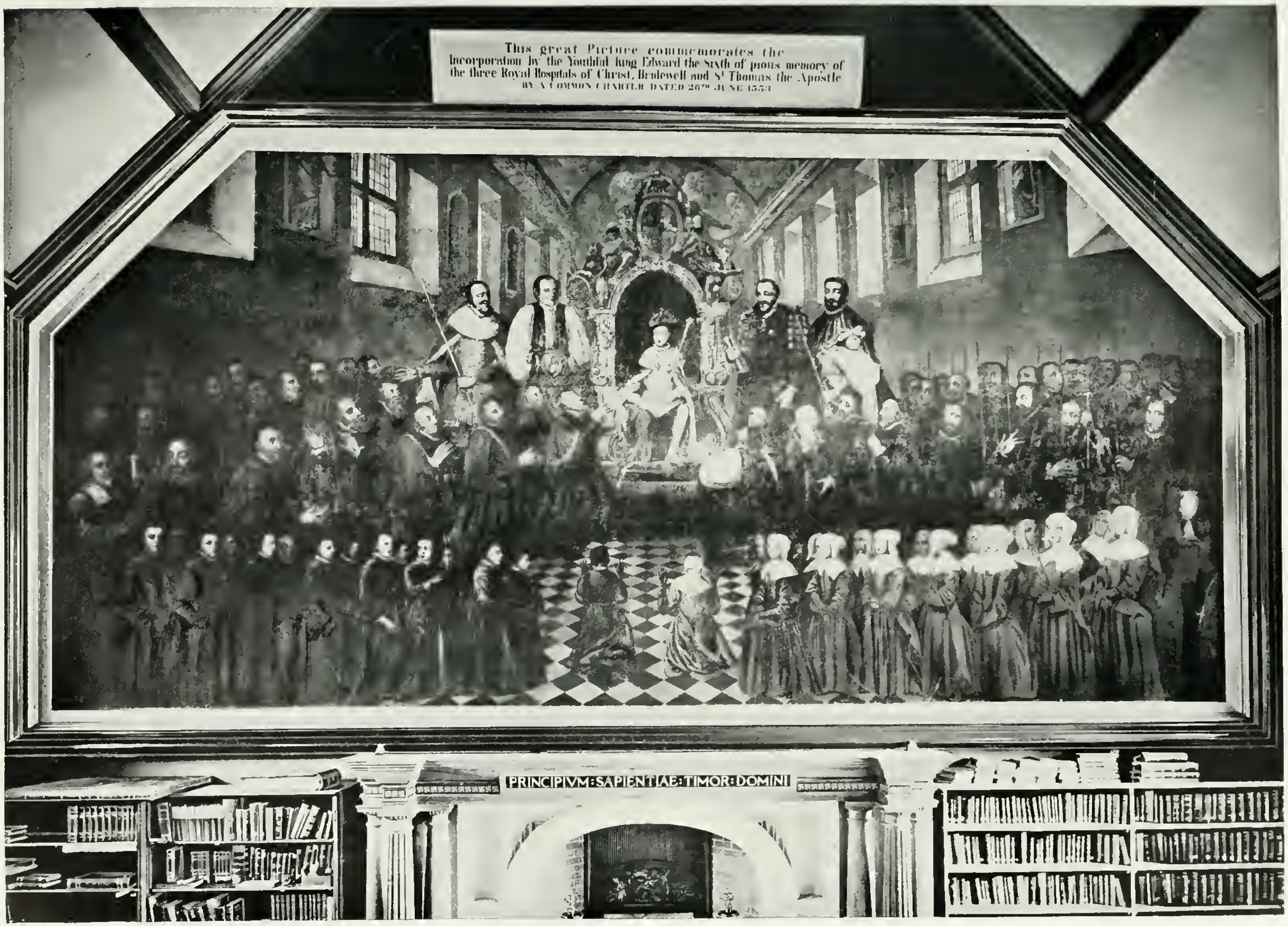
In the hall, on four Thursday evenings in Lent, took place the "Suppings in Public." "This interesting ceremony," wrote an eye-witness some twenty years ago, "commences by the steward rapping a table three times with a hammer. The first stroke is for taking places, the second for silence, the third is the signal for a Grecian to read the evening lesson from the pulpit, which lesson is followed by appropriate prayers. The Lord Mayor, as President, is seated in a state chair made of oak from old St. Katherine's Church. A psalm is then sung, which is followed by a short grace. The 'amen' at the end of the prayers, pronounced by nearly 800 voices, has an electrical effect. The visitors walk between the tables, and mark the happy, excited faces and the commensurate appetite of youth. After supper, about which there is no 'coy, reluctant, amorous delay,' an anthem is sung, and the boys then pass before the President's chair in procession, bow, and retire."



STATUE OF EDWARD VI. ON OLD CHRIST'S HOSPITAL (*p.* 366).

Among other usages of the school must be mentioned the attendance of the boys at the Mansion House on Easter Tuesday and at the preaching of the Spital sermon in Christ Church—the church of the school until it was removed to Horsham — on St. Matthew's Day, the 21st of September. The story of the Spital (Hospital) sermons will be told in another section of this work: here it must suffice to say that they were preached in very early days at Paul's Cross, and at the pulpit Cross of St. Mary's, Spitalfields, afterwards at St. Bride's, and since 1797 at

BIT OF THE OLDER PART OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, NEWGATE STREET.


This great Picture commemorates the
Incorporation by the Youthful king Edward the Sixth of pious memory of
the three Royal Hospitals of Christ, Bridewell and St Thomas the Apostle
BY A COMMON CHARTER DATED 26TH JUNE 1553
PRINCIPIVM:SAPIENTIAE:TIMOR:DOMINI

EDWARD VI. GRANTING THE CHARTER OF INCORPORATION TO CHRIST'S HOSPITAL AND OTHER INSTITUTIONS.

From the Picture now at Horsham.

Christ Church, and that the "Blues" made their first appearance at the service in 1553. When the school was removed to Horsham it was feared that the participation of the Bluecoat boys in both these customs, which emphasise the connexion between it and the City, would cease, but in 1904 the Council of Almoners announced that they had arranged for the boys to attend the Spital sermon as before on St. Matthew's Day, and that the Lord Mayor had consented to receive them at the Mansion House annually on that day instead of on Easter Tuesday. Now, therefore, on the 21st of September the boys, in their hundreds, are brought by special train from Horsham to London, and then march in procession through the City streets to Christ Church. The service over, they proceed to the Mansion House, and as each passes the Lord Mayor he receives from his lordship's hands a new coin of gold or silver. Now, also, the two plum buns given to each of the boys is supplemented by a substantial tea in the Egyptian Hall. Since 1906 the Christ's Hospital girls at Hertford have been received at the Mansion House on the day after St. Matthew's Day.

Removal to the Country.

The preparatory school of the Christ's Hospital foundation was located at Hertford from about 1683 until it accompanied the main school to Horsham, leaving its building at Hertford for the girls' school, which had long been carried on in that town. It was under a scheme issued by the Charity Commissioners in 1880 that the removal of both boys' schools has been effected. In pursuance of this scheme the Governors purchased of the Aylesbury Dairy Company the extensive estate of Stammerham, at Horsham. The stone of the new buildings was laid by the present King, on the 23rd of October, 1897, the anniversary of the birthday of his Majesty's namesake who founded the school, and the new buildings were opened in 1902. The cloisters and some other features of the Newgate Street building have been incorporated with its successor at Horsham, including the statue of King Edward which looked down upon Christ Church Passage, where it was placed in 1682 by Alderman Sir Robert Clayton, one of the benefactors to whom Christ's Hospital owed its rebuilding after the Fire. Part of the site of the old school, as we have seen, has been appropriated to the extension of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which sets up another bond of connexion between the two institutions; on another part of the ground is being reared an addition to the buildings of the General Post Office.*

Boyer.

The special interest which Londoners feel in Christ's Hospital is to be explained even more by the moving accounts which Lamb and Coleridge and Leigh Hunt have left of their *alma mater* than by the ties which bound, and in measure still bind, the school to the City. In former days, it must be confessed, she was not a tender-hearted mother. The discipline in Coleridge's time was declared by him, in the "Table-Talk," to be more than Spartan. "All domestic ties," he says, "were to be put aside. 'Boy!' I remember Boyer saying to me once, when I was crying, the first day of my return after the holidays, 'Boy! the school is your father; boy! the school is your mother; boy! the school is your brother; the school is your sister; the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations. Let's have no more crying!' No tongue can express good Mrs. Boyer. Val Le Grice and I were once going to be flogged for some domestic misdeed, and Boyer was thundering away at us by way of prologue, when Mrs. B. looked in, and said, 'Flog them soundly, sir, I beg!' This saved us. Boyer was so nettled at the interruption that he growled out, 'Away! woman, away!' and we were let off." Of this Boyer—Jeremiah was his Christian name, and he was the upper master—Coleridge wittily says that "it was lucky the cherubim who took him to heaven were nothing but faces and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them by the way."

That Coleridge was betrayed into no exaggeration in the picture he drew of the severities which marked the *régime* at Christ's Hospital in his day is evident from familiar passages in the writings of Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb. But "Elia" gives us also the other side of the medal, which it is more pleasant to recall. "I must," says he, writing of the delights of the school, "crave leave to remember our transcending superiority in those invigorating sports, leapfrog and basting the

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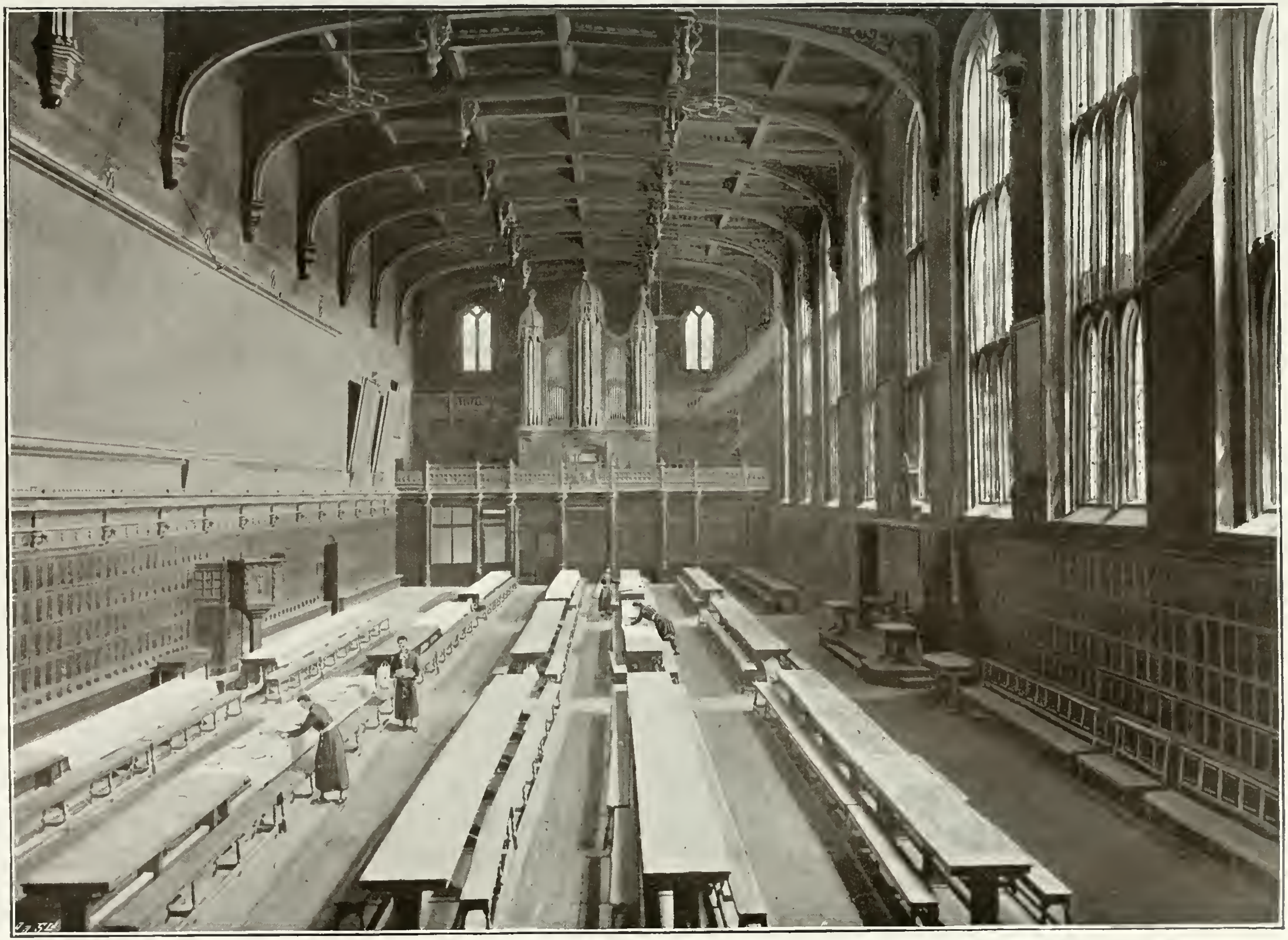
* See *ante*, p. 340.



CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, NEWGATE STREET, BEFORE DEMOLITION: THE DINING HALL

"Elia's" Reminiscences.

bear, our delightful excursions in the summer holidays to the New River, near Newington, where like otters we would live the long day in the water, never caring for dressing ourselves when we had once stripped; our savoury meals afterwards, when we came home almost famished with staying out all day without our dinners; our visits, at other times, to the Tower, where, by ancient privilege, we had free access to all the curiosities; our solemn processions through the City at Easter, with the Lord Mayor's largess of buns, wine, and a shilling, with the festive questions and civic pleasantries of the dispensing aldermen, which were more to us than all the rest of the banquet; our stately suppings in public, when the well-lighted hall, and the confluence of well-dressed company who came to see us, made the whole look more like a concert or assembly than a scene of a plain bread and cheese collation; the annual orations upon St. Matthew's Day, in which the senior scholar, before he had done, seldom failed to reckon up among those who had done honour to our school, by being educated in it, the names of those accomplished critics and Greek scholars, Joshua Barnes and Jeremiah Markland (I marvel they left out Camden, while they were about it). Let me have leave to remember our hymns and anthems, and well-toned organ; the doleful tune of the burial anthem, chanted in the solemn cloisters upon the seldom-occurring funeral of some schoolfellow; the festivities at Christmas, when the richest of us would club our stock to have a gaudy-day, sitting round the fire, replenished to the height with logs, and the penniless and he that could contribute nothing partook in all the mirth and some of the substantialities of the feasting; the carol sung by night at that time of the year, which, when a young boy, I have so often lain awake to hear, from seven (the hour of going to bed) till ten, when it was sung by the older boys and monitors, and have listened to it in their rude chanting till I have been transported in fancy to the fields

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

CHRIST CHURCH, NEWGATE STREET.

of Bethlehem, and the song which was sung at that season by angels' voices to the shepherds."

Much more is there in the same sense, but we must forbear. One passage more, however, must we cull, often as it has been quoted — the beautiful apostrophe to the author of "The Ancient Mariner": "Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope, like a fiery column, before thee— the dark pillar not yet turned — Samuel Taylor Coleridge, logician, metaphysician, bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandola), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedest not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy!* Many were the 'wit-combats' (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller) between him and C. V. Le Grice, 'which, too, I behold, like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. C. V. L., with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.'"

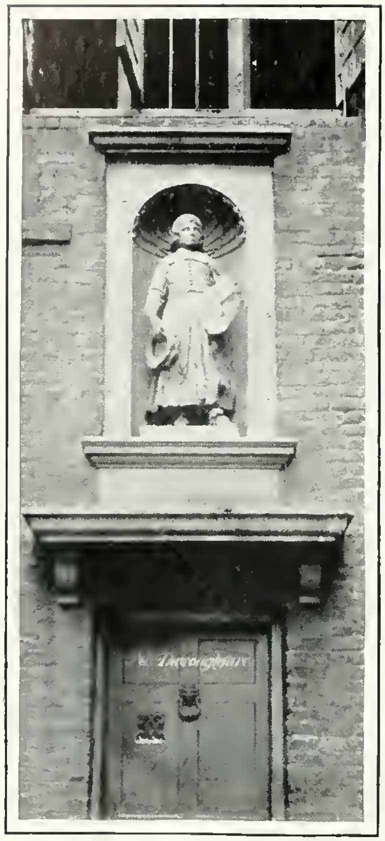
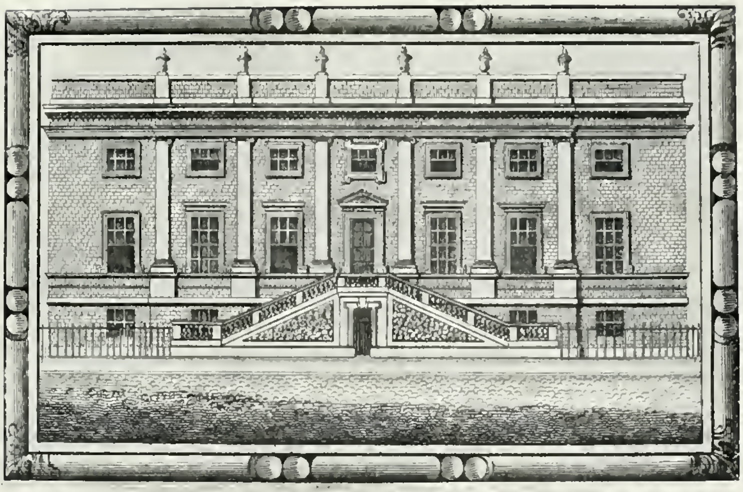


FIGURE OF BLUECOAT BOY, CAP IN HAND, FROM OLD CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

Charles Lamb left Christ's Hospital not long before Leigh Hunt entered it, and the younger writer remembered him "coming to see the boys, with a pensive, brown, handsome, and kindly face, and a gait advancing with a motion from side to side, between involuntary consciousness and attempted ease. His brown complexion may have been owing to a visit in the country; his air of uneasiness, to a great burden of sorrow. He dressed with a quaker-like plainness. I did not know him as Lamb; I took him for a Mr. 'Guy,' having heard somebody address him by that apellative, I suppose in jest."

Christ Church, where successive generations of the Bluecoat boys worshiped, need not detain us. The body of it was built by Wren in 1687, and the steeple, which has been spoilt by the removal of the upper range of pinnacles, giving the spire a look of feebleness and inconsequence, was not added until seventeen years later. Christ Church serves also the parish of St. Leonard, Foster Lane, the church of which was not rebuilt after the Fire, and the patronage is exercised alternately by the Governors of St. Bartholomew's, as representing Christ Church parish, and by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster as representing St. Leonard's. To many, the most interesting personal association of the present church is to be found in the fact that it shelters the dust of Richard Baxter, the author of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest," who lived hard by in Charterhouse Lane, at the east end of the present Charterhouse Street, and was buried in the chancel in 1691, ten years after his wife had been laid to rest here. He is commemorated by no memorial, nor is there anything to denote that in the older Christ Church was buried Laurence Sheriff, the founder of Rugby School.



SURGEONS' HALL, OLD BAILEY.

CHAPTER XXXIV

NEWGATE AND THE OLD BAILEY

The Name of Newgate—A Roman Gate—The Prison—The Gordon Rioters—A Word Picture by Crabbe—Lord George Gordon and his Fate—An Overcrowded Prison—Reform—Demolition—Executions in Front of Newgate—The Case of Holloway and Haggerty—Execution of Michael Barrett the Fenian—The First Private Execution—The First Old Sessions House—Surgeons' Hall—Abortive Executions—Maria Fenning—John Thurtell's Eloquence—The Fowler and Milsom Scene—The New Sessions House—Jonathan Wild—Oliver Goldsmith in Green Arbour Court

Newgate: The Name.

THE old view, which Stow accepted, was that Newgate was so called because it was "latelier built than the rest" of the City gates, and that there was no gate at this spot until, in the reign of Henry I., the highway from Chepe to Ludgate was so blocked up by the rebuilding of St. Paul's that the citizens had to go round by Paternoster Row or the Old Exchange to get to Ludgate. This theory is no longer held by the best authorities. There can be no doubt that in mediæval days the chief western approach to the City was through Newgate and not through Ludgate. And now it is indisputable that there was a gate here even so far back as the Roman period, for the excavations made on the site of the present Sessions House brought to light fragments not merely of the old Roman wall, but also of a Roman gate. This, indeed, as Mr. Loftie has said,* is the only Roman gate of which we can be quite sure. It is true that in the Pipe Roll for 1188 the gate is called Newgate, but earlier in the same century it was in existence under the name of Chamberlain's Gate, and this name is probably explained by an entry in Domesday relating to property at Holeburn (p. 390) outside the gate, held by William the Chamberlain. In an eleventh century text of a charter dated A.D. 889, there is a reference to "Westgetum," by which in all probability is meant the Gate afterwards known as Newgate. We may take it, therefore, that the name Newgate was bestowed upon the gate when it was rebuilt, in the reign of Henry I. It stood athwart the present Newgate Street, a little on the City side of the point at which the Old Bailey joins Giltspur Street.

A Roman Gate.

Newgate was used as a gaol at least as early as 1190. It was a prison for the County of Middlesex as well as for the City of London, and it was in charge of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, who appointed the Keeper or Jailer. It was not long in acquiring an evil

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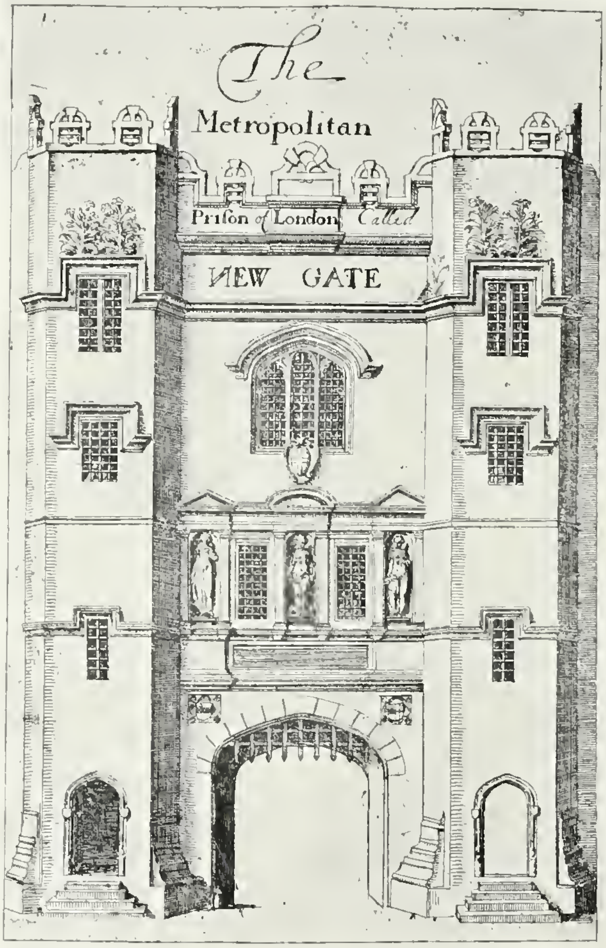
* *Notes and Queries*, 8th Series, Vol. XII., p. 162.

The Prison.

reputation by reason of overcrowding, and it is recorded that in 1414 the keeper and sixty-four of his unfortunate charges died of prison plague—that is, typhoid fever. "The place," to quote from the late Major Griffiths,* "was full of horrors; the jailers rapacious and cruel. In 1334 an official inquiry was made into the state of the jail, and some of the atrocities practised were brought to light. Prisoners detained on minor charges were cast into deep dungeons, and there associated with the worst criminals. All were alike threatened, many tortured, till they yielded to the keepers' extortions, or consented to turn approvers and swear away the lives of innocent men. These poor prisoners were dependent upon the charity and goodwill of the benevolent for food and raiment." Not a few humane citizens, among them Sir William Walworth, the hero of Smithfield hard by, left bequests for the mitigation of the hard lot of the captives.



NEWGATE.

In 1381 Newgate was much damaged by Wat Tyler's horde, and early in the next century rebuilding had become necessary. The work was undertaken by the executors of Richard Whittington, not, it is true, in accordance with the specific terms of his will, but probably, as Dr. Reginald Sharpe suggests,† in fulfilment of his privately expressed wishes. Though more than once damaged by fire—in 1556, and again in 1666—Whittington's prison and gate—still, it would seem, a single structure—survived, much altered, no doubt, until about 1770. The gate, which was felt to be an obstruction to traffic, now formed no part of the rebuilding scheme. The architect of the new prison was George Dance the younger, whose father retired just as the work was entered upon, and the first stone was laid by Alderman Beckford on the 31st of May, 1770. The work proceeded but slowly, and ten years later, when the Gordon rioters applied the brand to it to prove the vigour of their Protestantism, it was still some distance from completion.

We must pause to give some account of that event, and we cannot do better than follow the story told by Crabbe, who had just come to London from his native Aldeburgh to try his fortunes as a poet. On the evening of Tuesday, the 6th of June, 1780, between six and seven o'clock, the rioters came pouring down Holborn to demand the release of four of their number who were under lock and key here. Akerman, the governor, begged for time to send to the Sheriff, but the rabble were in no waiting mood, and straightway set fire to his house, broke in and flung all the furniture into the street, where it was made a bonfire of. "As I was standing near the spot," Crabbe proceeds, in the journal he wrote for his Myra,

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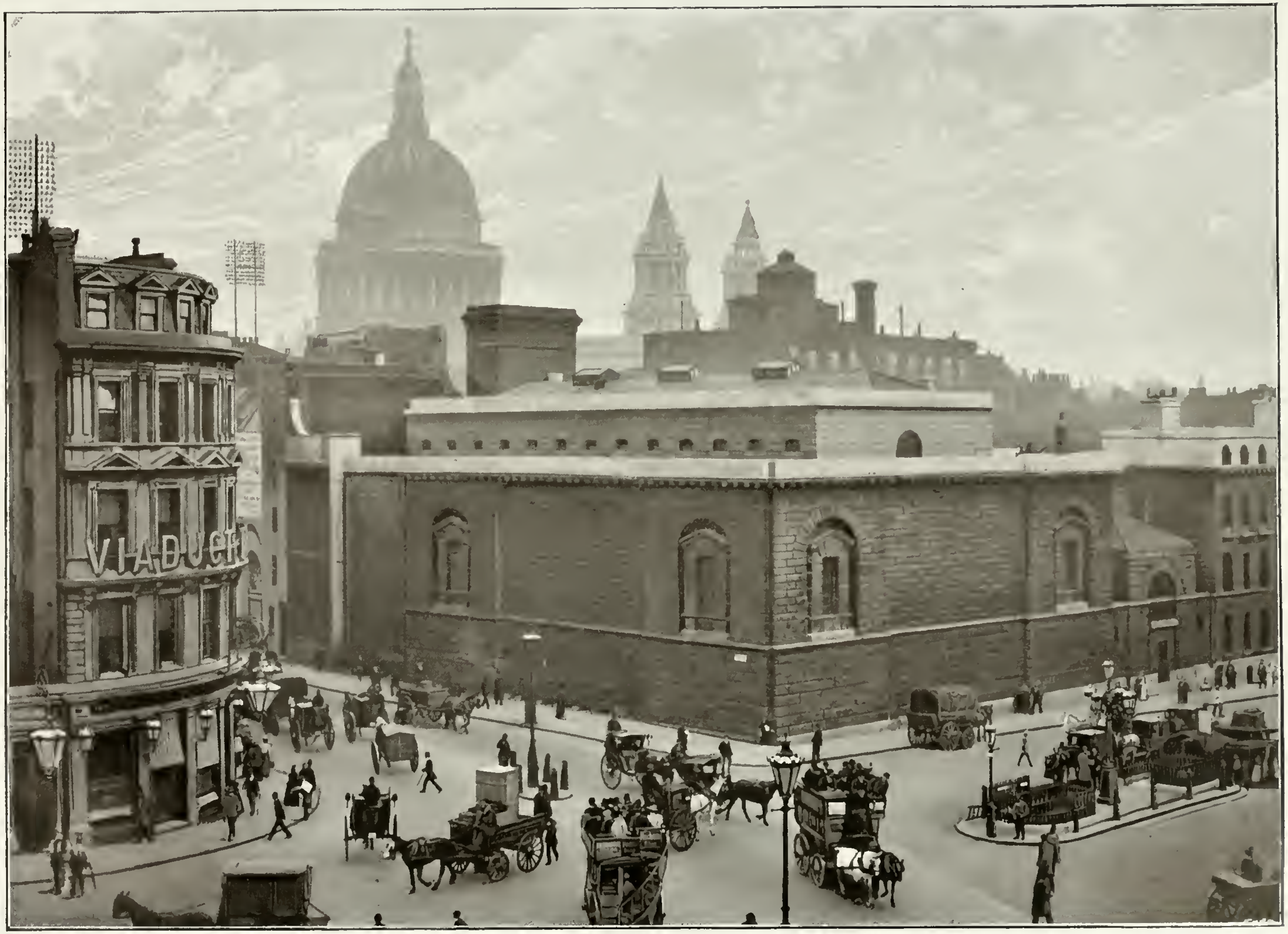
* "Chronicles of Newgate." By Major Arthur Griffiths.

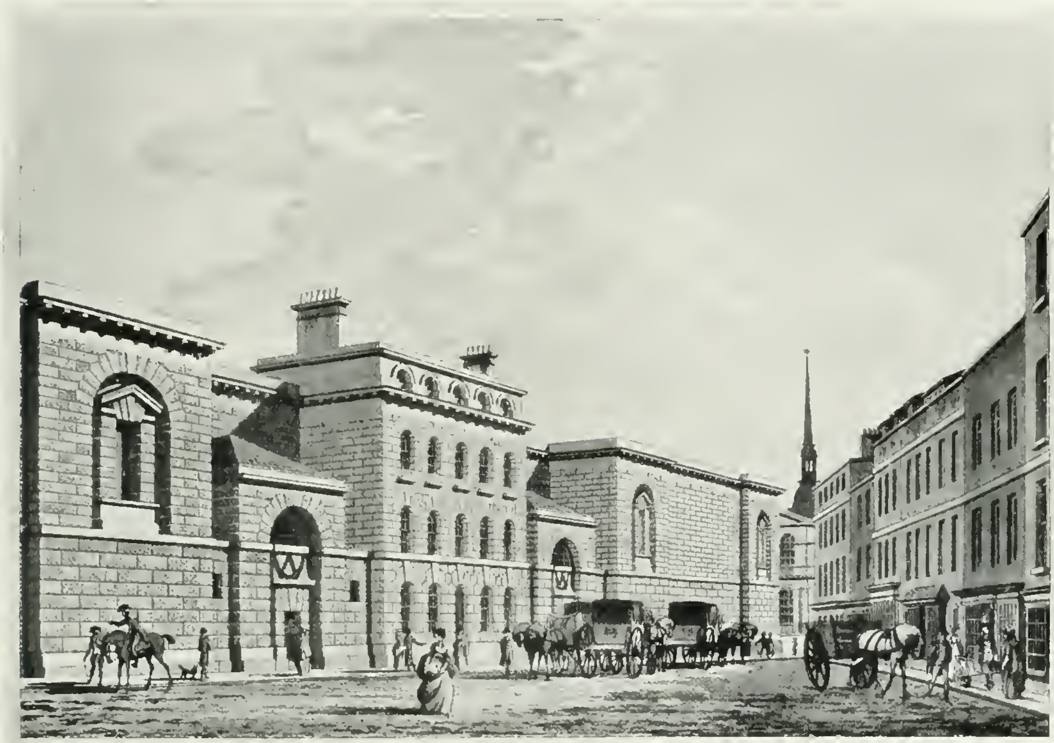
† "Memorials of Newgate Gaol and Sessions House, Old Bailey." Printed by Authority of the Corporation of London. 1907.



NEWGATE PRISON, BEFORE DEMOLITION

A Poet as Reporter.

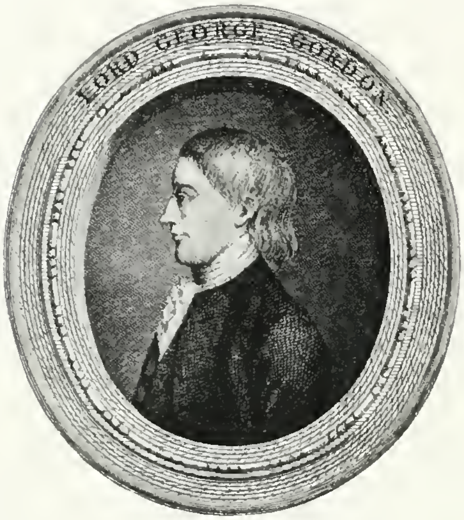
"there approached another body of men—I suppose five hundred—and Lord George Gordon in a coach drawn by the mob, towards Alderman Bull's, bowing as he passed along. He is a lively-looking young man in appearance, and nothing more, though just now the reigning hero. By eight o'clock Akerman's house was in flames. I went close to it, and never saw anything so dreadful. The prison was . . . a remarkably strong building; but, determined to force it, they broke the gates with crows and other instruments, and climbed up the outside of the cell part, which joins the two great wings of the building, where the felons were confined; and I stood where I plainly saw their operations. They broke the roof, tore away the rafters, and having got ladders descended. Not Orpheus himself had more courage or better luck. Flames all around them, and a body of soldiers expected, they defied and laughed at all opposition. The prisoners escaped. I stood and saw about twelve women and eight men ascend from their confinement to the open air, and they were conducted through the street in their chains. Three of these were to be hanged on Friday. You have no conception of the frenzy of the multitude. This being done, and Akerman's house now a mere shell of brickwork, they kept a store of flame there for other purposes. It became red-hot, and the doors and windows appeared like the entrance to so many volcanoes. With some difficulty they then fired the debtors' prison, broke the doors, and they, too, all made their escape.



OLD VIEW OF NEWGATE.
From a Drawing by T. Malton.

"Tired of the scene, I went home, and returned again at eleven o'clock at night. I met large bodies of horse and foot soldiers, coming to guard the Bank and some houses of Roman Catholics near it. Newgate was at this time open to all; anyone might get in, and, what was never the case before, anyone might get out. I did both, for the people were now chiefly lookers-on. The mischief was done, and the doers of it gone to another part of the town. But I must not omit what struck me most; about ten or twelve of the mob getting to the top of the debtors' prison, whilst it was burning, to halloo, they appeared rolled in black smoke mixed with sudden bursts of fire—like Milton's infernals, who were as familiar with flame as with each other."

The next day (Wednesday) Dr. Johnson came to Newgate, and found it, to quote his own words, from a letter to Mrs. Thrale, "in ruins, with the fire yet glowing. As I went by," he proceeds, "the Protestants were plundering the Sessions House at the Old Bailey. There were not, I believe, a hundred; but they did their work at leisure, in full security, without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed in full day. Such is the cowardice of a commercial place."



LORD GEORGE GORDON.

Lord George Gordon.

On the evening of the 9th Lord George Gordon, the leader of the movement, was arrested and laid by the heels in the Tower. He was indicted in the following February, before Lord Mansfield, whose house had been burnt by the rioters, and whose impartiality in the conduct of the trial was the theme of general admiration. The prisoner was defended by Thomas Erskine, who sought to show that the misguided man ought not to be held responsible for the violence of his followers, whom he had exhorted to abstain from all violence, and that all he had intended was to secure the repeal of the Act of Toleration by legal means. In the result Lord George was acquitted. But he was destined to have more to do with Newgate. Six years after the riots, having in the interval embraced the Jewish faith, he published a pamphlet professing to be a petition from the prisoners in Newgate which was held to be a libel, and for this he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the jail, while in respect of another publication, attacking Marie Antoinette and the French Ambassador, he was adjudged to pay a fine of £500, to undergo a further term of imprisonment, and to give security and find sureties for his future good behaviour. The rest of his days were spent in Newgate, and he died there of jail fever in 1793.

Reform.

The havoc wrought by the Gordon rioters at Newgate was vigorously repaired, and before long Dance's prison was finished. Major Griffiths, no mean judge of a prison, for he was for long a prison inspector, and himself superintended the erection of the gaol at Wormwood Scrubbs, declares that while the façade was a marvel of strength and solidity, its interior was a confined space, dark and ill-ventilated. Before long it was grossly overcrowded. In 1813 no less than 340 prisoners were lodged in the debtors' side, which was built for a hundred, and into the female felons' ward, intended for sixty, a hundred and twenty hapless wretches were crammed. A few years later a still more shocking state of things prevailed, and on occasion as many as twelve hundred persons were huddled together in the prison, which at such times must have been a veritable Black Hole. And the management of the prison was oppressive to a degree. There was no discipline, and no restraint upon the sale of strong drink or upon intercommunication between the prisoners, and the grossest extortion was practised by the Governor and his subordinates. But a better day had begun to dawn. In 1814 a Parliamentary inquiry was held, and about the same time Mrs. Fry began her memorable visits to Newgate. The reformers, however, found their task one of immense difficulty. In 1850 Colonel (afterwards Sir Joshua) Jebb declared before a Select Committee on Prison Discipline that he considered Newgate, from its defective construction, one of the worst prisons in England. The simple fact was there was not room at Newgate to bring the prison up to the modern standard, and it was not until the City authorities had built in the north of London the Holloway

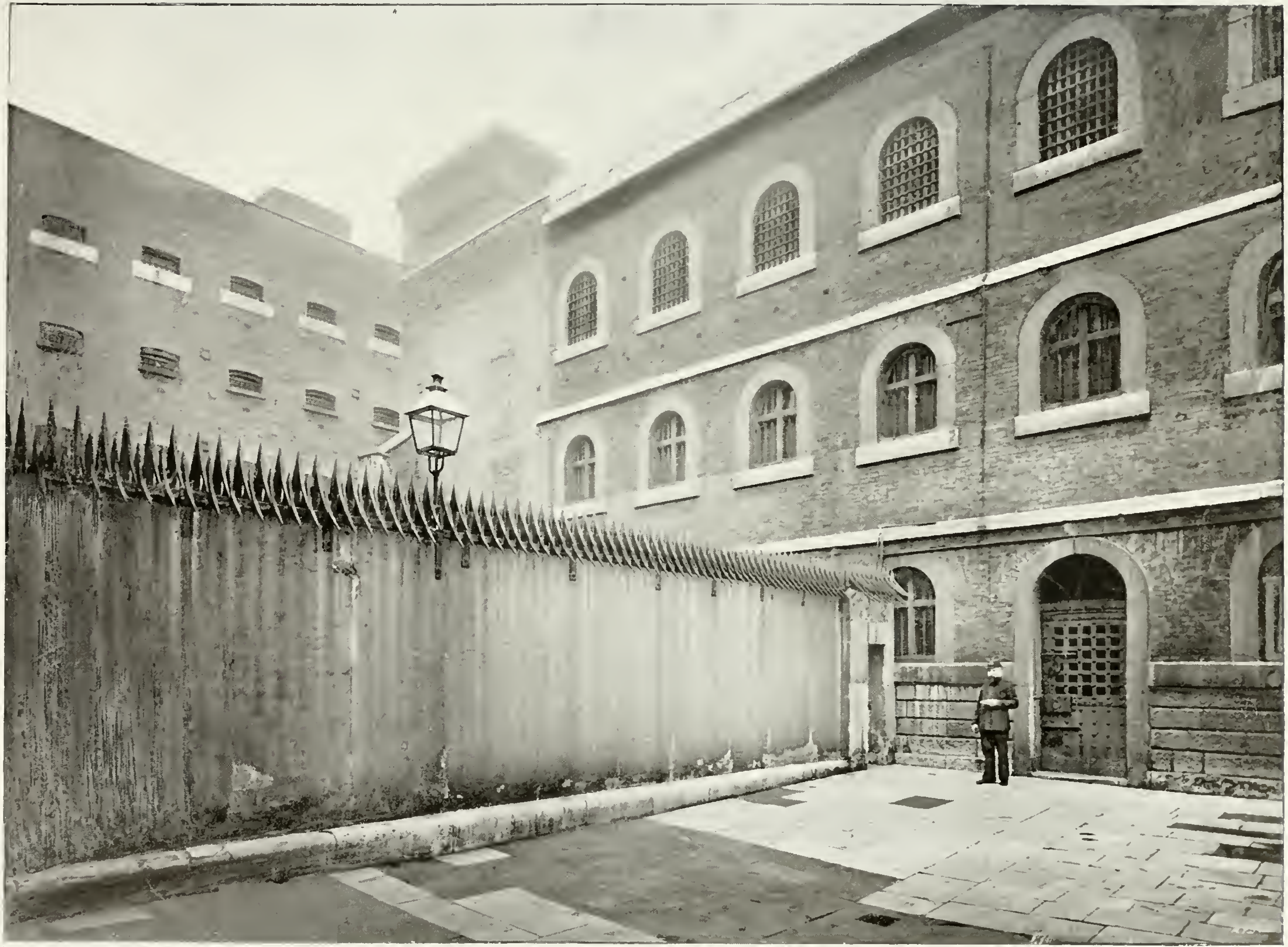
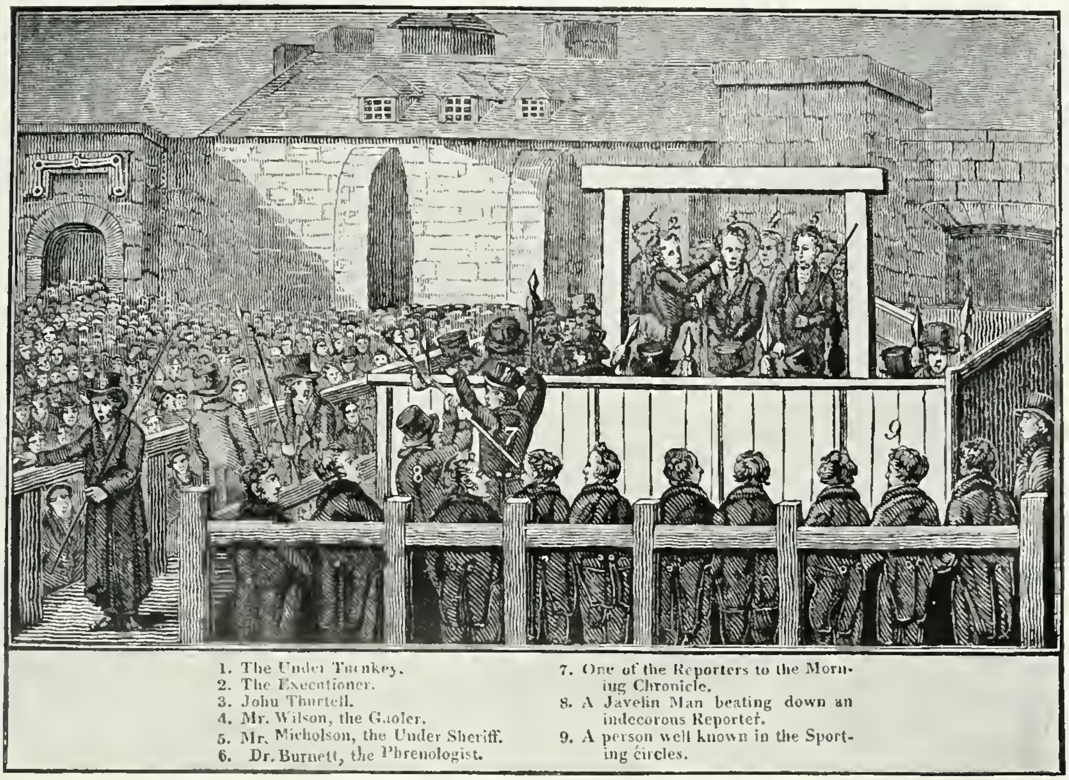


Photo. Bedford Lemere & Co., Strand, W.C.

NEWGATE PRISON: THE CENTRAL COURTYARD

prison, which was opened in 1852, that Newgate could be reformed. It was now used only for the custody of prisoners committed for trial at the Old Bailey, and for those awaiting execution. The interior was remodelled (1857) on the separate cell system. In 1861-62 a new block was built for the use of female prisoners. In 1880 it ceased to be used as a prison except during the actual sittings of the Central Criminal Court, and in 1902 its demolition was begun, to make way for the new Sessions House with which the City Corporation had determined to replace the mean and utterly inadequate Court-house that adjoined the prison on the south. Although the stones of which the walls were built have been worked into the lower stages of the Old Bailey front of the new Sessions House, from the granite base up to the springing of the rusticated arches, and into the tower, many lovers of London cannot but regret the disappearance of a structure which in its grim and sombre strength was so fitting an embodiment of what a prison should be. Its demolition proved to be a task of exceptional difficulty, so massive and firmly compacted were the walls. The section of the Roman wall which was unearthed in 1903, in the course of the excavations, was sixty-eight feet long and eight and a half feet thick, and besides this and the remains of the Roman gate, there cropped out fragments of the mediæval gate, a little to the west of the other.

Demolition.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1. The Under Turnkey.
2. The Executioner.
3. John Thurtell.
4. Mr. Wilson, the Gaoler.
5. Mr. Micholson, the Under Sheriff.
6. Dr. Burnett, the Phrenologist.
7. One of the Reporters to the Morning Chronicle.
8. A Javelin Man beating down an indecorous Reporter.
9. A person well known in the Sporting circles.

THE EXECUTION OF JOHN THURTELL.

In 1880, as we have said, Newgate ceased to be a prison proper. But it continued until the last to be a place of execution. The last execution at Tyburn took place on the 7th of November, 1783, and the first execution at Newgate on the 3rd of the next month when ten persons were hanged upon a scaffold, hung with black, immediately in front of the gaol, in the Old Bailey. For some time, however, Newgate had no monopoly of this dread function, for occasionally it was directed that the penalty should be paid on the scene of the crime, as in 1786, when one John Hogan, who had murdered a Mr. Odell, an attorney, was executed on a gibbet in front of his victim's house, in Charlotte Street, Rathbone Place. But gradually it became the custom for executions to take

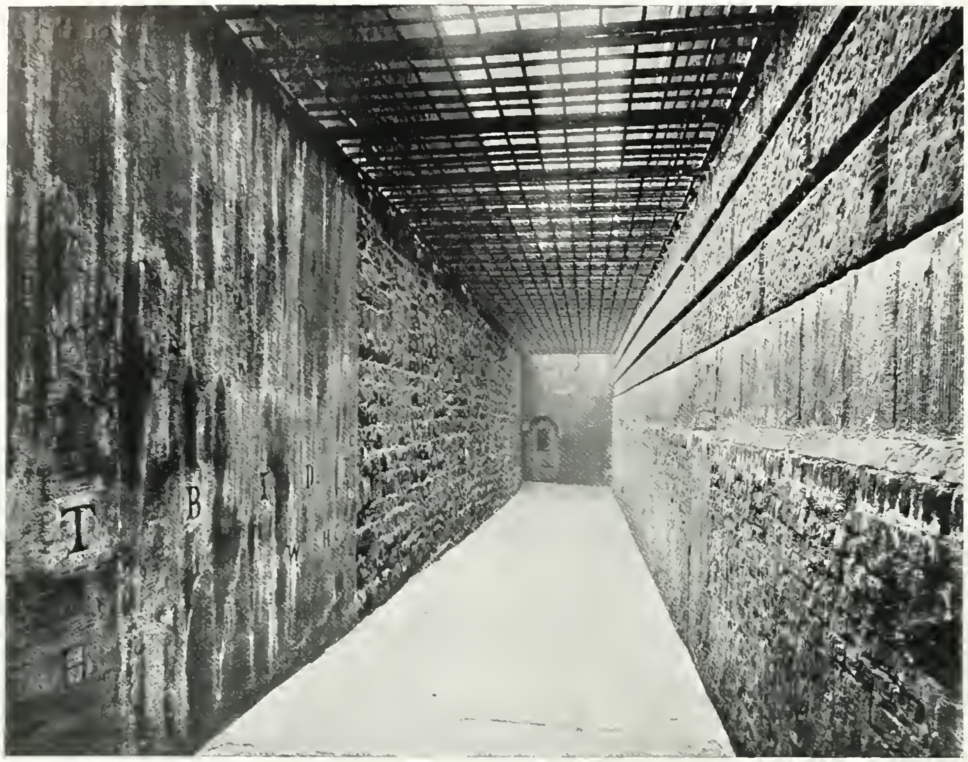


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE "GRAVEYARD," NEWGATE, WHERE EXECUTED CRIMINALS WERE BURIED.

Holloway and Haggerty.

place here, and when the crime was one of peculiar atrocity, or had some feature of special interest, enormous crowds would assemble. At the execution of Holloway and Haggerty, in 1807, it was estimated that forty thousand persons "assisted." The case was certainly one of exceptional interest. On Saturday, the 6th of November, 1802, a Mr. Steele, the proprietor of a lavender water warehouse in Catherine Street, Strand, was robbed and bludgeoned to death on Hounslow Heath. Four years went by, and then a scoundrel named Hanfield, who had just been sentenced at the Old Bailey to seven years' transportation, informed against Holloway and Haggerty. The three of them, he declared, waylaid Steele and were in the act of robbing him when he began to resist, and Holloway struck him several blows on the head. The mere statement of such a man as Hanfield was obviously worth little enough, and substantially the only confirmation the prosecution put forward was the statement of a police officer who had secreted himself near the adjacent rooms in the Worship Street police court, in which the prisoners were confined, and swore that he overheard conversation which implied their guilt. Influenced, no doubt, by this evidence, unsatisfactory as it must be to anyone who realises how easily things uttered in conversation can be unconsciously distorted, especially when the eavesdropper has strong preconceptions, the jury had little hesitation in finding the prisoners guilty. The night before the execution the men, who shared the same condemned cell, never slept, but spent the quick-footed hours in the most solemn protestations of innocence. "Gentlemen," said Holloway in the Press-yard, on the way to the scaffold, "I am quite innocent of this affair. I never was with Hanfield, nor do I know the spot. I will kneel and swear it"; and he knelt down, imprecating the curses of Heaven upon his own head if he were guilty of the crime for which he was about to suffer. It was the long immunity which the murderers, if murderers they were, had enjoyed and the stratagem by which their conviction was obtained that brought together so enormous a crowd to see the hangman do his awful work. The spectators had more than they bargained for. At one point a pieman with his basket was upset, at another a cart laden with sightseers broke down, and these almost simultaneous accidents led to a scene of indescribable confusion and horror. What would have been a stampede, could the terrified people have got away, became a mad fight for life, in which twenty-eight persons were killed and nearly seventy more or less seriously injured. If Holloway and Haggerty were indeed innocent, amply were they avenged upon those who came to be regaled with their death agony!

A Panic.

It is a wonder that such tragedies were not more frequent at executions, so huge were the crowds and so indecorous and unrestrained was their behaviour. Such an exhibition of some of the ugliest aspects of human nature became growingly distasteful to the more thoughtful members of the community; but the prejudice in favour of public executions, as tending in the direction of deterrence, died hard, and not until 1868 were they abolished.

The Last Public Execution.

The last public execution in front of Newgate was that of Michael Barrett, the Fenian, convicted of complicity in the explosion at the Clerkenwell House of Detention, in the autumn of 1867. In connexion with this event an extraordinary incident, the like of which probably never happened before, is recorded in the Memoirs of the late Sir Wemyss Reid, who had been present at the trial of Barrett and four other men at the Old Bailey, and was now "on duty" as a reporter at the execution. Shortly after the scaffold had been placed in position he was startled to see the four men who had been tried with him and acquitted forcing their way through the crowd. Not knowing what their object might be, for

Photo, Pictorial Agency.

THE NEW SESSIONS HOUSE.

the authorities had been warned that an attempt at rescue might be made, he pointed them out to the chief inspector. "He was greatly disturbed," writes Sir Wemyss Reid, "and quickly pushed his way through the crowd towards the place I had indicated to him. I followed close at his heels until we reached the front of the scaffold. As we did so he quickly put his hand upon my shoulder to stop me, and at the same time uncovered his head. It was a strange sight that we saw in the middle of that obscene and blasphemous mob. The four men who had so narrowly escaped the fate of Barrett were kneeling, bare-headed, on the stones of the Old Bailey, in front of the scaffold on which their friend was about to die, praying silently but earnestly. For several minutes they continued to kneel and pray, and then, suddenly rising, they hurriedly left the crowd and disappeared."

As for Barrett, the same writer records that he faced death "like a hero, with undaunted mien, and a smile upon his pallid lips." Reid noticed that the man's trousers were all frayed and worn at the knees, and commented upon this to one of the warders, who replied, "Yes, he has been on his knees, praying, ever since he was sentenced."

First Private Execution.

The first private execution within the walls of Newgate was that of Alexander Mackay, hanged on the 8th of September, 1868, for the murder of his mistress at Norton Folgate. "A more marked change from the old scene," says Major Griffiths, "can hardly be conceived. Instead of the roar of the brutalised crowd, the officials spoke in whispers; there was but little moving to and fro. Almost absolute silence prevailed until the great bell began to toll its deep note, and broke the stillness with its regular and monotonous clangour, and the ordinary, in a voice trembling with emotion, read the Burial Service aloud. Mackay's fortitude, which had been great, broke down at the supreme moment before the horror of the stillness, the awful impressiveness, of the scene in which he was the principal actor. No time was lost in carrying out the dread ceremony; but it was not completed without some of the officials turning sick, and the moment it was over all who could were glad to escape from the last act of the ghastly drama at which they had assisted."

The Old Bailey.

The origin of the name Old Bailey is involved in obscurity, and it would tend little to the reader's profit to recapitulate the speculations with which Stow and others have amused themselves. The name is still that of the street in which the new Sessions House stands, but when one speaks of the "Old Bailey" one thinks first of the most famous of our Criminal Courts. This Court, the Central Criminal Court, has jurisdiction over all treasons, murders, felonies, and misdemeanours committed within the City of London and the counties of London and Middlesex, and certain portions of the counties of Essex, Kent, and Surrey, as well as over offences committed on the high seas, within the jurisdiction of the Admiralty Court. His Majesty's Judges attend to take the most important cases, others being taken by the Recorder, the Common Serjeant, or the judge of the Sheriffs' Court, and it is necessary that in each Court at least one Alderman should be present, as representing the City—for the Central Criminal Court is still a City Court, and his Majesty's judges come to assist the Lord Mayor and the City judges. The sittings of the Court are held monthly year in, year out, and, since the criminal classes know no close time, the only vacation it has is the interval, sometimes no long one, between one Sessions and another.

The Central Criminal Court.

The First Sessions House.

The first Sessions House in the Old Bailey was built in 1539. When the younger Dance rebuilt Newgate he also rebuilt the Sessions House, and on a larger scale than before, additional ground being acquired for the purpose from the College of Physicians, then established in Warwick Lane, and the College of Surgeons, who settled in the Old Bailey in 1751, and remained there until 1800, when, having sold their Hall to the City authorities, they migrated to Lincoln's Inn Fields. Pennant remarks that it was by a sort of second sight that they installed themselves in the Old Bailey some years before the gallows was transferred from Tyburn to this quarter, for here, when that transfer had been made, they were on the spot to carry out the provisions of the Act of 1752, ordaining that the bodies of executed murderers should be dissected in the theatre of Surgeons' Hall. Now and again it happened that the hang-

Resuscitations.

man had only half done his work. So it was in the case of one William Duell, hanged in 1740. While the body, after being carried into Surgeons' Hall, was being washed, prior to dissection, a servant perceived signs of life: the man was bled, and in two hours was able to sit up in his chair. The same evening he was sent back to Newgate, and afterwards his sentence was commuted to transportation for life. Much more remarkable was the sequel to a case of resuscitation in the reign of Queen Anne. Sir William Petty was about to anatomise the body for the edification of his class when he noticed symptoms of life, and by dint of bleeding and the application of restoratives the woman was brought round. The students thereupon started a fund for her benefit, and she presently married, and survived her execution fifteen years.

Photo Pictorial Agency.

NEW SESSIONS HOUSE: THE CENTRAL HALL.

Maria Fenning.

A Rhetorician at Bay.

To give a mere list of the famous or infamous persons who have stood their trial at the Old Bailey would take up more space than can be spared. Many a stirring scene has been enacted here. When, on the 11th of April, 1815, Maria Fenning, a girl of twenty, was found guilty of having attempted to poison the family in whose service she had been, she uttered a frightful scream, and was carried out of court in convulsions, though after a while she quietened down sufficiently to be brought back to hear her doom pronounced by "Black Jack," as Sir John Sylvester, the Recorder of that day, was called. But never, perhaps, was so profound an impression made by a prisoner in the dock as that which was produced by John Thurtell, a sporting man who in October, 1823, had decoyed one William Weare into a Hertfordshire lane and there murdered him. The trial and execution took place at Hertford, but the case belongs to the story of London, where the chief culprit and his victim lived, and where the former was arrested, and a brief reference to it here may be permitted. Thurtell's address to the jury was a rhetorical masterpiece. "I hope your verdict this day," he said in his peroration, "will be such as you may ever after be able to think upon with a composed conscience, and that you will also reflect upon the solemn declaration

CELL IN NEWGATE.

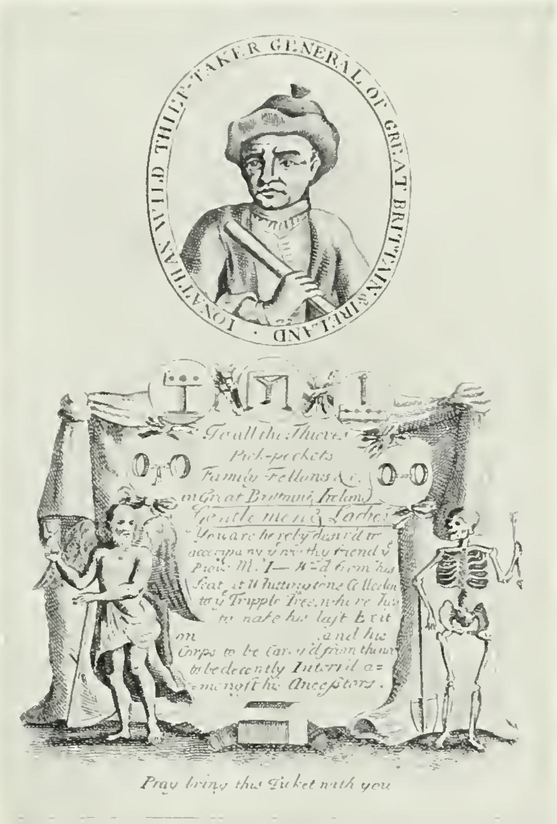
which I now make. I am innocent! So—help—me—God!" One who was present recorded that "the solemn, slow and appalling tone in which he wrung out these last words can never be imagined by those who were not auditors of it. . . . He clung to every separate word with an earnestness which cannot be described. The final word was thrown up with an almost gigantic energy, and he stood after its utterance with his arms extended, his face protruded, and his chest dilated, as if the spell of the sound were yet upon him. . . . He then drew his hands slowly back, pressed them firmly to his breast, and sat down, half-exhausted, in the dock." The proofs against the man were too cogent to be neutralised even by such dramatic eloquence as his, and within twenty minutes from the close of the summing up the foreman of the jury, with tears in his eyes, delivered a verdict of guilty. Thurtell listened to his doom with unshaken resolution, and two days later took his place on the drop without a tremor.

Fowler and Milsom.

Never, perhaps—to return from this brief digression—did the old Sessions House witness such an outburst of brutal ferocity as that which occurred in 1896 during the trial of two men, named Fowler and Milsom, for the murder during the night of February 13-14 of Mr. Henry Smith, an elderly gentleman who lived alone at Muswell Hill. The murderers had left behind them a small bull's-eye lantern, which was presently discovered to have belonged to a relative of Milsom's, and these and other facts having come to light, diligent search was made for Milsom and his friend Fowler. They were tracked down at Bath, and Fowler, a man of immense strength, fought like a tiger, and was not secured until he had been floored with a blow from the butt end of a revolver. Then Milsom confessed. He represented himself, of course, as having had no hand in the actual murder; but that in other respects his confession was genuine there could be no doubt, for he told the police that they buried their tools in the centre of Mr. Smith's lawn, and there they were found. Fowler's ferocity being well known, precautions were taken at Holloway to protect Milsom from his violence, and in the dock at the Old Bailey several stalwart warders were interposed between the two. But as soon as the jury had retired, Fowler made a sudden dash at the man who had betrayed him, and all but succeeded in getting him into his clutches. There was a terrific struggle between him and the warders and policemen, and it was some minutes before he was over-

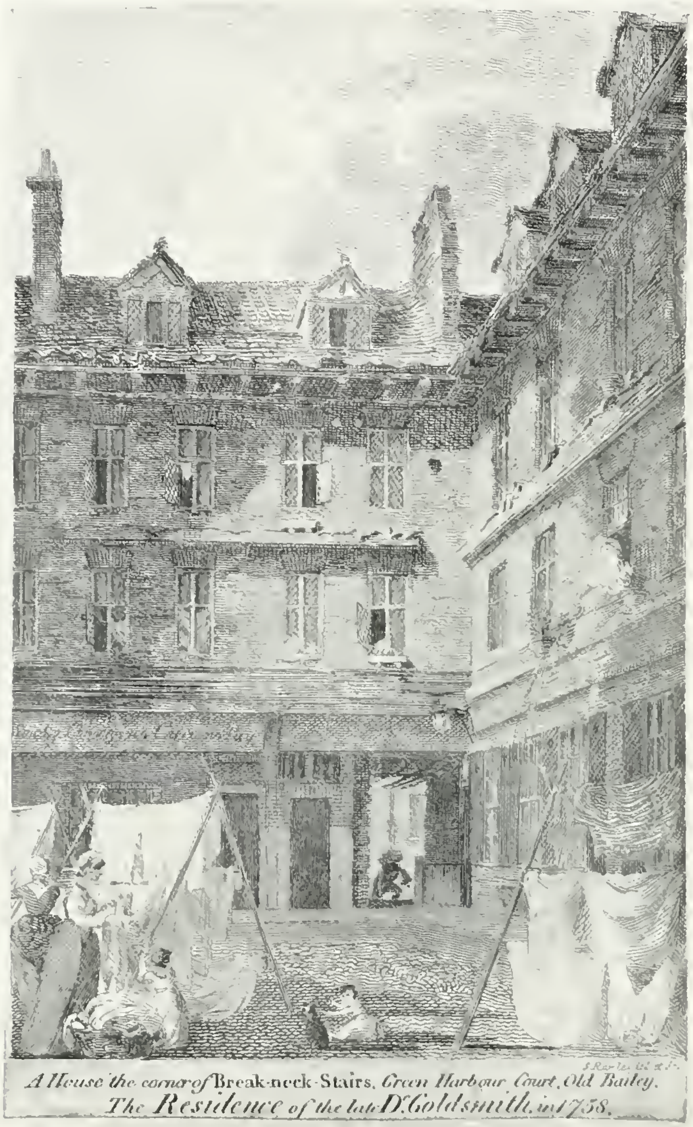
CELL IN THE NEW SESSIONS HOUSE.

powered and dragged or carried down below. Meanwhile Milsom, half dead with terror, had been got out of the way. In the end, Fowler, who bore himself defiantly even on the scaffold, had the satisfaction of knowing that his cowardly comrade had failed to save his own neck, for the two were hanged together.


JONATHAN WILD THIEF-TAKER GENERAL OF GREAT BRITTAIN & IRELAND
To all the Thieves
Pick-pockets
Family Fellons &c.
in Great Brittain & Ireland
Gentlemen & Ladies
You are hereby desired to
accompany yr worthy friend ye
Pious Mr. J— W—d from his
Seat at Whittingtone Colledge
to ye Tripple Tree where hee is
to make his last Exit
on and his
Corps to be Carry'd from thence
to be decently Interr'd a=
mongst his Ancestors.
Pray bring this Ticket with you

JONATHAN WILD, WITH FAC-SIMILE OF SKIT UPON HIS EXECUTION.

A whole volume might be written about the memories of the Old Sessions House, but we must stay our pen. The last trial within its walls took place on the 11th of March, 1907, the magnificent new Sessions House having been opened by his Majesty the King on the last day but one of the previous month, and soon afterwards the old building was taken down. The designs of Mr. Edward W. Mountford, F.R.I.B.A., for the present Sessions House were accepted in 1900, and the foundation-stone was laid by the Lord Mayor (Sir Marcus Samuel) on December 20th, 1902. Mr. Mountford has claimed for his work that it is entirely English, founded upon the work of Wren and his pupils; nor can the claim be gainsaid. One of the disciples of the creator of St. Paul's of whom we are reminded is Nicholas Hawksmoor, the builder of St. Mary Woolnoth, and of several equally vigorous and original specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in the East of London. The notes of Mr. Mountford's work are dignity and strength. Of the exterior, faced with Portland stone, the chief feature is a bold and lofty tower, rising into a dome and lantern, surmounted by a bronze gilt figure of Justice with outstretched arms holding a sword and scales—after the golden cross of St. Paul's, the most striking landmark in the City. The figure, of which the head is 212 feet above the street level, or 112 feet less than the Cathedral cross, is the work of Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, A.R.A., who also wrought the sculptured figures of Truth, Justice, and the Recording Angel, over the main or Old Bailey entrance, where appears the motto, "Defend the children of the poor and punish the wrongdoer." The halls and corridors and domes of the interior are faced with marbles of many colours; the courts, four in number, and the rooms for the judges, for the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Sheriffs, as well as other apartments, are lined with oak. The key to the plan of the interior is a splendid Central Hall, approached by a marble staircase and lined with slabs of marble, and surmounted by a dome ornamented with sculpture and with paintings. The paintings with which the interior is freely embellished are from the pencils of Sir William Richmond, R.A., and Professor Gerald Moira. The old Sessions House, squalid and dismal, and altogether inadequate, was little less than a scandal to the administration of justice in the City; but when the City Corporation set itself to replace it the work was done handsomely, the structure alone costing some £300,000. There is abundance of accommodation for judges, counsel, and witnesses, and even the jurors—whose comfort, since they are not paid for their services, might well have been disregarded—have not been overlooked. Nor are the prisoners likely to complain of overcrowding. The docks in the four Courts are of generous dimensions, and there are ninety cells, which are used only during the day, the prisoners being brought from Brixton Prison every morning and taken back at night.


J. Rawle del. et sc.
A House the corner of Break-neck-Stairs, Green Harbour Court, Old Bailey.
The Residence of the late Dr. Goldsmith, in 1758.

GREEN ARBOUR COURT, OLD BAILEY.

Jonathan Wild.

The most notorious inhabitant the Old Bailey—we speak now of the street—has ever known was Jonathan Wild, who lucratively combined the avocation of thief and receiver with that of informer. In order, one may suppose, to be "on the spot," he took up residence at No. 68, Ship Court, nearly opposite the old Sessions House, where now one sees railway receiving offices and stables; and here he was living when at last Justice laid her hand upon him. The sworn information upon which he was arrested set forth that he had formed a sort of corporation of thieves, of which he was the director, and that he had divided the town and country into districts, each with its own gang of robbers, who accounted to him for their booty; that he had several warehouses for the reception of the stolen goods, and owned a vessel for carrying off jewellery to Holland; that he kept in his pay several artists to transform watches, seals, rings, and so forth, out of recognition. There were other allegations against him, and the last of the articles of information alleged that "he had often sold human blood by procuring false evidence to swear persons into facts of which they were not guilty." The evidence at the trial (May 15th, 1725) made it clear that to absolute unscrupulousness and callousness and singular cunning Wild united a rare faculty of organisation. For his defence he relied mainly upon the service he had rendered to the community in his capacity of thief-taker, and he handed in a list of thirty-five robbers, twenty-two housebreakers, and ten returned convicts whom he had been the means of bringing to the gallows. One of his victims was Blake, popularly known as "Blueskin," an intimate associate of Jack Sheppard's. Mad with rage against the man who had betrayed him, Blueskin, when visited by Wild in prison a day or two before his trial, drew a clasp knife and cut his throat, and would probably have made an end of him had the knife not lost its edge. When the jury had given their verdict against him, Blueskin related how Wild had visited him and a fellow-prisoner, one Simon Jacobs, a few days before, and having told the latter that he would endeavour to save his life, turned to him (Blueskin) and said, "I believe you must die; I'll send you a good book or two, and provide you a coffin, and you shall not be anatomised." Who after that could say that the great thief-taker was without bowels of compassion?

"Blue-skin."

Wild's betrayal of so many men who richly deserved the hanging they got did not avail to save him, and he was executed at Tyburn on Monday the 24th of May, 1725. On the morning of the execution he swallowed a dose of poison, but it served only to reduce him to a state of semi-insensibility. On the way to Tyburn he was pelted with stones and dirt, and at the foot of the gallows he remained so long drowsy in the cart that the mob howled threats at the hangman, who probably did not care to take a mean advantage of a criminal incapable of feeling the full force of the situation. A curious incident in Wild's career which came to light in 1841, was that, in a letter written two years before his end, he petitioned the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to be admitted a freeman of the City, in recognition of his work in procuring the due punishment of felons.

The Thief-taker's End.

The Old Bailey is, happily, not without more dignified associations. Here in 1550 was born William Camden, the antiquary, whose father was a paper-stainer; and in the house of "Mr. Meres the printer" Algernon Sidney is said to have lived. At the corner of Ship Court, William Hone, in 1817, published his political parodies on the Catechism, the Litany, and the Creed, for which he was three times tried at the Guildhall and acquitted; and in the same court Richard Hogarth, father of the painter, kept school. In another court leading out of the Old Bailey, Green Arbour Court, which ran down into Seacoal Lane, towards the Fleet, and was destroyed when Holborn Viaduct was formed, Oliver Goldsmith lived for two years (1758-60). A squalid place it was, a region of washerwomen, as Washington Irving described it, when he visited Goldsmith here—the tall houses in the last stages of decay, the thronging children dirty and neglected, the slipshod women hanging out of their windows to bawl at each other. The poet, says Forster in his "Life," would "compromise with the children for occasional cessation of their noise by occasional cakes or sweetmeats, or by a tune upon his flute, for which all the court assembled; he would talk pleasantly with the poorest of his neighbours, and was long recollected to have greatly enjoyed the talk of a working watchmaker in the court. Every night he would risk his neck at those steep stone stairs"—the Breakneck Steps, which led into the court; "every day—for his clothes had become too ragged to submit to daylight scrutiny—he would keep within his dirty, naked, unfurnished room, with its single wooden chair and window bench." Forster also recalls how when Goldsmith was visited here by Dr. Percy, author of the "Reliques," he was found busily writing. There being but one chair in the dirty room, Goldsmith vacated it for his visitor and himself sat in the window. Presently someone gently tapped at the door and "a poor ragged girl of very decent behaviour" entered, and dropping a curtsey, said, "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a pot-full of coals."

Oliver Goldsmith.

CHAPTER XXXV

NEWGATE STREET TO HOLBORN CIRCUS

Newgate Market—A Reminiscence of Henry Irving—The "Salutation and Cat"—Coleridge and the Apple-woman—Warwick Lane and the Last of the Barons—The Old College of Physicians—The Cutlers—Giltspur Street—The Compter—Pie Corner—Cock Lane and its "Ghost"—Snow Hill and John Bunyan—The "Saracen's Head"—The Holborns—The "Old Bourne"—Titus Oates Climbs Heavy Hill—The Viaduct—St. Sepulchre's and its Associations with Newgate—St. Andrew's, Holborn—The City Temple and Dr. Parker

THE FAT BOY OF PIE CORNER (*p.* 385).

Newgate Market.

In Newgate Street, formerly known as Newgate Market, there is nothing of the old left. The City gate disappeared, as we saw in our last chapter, in 1767; the jail has now gone the way of the gate; the ancient market from which the street took its earlier name ceased to be in 1869, being superseded by the Smithfield Meat Market. The site, about midway between Newgate Street and Paternoster Row, measuring about 10,000 square feet, was sold by auction (November 8th, 1869) for £20,000, and is now covered by the block of buildings known as Paternoster Square. At first a meal market, it presently became transformed into a wholesale and retail meat market. It was fitting that in this neighbourhood the Butchers' Company (p. 358) should have had their Hall—in what is now King Edward Street, but formerly styled Butcher Hall Lane, leading from Newgate Street to Little Britain.

Henry Irving.

Near the east end of Newgate Street, adjoining the station of the Central London Railway on the west side, is a building which bears a tablet recording the association with it of the late Sir Henry Irving. On leaving school in George Yard, Lombard Street, in 1851,[*] John Henry Brodribb entered a lawyer's office in Milk Street, and a year later transferred his services to a firm of East India merchants here in Newgate Street (No. 87), where he remained until in 1856 he abandoned commerce for the stage. His home at this time, as appears from Mr. Austin Brereton's biography, was at 65, Old Broad Street, where his father and mother occupied the top floor. By his friend Mr. Edward Russell, who was his companion in those days, a striking picture of the future actor was drawn in a communication to the *Westminster Gazette*. He is described as "a long, lanky youth, with a striking face, pale and deeply freckled; he had long hair, a piercing eye, and was fond of fun. . . His gait was curious, a kind of jumpy halting stride, and he stuttered vilely. To modify or cure these imperfections was his constant care. It was his custom to read aloud, pronouncing each syllable slowly and distinctly, and in the course of time he gradually conquered; but the mannerisms which have been so often alluded to by his critics were due to these natural causes, and few can imagine the care and pains he exercised to remedy these defects—or, at all events, to alleviate them. He was quite aware of his deficiencies, and thus early showed the strength of will and purpose to fight and overcome all and every opposition to his success in the aim of his life." Mr. Russell adds that in those days Irving was wont to stride through the crowded streets "reciting loudly some speech or poem he was learning, his animated face and long, flowing hair making a weird figure that used to amaze many observers."

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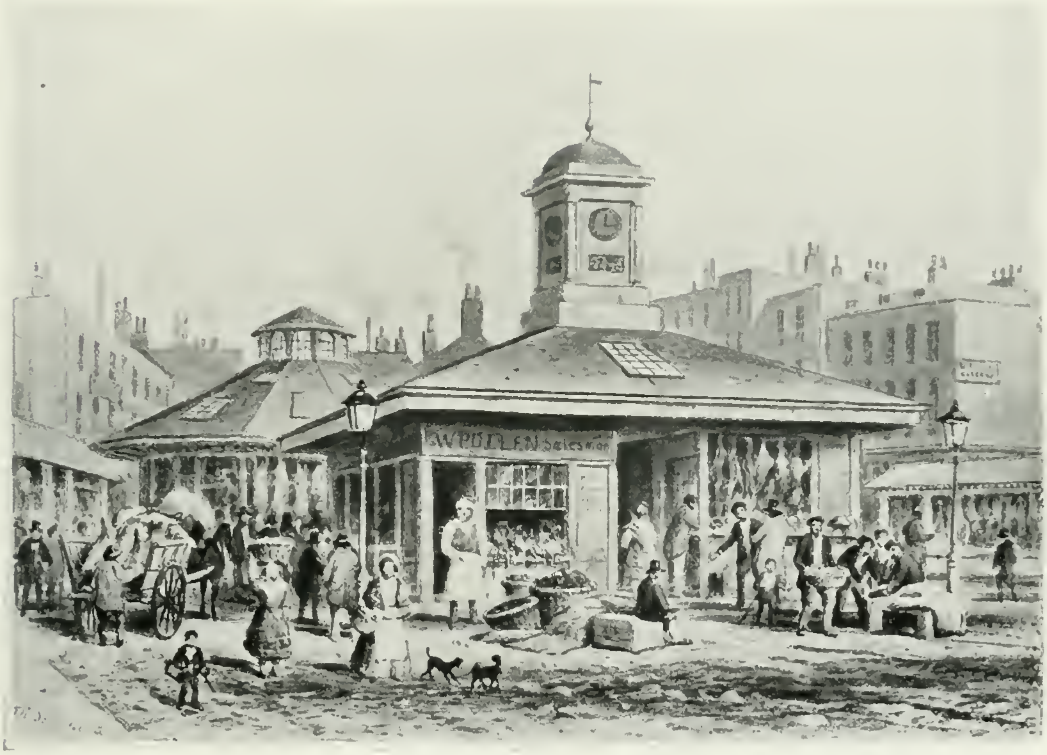
[*] See *ante*, p. 199.

The "Salutation and Cat."

On the other side of Newgate Street, nearly opposite the site of Christ's Hospital, was the famous inn, "The Salutation and Cat," at which Sir Christopher Wren is traditionally said to have refreshed himself when at work upon St. Paul's. It was certainly at a later day the haunt of Coleridge and Lamb. "I imagine to myself that little smoky room at the 'Salutation and Cat,'" writes Lamb, "where we have sat together through the winter nights, beguiling the cares of life with poesy." He refers also to "that nice smoky little room. . . which is even now continually presenting itself to my recollection, with all its associated train of pipes, tobacco, egg-hot, welsh rabbit, metaphysics and poetry." Mr. B. E. Martin, author of "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb," records the tradition that "the wary landlord, to whom Coleridge's rhapsodies were quite unintelligible, yet who fully understood their value in drawing a knot of thirsty listeners, offered the Talker free quarters for life if he would stay and talk!"

"S. T. C." and the Apple-woman.

It was no doubt somewhere about this spot that Coleridge, when a Bluecoat boy, had the adventure with the old apple-woman of Newgate Street which is recorded by S. C. Hall. He was rushing along to be in time for school when he upset her stall, and away the apples went rolling. "Oh, you little devil!" the old woman exclaimed in her vexation. But when the boy ran back and gathered up the fruit and offered his apologies she patted him on the head, and said, "Oh, you little angel!"



NEWGATE MARKET IN 1856.
From a Water-colour by T. Hosmer Shepherd.

At the Newgate Street corner of Warwick Lane is a bas-relief of the legendary Guy, Earl of Warwick, the hero of the fight with the Saracenic giant and the slayer of the dun cow. It bears the date 1668, when no doubt Warwick Lane was rebuilt after the Fire, and is a reminder of the yet more ancient days when the Earls of Warwick had here their town house. The thoroughfare was once known as Eldenesse Lane—Old Dean's Lane—but when the Earls

The King-maker.

of Warwick built for themselves an "inn" here its name was changed. It was at his palace in Warwick Lane that the Last of the Barons, when he had king-making work to do in the capital, lived in a state not less than regal. Hither, as Stow tells us, would he come escorted by as many as six hundred men-at-arms in all the bravery of red jackets, embroidered back and front with the ragged staff. And here half-a-dozen oxen would be roasted whole for breakfast, while every tavern round about was open to such as had acquaintance with any of the Earl's retainers, all who enjoyed this distinction being allowed to take away as much meat, either roast or boiled, as they could "prick and carry on a long dagger."

BAS-RELIEF AT THE CORNER OF WARWICK LANE.

Near this end of Warwick Lane, and on the west side, occupying part of the site of the mansion of the Earls of Warwick, stood the old College of Physicians, built by Wren in 1674, when the doctors had been burnt out of their house at Amen Corner. It is thus wittily pictured by Garth in "The Dispensary":—

"Not far from that most celebrated place
Where angry Justice shows her awful face,
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state,
There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, plac'd high with artful skill,
Seems to the distant sight—a gilded pill."

The Physicians in Warwick Lane.

A Statue.

The College, as we have seen (p. 300), was founded by Linacre, Henry VIII.'s physician, at his house in Knightrider Street, whence it migrated to Amen Corner in 1560. It occupied the fine quadrangular habitation built for it by Wren in Warwick Lane until 1825, when it was transferred to its present quarters in Trafalgar Square. When Wren's building was at last pulled down, in 1866, statues of Charles II. and Sir John Cutler, which were one of its features, were removed to the Guildhall, where they may now be seen in the vestibule of the Library. To the statue of Cutler, of whom something has been said in our account of Grocers' Hall (p. 184), there clings a curious story. He had expressed a wish to contribute largely to the building of the College, was thanked for his promise, and had a statue voted to him at the same time that the like compliment was paid to the King. But, cursed with a miserly disposition, the knight never got nearer to the fulfilment of his promise than to lend the College money to pay some builders' debts, and in 1699 his executors demanded the sum of £7,000, including the promised donation, which appeared in his accounts as a debt! The angry physicians paid £2,000, the money borrowed, and immediately erased from the pedestal of the statue the record of their premature gratitude — "Omnis Cutleri Cedit Labor Amphitheatro."

Archbishop Leighton.

At the "Old Bell" Inn, which formerly stood on the east side of the lane, died Archbishop Leighton, in 1684. As Burnet records in his History, the Archbishop cherished, and often expressed, the singular wish to die at an inn, "it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it." He held that "the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance." The Archbishop therefore had his wish.

Cutlers' Hall.

On the west side of Warwick Lane is the Hall of the Cutlers' Company, a comely building designed by Mr. T. Tayler, and opened in 1887, superseding the Hall in Cloak Lane built in 1667-68, after the Fire. The building, the front adorned with a characteristic terra-cotta panel by Mr. George Tinworth, contains some stained glass and stone reliefs of arms from the old hall. Among the portraits is one of Mrs. Mary Craythorne, whose husband, John Craythorne, left to the Company, by will dated the 21st of November, 1568—the bequest to take effect at her death—the tenement known as the Belle Sauvage. The Company was in existence at least as early as the reign of Edward III., but it received its first charter from Henry V., in 1415. In olden times, Stow tells us, the Cutlers were divided into three sets of artificers—the smiths, who forged the blades, and were therefore styled bladers; those who made the hafts, and otherwise garnished the blades; and those who made sheaths, "for swords, daggers, and knives." It was not till the reign of Henry VI., he adds, that they were all amalgamated under the name of Cutlers. In the Company's arms figure three pairs of swords, with two elephants for supporters, and for crest an elephant bearing a castle.

Giltspur Street.

Giltspur Street, at the junction of Newgate Street with Holborn Viaduct, leading to Smithfield, was in Stow's day known alternatively as Knightrider Street, "of the knights and others riding that way into Smithfield" to the tournaments. But there was another Knightrider Street in the City, between Cannon Street and the Thames, and this perhaps was why the name of the former was gradually changed to Giltspur Street or, as it appears in Aggas's map (1560), Giltsord Street. In Stow's time it was a very short street, extending only to Cock Lane, the rest of the thoroughfare, as far as Smithfield, being known as Pie Corner, a name now reserved for the corner of Cock Lane. Opposite St. Sepulchre's Church, on the east side of the street, stood the Giltspur Street Compter, a debtors' prison and house of correction appertaining to the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex. It was built by George Dance, junior, the architect of Newgate Jail, and was opened in 1791, when it took the place of the Wood Street Compter. After having long been a scandal to the City by reason of frequent overcrowding, it was closed in 1854, and was pulled down in the following year, and on part of the site of the building where miserable wretches experienced the rigours of the law was reared a gymnasium for the jocund boys of Christ's Hospital.

The Compter.

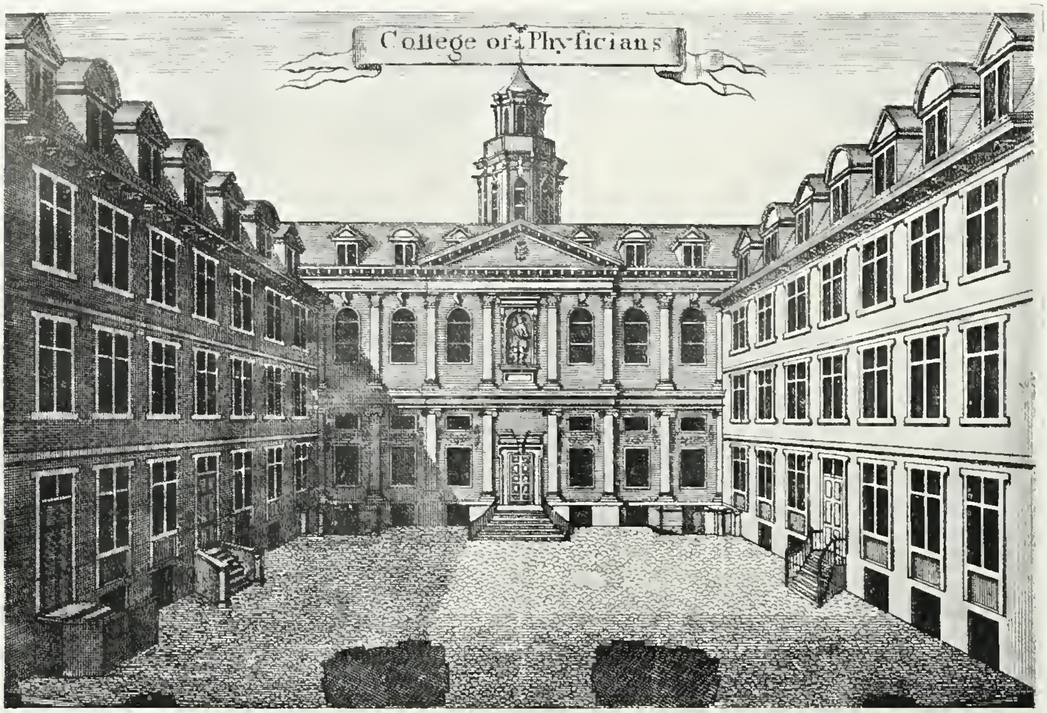
The Fat Boy.

Pie Corner, at the top of Cock Lane, may have received its name from the cookshops—"cooks' stalls" Ben Jonson calls them in *The Alchemist*—which abounded in this region and did a roaring trade at Bartholomew Fair, although Stow traces the name to a hostelry which stood here. It is marked by the monument known as the Fat Boy of Pie Corner. The origin of this memorial cannot now be traced. At first the Fat Boy was arrayed in colours, and when Pennant wrote his "History of London,"

STATUE OF CHARLES II. FROM THE OLD COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS (*p.* 384).

The “Fortune of War.”

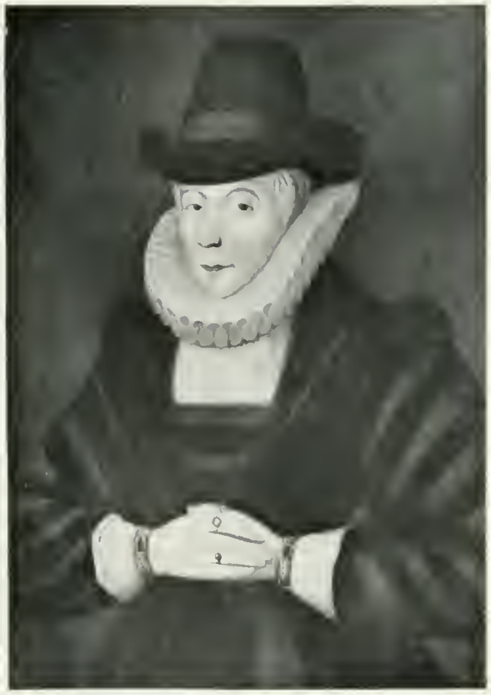
about a century ago, this flimsy raiment was eked out with an inscription which even at that time was nearly effaced. “This boy,” it ran, “is in memory put up of the late Fire of London, occasioned by the sin of gluttony, 1666”; and the last six words, as may be seen from an engraving in J. T. Smith's “Antiquities,” appropriately covered that part of his anatomy which would give the most obvious evidence of his failing. Whatever his age, it would seem that the Fat Boy is the offspring of some hardened wag, who cherished the outrageous conceit that since the Great Fire began at Pudding Lane and ended here at Pie Corner, in its march north-westwards, it was a consequence of gluttony! Possibly he materialised his jest in the form of a boy because he was jealous of the fame of Panyer Alley hard by (p. 58), and was resolved that Pie Corner also should have its boy. The figure has of late years been gilded. The modern building to which it is affixed, a public-house known as the “Fortune of War,” is, according to Mr. Philip Norman (“London Signs and Inscriptions”), the successor of a tavern which was well known at least as long ago as 1715. Presently the “Fortune of War” became a house of call for the resurrectionists who supplied St. Bartholomew's Hospital with bodies for dissection; and it was here that Bishop and Williams met before they butchered the Italian boy Ferrari (1831) to qualify him for the dissecting table.



THE OLD COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS IN WARWICK LANE.

Cock Lane and its “Ghost.”

Cock Lane, running from Giltspur Street to Snow Hill, has of late years been rebuilt, and now looks little like the street to which in 1762 the gentle and simple of London flocked to satisfy their curiosity concerning the “Cock Lane Ghost.” The affair is usually assumed to have been nothing but a gross imposture; but after the investigations of the Psychical Research Society, which have brought to light many similar phenomena, it is not easy to be sure of the sufficiency of this explanation. Mr. Andrew Lang has acutely analysed the available evidence in his “Cock Lane and Common Sense,” and, without committing himself to any alternative theory, concludes that it is not in accordance with common-sense to believe “that all London was turned upside down, that Walpole, the Duke of York, Lady Mary Coke, and two other ladies, were drawn to

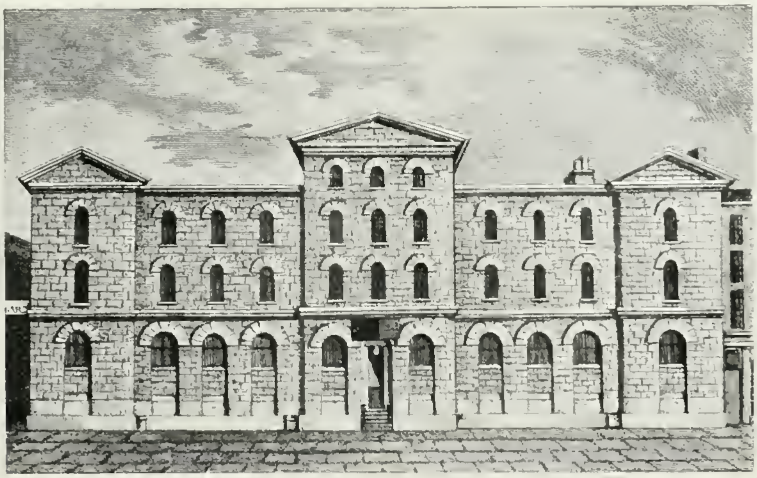


MRS. CRAYTHORNE, WHOSE HUSBAND LEFT LA BELLE SAUVAGE TO THE CUTLERS' COMPANY.

From the Portrait at Cutlers' Hall.

Cock Lane (five in a hackney coach), that Dr. Johnson gave up his leisure and incurred ridicule, merely because a naughty child was scratching on a little wooden board."

The story is a long one, and can only be summarily sketched here. About the year 1758 a Mr. K., a Norfolk gentleman, brought his deceased wife's sister, who went by the name of Miss Fanny, to lodgings in Cock Lane in the house of Parsons, the clerk of St. Sepulchre's, hard by. In Mr. K.'s absence in the country Miss Fanny had Parsons' daughter, Elizabeth, a girl of eleven, to sleep with her, and during the night they were both disturbed by strange scratchings and rappings. The noises continued after Mr. K.'s return, much to his and Miss Fanny's vexation, and at last, after suing Parsons for money lent, he, with his sister-in-law, moved to Bartlet Court, Clerkenwell, where in 1760 Miss Fanny died of small-pox. In 1761 the noises, which had ceased for a year and a half after Mr. K. and Miss Fanny left Cock Lane, were resumed. They seemed to come on Elizabeth's bed, and Mr. Lang quotes a significant statement that Elizabeth "was always affected with tremblings and shiverings at the coming and going of the ghost." Presently a code of signals was arranged between the "ghost" and the auditors, and then messages were received alleging that Miss Fanny, the professed communicator, had been poisoned by Mr. K. with red arsenic, and wished to see him hanged. When questioned, the "ghost," as often happens in such cases, sometimes gave wrong answers and sometimes right. The noises made were chiefly raps, scratchings, and a sound as of whirring wings, which filled the room. News of these strange happenings now got abroad, and by the beginning of 1762 they were the talk of the town. On the 1st of February Mr. Aldrich, a Clerkenwell clergyman, induced Parsons to bring the



THE GILTSPUR STREET COMPTER IN 1805.

From a Drawing by T. Hosmer Shepherd, engraved by R. Acon.

A Sulky "Ghost."

girl to his house, to be tested by Dr. Johnson and others. The child was put to bed by the ladies of the company, and "for rather more than an hour," as Dr. Johnson wrote, nothing happened. Then the ladies reported that they had heard knockings and scratchings, but when the investigators went to the room and the child was made to hold her hands outside the bed, again nothing happened. Next an adjournment was made to the vault of St. John's, Clerkenwell, where Miss Fanny was buried, the "ghost" having promised to rap upon the coffin; but once more nothing happened. "It is therefore the opinion of the whole assembly," reported Dr. Johnson, "that the child had some art of making or counterfeiting a particular noise, and that there is no agency of any higher cause."

The tests were continued, but still the "ghost" sulked, and at last, by way of encouragement, the child was told that if no noises were heard she and her father would be sent to Newgate. "She accordingly," in Mr. Lang's words, "concealed a little board, on which a kettle usually stood, a piece of wood six inches by four. She managed this with so little art that the maids saw her place the wood in her dress, and informed the investigators of the circumstances. Scratches were now produced, but the child herself said that they were not like the former sounds. . . In the same way the Wesleys, at Epworth, in 1716, found that they could not imitate the perplexing sounds produced in the parsonage." One thing, Mr. Lang adds, is certain: "the noises did not begin in an attempt at imposture on Parsons' part; he was on good terms with his lodgers when Fanny was first disturbed. Again, the child could not counterfeit the sounds successfully when she was driven by threats to make the effort. The *séance* of rather more than an hour in which Johnson took part was certainly inadequate." To suppose that the communications really came from the spirit of Miss Fanny would be absurd. The accusation against her brother-in-law, Mr. K., was palpably false. Her death had been certified by her physician and apothecary to be due to small-pox. Moreover, Miss Fanny, assuming her to be the communicator, had forgotten her own father's Christian name. But taking the facts as we find them, and remembering the precisely similar phenomena recorded all through the ages, it seems to be hardly less irrational to assume trickery as an adequate explanation of the "Cock Lane ghost." There is no lack of other possible explanations!

The prevalent opinion of the educated at the time, however, was quite satisfied with the hypothesis of imposture, and the child's father, a clergyman, and others who had espoused her cause, were tried at the Guildhall and convicted of a conspiracy. Parsons had to stand in the pillory; but not only did the mob leave him unmolested there, but a public subscription was raised for his benefit. As for the girl herself, she was twice married, and died at Chiswick in 1806.

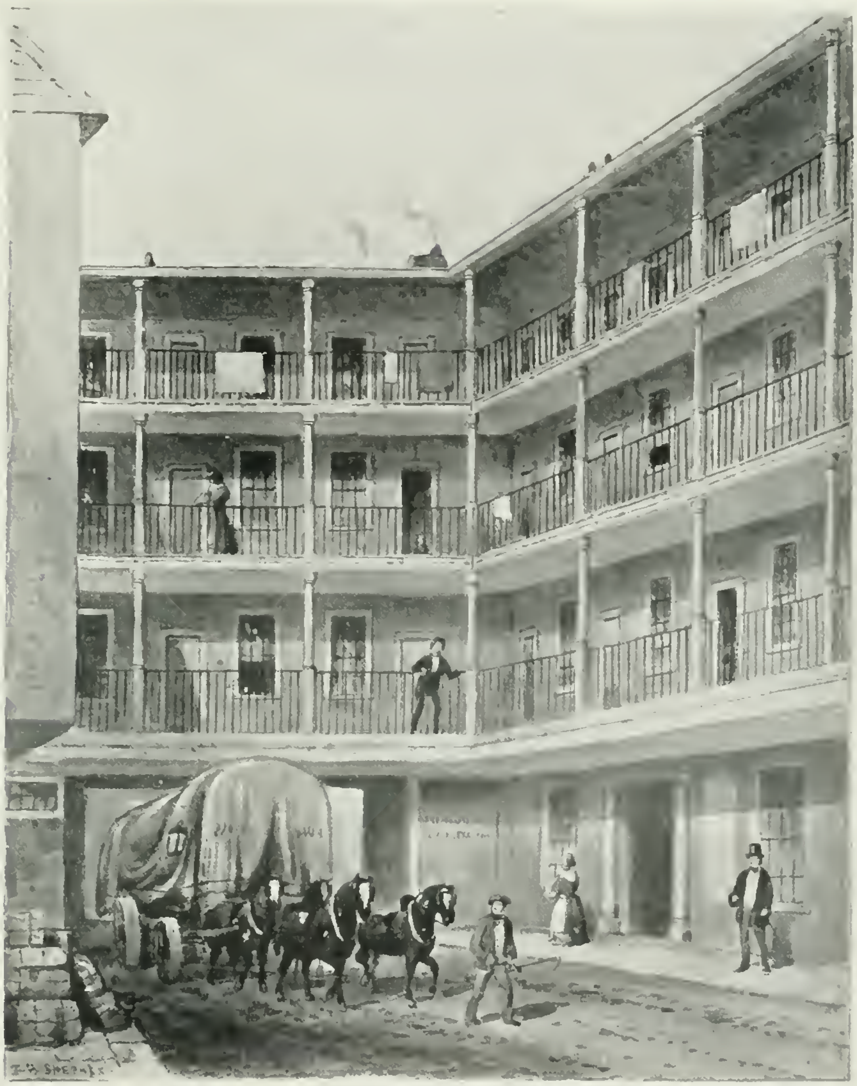
Snow Hill.

Cock Lane leads to Snow Hill, which Stow speaks of as Snor Hill and Snore Hill, while Howell, who wrote in the first half of the seventeenth century, gives the name as Sore Hill, but "now vulgarly called Snow Hill." At that time, and long afterwards, it was not only steep and winding, but narrow. It ceased to be the principal highway between Newgate Street and Holborn in 1802, when Skinner Street, which was to be swallowed up in the Holborn Viaduct improvement, was constructed, and as a part of that improvement Snow Hill itself was widened and re-formed. It now ends by a sufficiently steep descent in Farringdon Street. It was in Snow Hill, at the house of his friend Mr. Strudwick, who kept a grocer's shop at the sign of the Star, that John Bunyan died of fever, on the 31st of August, 1688. He had just returned from Reading, whither he had journeyed to reconcile an estranged father and son. Who could desire, for the closing act of the great allegorist's life, a more gracious mission?

The Dreamer's Last Sleep.

The "Saracen's Head."

Snow Hill still has its "Saracen's Head," but the present hotel is not the famous old inn of that name of which Stow speaks, nor does it stand on quite the same spot. It was at the original "Saracen's Head" that Nicholas Nickleby and his uncle had their interview with Mr. Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall. "Just at that particular part of Snow Hill," wrote Dickens, "where omnibus horses going eastwards seriously think of falling down on purpose, and where horses in hackney cabriolets going westwards not unfrequently fall by accident, is the coach-yard of the 'Saracen's Head' inn, its portals guarded by two Saracens' heads and shoulders, which it was once the pride and glory of the choice spirits of this metropolis to pull down at night. . . . There they are, frowning upon you from each side of the gateway; and the inn itself, garnished with another Saracen's head, frowns upon you from the top of the yard; while from the door of the hind-boot of all the red coaches that are standing therein, there glares a small Saracen's head with a twin expression to the large Saracen's head below, so that the general appearance of the pile is of the Saracenic order." The inn, with its galleried courtyard, disappeared in the construction of the Holborn Viaduct.

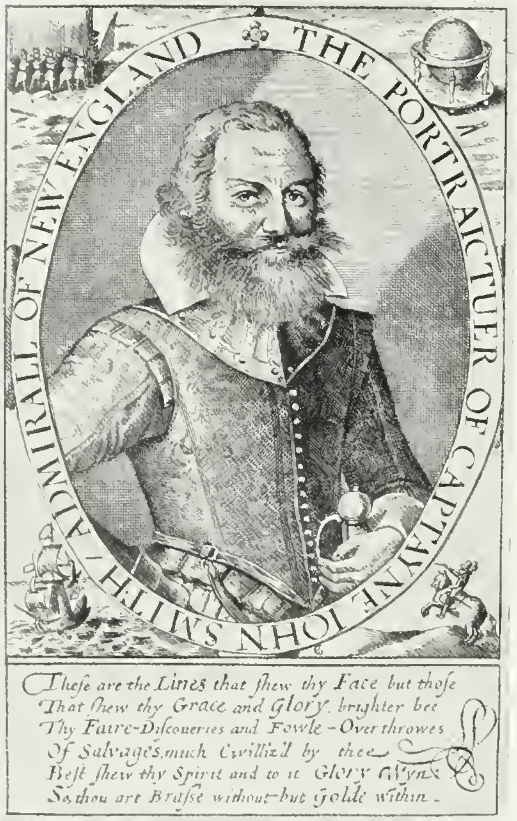


THE "SARACEN'S HEAD," SNOW HILL, IN 1855.
From a Drawing by T. Hosmer Shepherd.

Before this vast work was carried out the street which, with various qualifications, bears the name of Holborn, began at Farringdon Street, and its most easterly section, between this point and Fetter Lane, was known as Holborn Hill; that between Fetter Lane and Brooke Street was styled Holborn; and the westernmost section, between Brooke Street and Drury Lane, was distinguished as High Holborn. In these days it begins at Newgate Street, and the section between this point and Holborn

The Holborns.

Circus is Holborn Viaduct; the middle section, from the Circus to Holborn Bars, is Holborn simply; and the section from the Bars to New Oxford Street is called High Holborn. In this and the next chapter we shall trace it only from Newgate Street to Holborn Bars, where this liberty of the City ends; the rest of it, from the Bars to New Oxford Street, will be noticed in our chapter on the borough of Holborn.


THE PORTRAICTUER OF CAPTAYNE IOHN SMITH ADMIRALL OF NEW ENGLAND
Theſe are the Lines that ſhew thy Face but thoſe
That ſhew thy Grace and Glory, brighter bee
Thy Faire-Diſcoueries and Fowle-Overthrowes
Of Salvages, much Civilliz'd by thee
Beſt ſhew thy Spirit and to it Glory Wyn;
So, thou art Braſse without but Golde within.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH (*p.* 392).

The "Old Bourne."

The generic name—if the term may be used—is derived by Stow from a brook, the Old Bourne or Hill Bourne, which he believed once "broke out" at Holborn Bars and thence coursed down Holborn Hill into the Turnmill brook, as a part of the Fleet was called; but it is doubtful whether any such tributary of the Fleet as the Old Bourne or Hill Bourne ever existed, and the probability is that the little village of Holeburne, which is mentioned in Domesday Survey, and which probably stood near the foot of Holborn Hill, where now Holborn crosses Farringdon Street, was so named from its proximity to the River Fleet, which above this spot was anciently styled the Hole Bourne, from the deep hollows through which it ran. The Fleet bore this name of Holebourne, in the opinion of Mr. Lethaby, as far back as King Alfred's day.

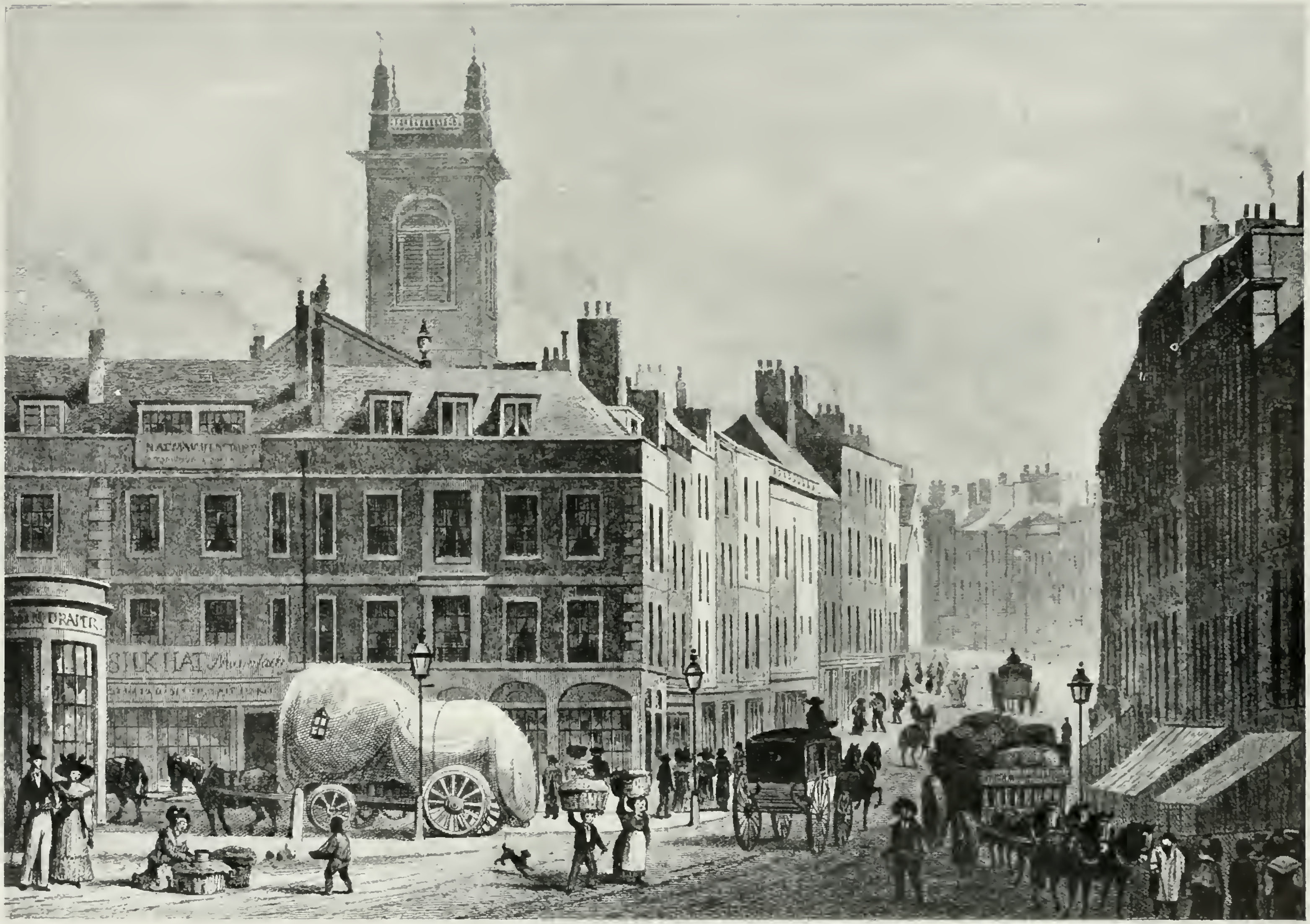
Heavy Hill.

Titus Oates.

Before the Holborn Viaduct was created the traveller to the City from the west had, at what is now Holborn Circus, to begin the descent of Holborn Hill to the River Fleet, which ran down the present Farringdon Street; then, crossing the river by a stone bridge, he had, by way of Skinner Street, after it had superseded Snow Hill as the main thoroughfare, to mount the other face of the hill to get to Newgate Street. In olden time the thoroughfare, besides being most inconveniently steep, was, like most other streets, badly paved, and in wet weather accidents were of frequent occurrence. This was, of course, the way from Newgate to Tyburn, and on this account Holborn Hill was often called Heavy Hill, as it is in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*. It was along this road, too, that criminals, such as Titus Oates, were flogged. Of this perjured wretch Evelyn wrote, under date the 22nd of May of 1685, that having two days before been flogged from Newgate to Aldgate at the cart's tail, he was now flogged all the way from Newgate to Tyburn, having to be placed on a sledge because his former scourging had made walking impossible to him. Some thought the punishment, he comments, "to be very severe and extraordinary; but if he was guilty of the perjuries, and so of the death of so many innocents, as I fear he was, his punishment was but what he deserved. I chanced to pass just as execution was doing on him." We have to remind ourselves that more than two centuries have gone by since Evelyn's day, or it would be surprising to find so humane a man writing in such terms of such horrible barbarity.

The Viaduct.

The viaduct of Holborn is not to be confused with the bridge which crosses Farringdon Street. That is but one feature of it. The viaduct itself provides a virtually level road all the way from Newgate Street to the Circus, a distance of about 1,400 feet. The bridge across Farringdon Street is of cast-iron girders in three spans, divided by twelve


DRAPER
SILK HAT

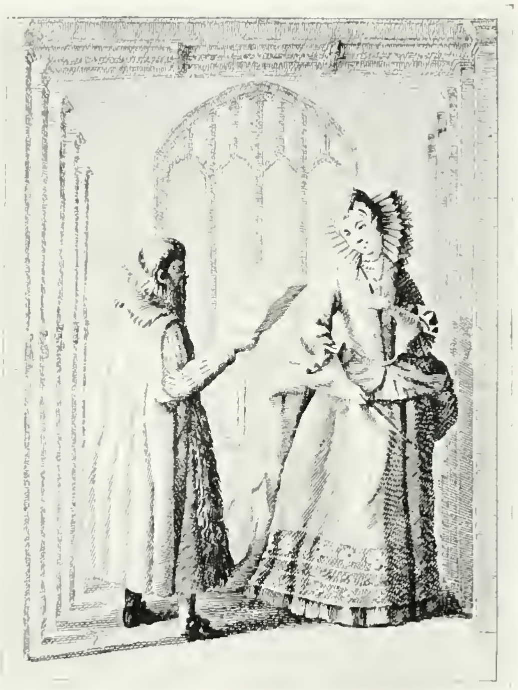
HOLBORN BEFORE THE HOLBORN VALLEY IMPROVEMENT.

From a Drawing by T. Hosmer Shepherd, engraved by W. Woolnoth.

massive hexagonal piers of polished red granite, with bases of black granite, and having capitals of grey granite with bronze leaves, the outer piers terminating, above the parapet of the bridge, in pedestals supporting large bronze statues—Science and Fine Art on the north side, Commerce and Agriculture on the south. In front of the first house at each end of the bridge are statues of civic celebrities.

The Bridge.

In our journey along the Viaduct westwards we must first notice the church of St. Sepulchre, at the Newgate Street end. Named, not after a saint, but after the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and bestowed about the year 1178 by Roger, the Bishop of Salisbury, upon the Prior and Canons of St. Bartholomew's, it was rebuilt about the middle of the fifteenth century by one of the Pophams, who was Treasurer of the King's Household. Of Popham's church nothing now remains but the fine south porch and the heavily pinnacled tower, the latter after undergoing a good deal of alteration. The body of the church suffered grievously in the Great Fire, and had practically to be rebuilt except as to the walls. Since then, and especially of late years, it has undergone much alteration. Its parapet, which would help to keep in countenance the prominent pinnacles of the tower, was taken down in 1790, and has never been restored; but the semi-circular headed windows which were inserted at the same time were, in the renovation of 1878-80, replaced by others in the original Perpendicular style. Though the church is a jumble of styles, it has spaciousness, and is not without dignity such as befits the fine position it has occupied since the Holborn Viaduct improvement swept away the mean buildings by which it was hemmed in. The parvised porch has a ceiling of which the groining is much admired; above the parvise is yet another chamber. The organ was built by Renatus Harris in 1677; the case is attributed to Grinling Gibbons. It is quite curious, by the way, how much wood-carving in City churches is credited to this inimitable artist in wood on evidence that is for the most part internal.



ROGER ASCHAM, TUTOR TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.
From an Old Print.

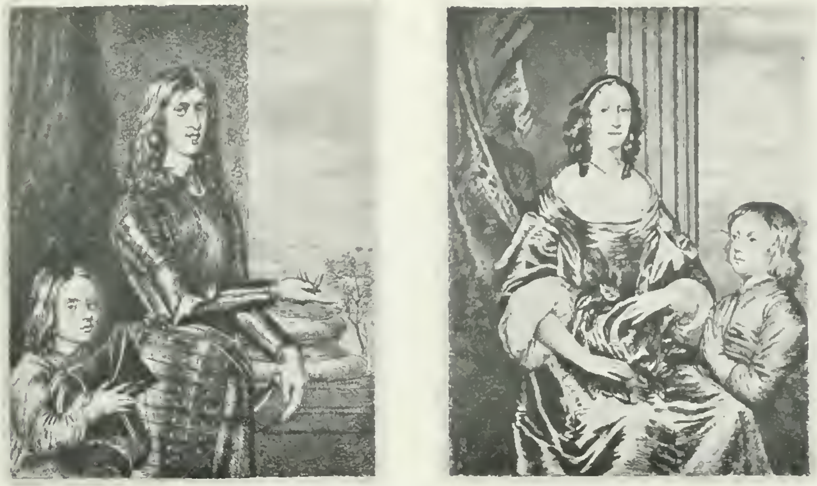
St. Sepulchre's can boast the distinction of having had for its vicar the first of the Marian martyrs, the Rev. John Rogers, of whose death at the stake we have spoken in our account of Smithfield. Of those who rest from their labours in the church the most eminent is Roger Ascham, who taught Queen Elizabeth Greek and Latin, and wrote "The Scholemaster" and "Toxophilus," the latter an "apology" for his favourite pastime of archery. He was one of the pioneers of the Renascence, and Dr. Johnson finely says of him that "his philological learning would have gained him honour in any country, and among us it may justly call for that reverence which all nations owe to those who first rouse them from ignorance and kindle among them the light of literature."

Captain John Smith.

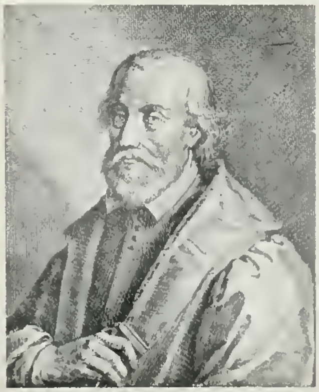
A not less interesting, if less distinguished, personality who also lies buried in St. Sepulchre's is Captain John Smith, a soldier of fortune, who died in 1631. Neither to Ascham nor to him is there now any memorial, but the turgid inscription which the gallant adventurer's monument bore has been transferred to a brass plate that marks the spot where the memorial stood. Captain John Smith was a Lincolnshire man who, after

Pocahontas.

valiant deeds against the Turk in Hungary, went to America, was captured by the Red Indians, and by them, as Bancroft relates, would have been put to death but for the intercession of Pocahontas, the twelve-year-old daughter of the chief, who clung to his neck as he bowed his head to the tomahawk. "His fearlessness, and her entreaties, persuaded the council to spare the agreeable stranger, who could make hatchets for her father, and rattles and strings of beads for herself, the favourite child. The barbarians, whose decision had long been held in suspense by the mysterious awe which Smith had inspired, now resolved to receive him as a friend, and to make him a partner of their councils. They tempted him to join their bands, and lend assistance in an attack upon the white men at Jamestown; and when his decision of character succeeded in changing the current of their thoughts, they dismissed him with mutual promises of friendship and benevolence."


COLONEL AND LUCY HUTCHINSON.
From Engravings by V. Jocillon.

In 1605 a curious charity was founded in connexion with St. Sepulchre's by Robert Dowe, a Merchant Taylor, who set apart a sum of £50 in order that the big bell of the church might be tolled on the day appointed for the execution of Newgate prisoners, and that on the night before the clerk might go to the window of the dungeon in which they were lying, "give there twelve solemn towles with double strokes" with a hand-bell which Dowe had provided, and then admonish them, in set form, to prepare for their imminent end. And as they passed St. Sepulchre's in the cart on the way to Tyburn they were to be again exhorted to repentance, and the spectators were to be adjured to pray for them. The charity fell into desuetude, and the bequest has been transferred to the Charity Commissioners; but the bell of St. Sepulchre's continued to be used for executions at Newgate until the prison provided itself with a bell of its own.


JOHN ROGERS, FIRST OF THE MARIAN MARTYRS.

Another custom which connected St. Sepulchre's with Newgate was that of presenting prisoners with a nosegay as they passed the church at the beginning of their journey to Tyburn, the intention presumably being to encourage them to attune themselves to the festive spirit of the function. Among the last to receive this attention was John Rann, better known as "Sixteen-string Jack," a highwayman who was hanged in 1774. He was wearing his nosegay in his buttonhole as he rode along Oxford Street, as is recorded by J. T. Smith, the engraver and antiquary, who as a boy was an eye-witness of the doleful procession.

St. Andrew's, Holborn.

St. Andrew's, Holborn, just on the western side of the bridge that carries the Viaduct across Farringdon Street, was a loser, in point of situation, by the Viaduct improvement, as St. Sepulchre's was a gainer. It formerly stood well above the road near the top of Holborn Hill, but now that the valley has been exalted, it is considerably below the level of the street. When the first church of St. Andrew was built no man knoweth, but it was in existence at least as early as the year 971. Rebuilt, like St. Sepulchre's, in the fifteenth century, it escaped the Great Fire, but had by this time fallen into such decay that in 1686 Wren took it in hand and reconstructed it, except the tower, which in 1704 he refaced with Portland stone. St. Andrew's, which is the largest of Wren's parish churches, underwent extensive repair in 1851, and again later, and is now, as to its interior, one of the most dignified and most richly decorated of the City churches. The old organ, much altered from time to time, and almost entirely reconstructed in 1905, had an interesting history. There had been a competition between Renatus Harris and his great rival Father Schmidt, in 1688, for the honour of furnishing the Temple Church with an organ. Finding it hard to decide which was the better instrument of the two, the Benchers at last, after a year's dubiety, referred the question to Judge Jeffreys, who had more music than grace in his soul, and his verdict being in favour of Schmidt, Harris divided his organ into two, one of the instruments being installed in St. Andrew's and the other sent to Christ Church, Dublin. Of Harris's work in the organ here in St. Andrew's scarcely anything is now left except the small open diapason and the stopped diapason in the great organ, and a few pipes in the swell organ.

Rival Organ Builders.

The personal associations of St. Andrew's are of unusual interest. It has had one notorious and two eminent rectors. The notorious rector was Henry Sacheverell, who, in 1710, was impeached by the House of Commons and sentenced to three years' suspension, and at the expiration of that period was rewarded by Lord Bolingbroke with this living. At St. Andrew's he fell into a fitting obscurity from which his not infrequent quarrels with his parishoners failed to rescue him. He held the living until his death, and was buried in the chancel, as is recorded by an inscription on the pavement. Of Sacheverell we have an unflattering portrait drawn for us by Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. "A lewd, drunken, pampered man" she calls him, who "had not learning enough to speak or write true English, but a heap of bombast, ill-connected words at command." Her Grace's English also was not beyond reproach. But then she was a duchess!

Sacheverell.

The first of St. Andrew's two eminent rectors was John Hacket, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. He held the living for a full twenty years (1624-45). In the troubles of the Civil War an opportunity came to him of showing that a manly heart beat beneath his surplice. One Sunday, when he was reading the prayers in St. Andrew's, a soldier of the Earl of Essex came forward, pointed a pistol at him, and bade him cease. Hacket simply said he would do what became a divine and leave the other to do what became a soldier, and proceeded with his reading. Nor was he further molested.

Bishop Hacket.

After Hacket came the famous Edward Stillingfleet, presently Bishop of Worcester, the great defender of Anglicanism against Popery and Nonconformity, who was inducted to the living in 1665, at the age of thirty. As a controversialist, Stillingfleet was remarkable for his courtesy in an age when theological disputants had not learnt to be civil to each other, and of John Howe, one of the great champions of Nonconformity, he significantly said that he wrote "more like a gentleman than a divine!" It was Stillingfleet who provoked Charles II. to one of the happiest sallies of the royal wit. The King had asked him why he always read his sermons before him, whereas at all other times he preached without MS., and having answered that in the presence of his sovereign he was overawed, Stillingfleet asked as a counter-

Bishop Stillingfleet.

question, "Why does your Majesty read your speeches, when it may be presumed you can have no such reason?" "Why, truly," Charles rejoined, "I have asked my subjects so often for money that I am ashamed to look them in the face."

Marriages not made in Heaven.

St. Andrew's has been the scene of several notable marriages. Here, in 1598, Sir Edward Coke, the great lawyer, whose father, Robert Coke, a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, had been buried in St. Andrew's in 1561, wedded the Lady Elizabeth Hatton, widow of Sir William Hatton, and granddaughter of Lord Treasurer Burleigh. The marriage was an ill-assorted one: the lady was a tartar, her husband was no model of amiability, and even the King himself (James I.), when he sought to make the peace between them, achieved but a qualified success. Another ill-starred wedding in St. Andrew's was that, long afterwards, of William Hazlitt and Sarah Stoddart, sister of Dr. Stoddart, the Editor of the *Times*. It was celebrated on Sunday, the 1st of May, 1808, with Charles Lamb for best man and Mary Lamb as bridesmaid. In a letter written seven years afterwards, "Elia," telling Southey that he was going to be godfather, and didn't like the business, since he feared that he would "disgrace the font," added: "I was at Hazlitt's marriage, and had like to have been turned out several times during the ceremony. Anything awful makes me laugh. I misbehaved once at a funeral. Yet I can read about these ceremonies with pious and proper feelings. The realities of life only seem the mockeries." One wonders if Lamb had a sense of the incongruity of his friend's assumption of the *rôle* of married man. Hazlitt was certainly not made for the part, and in the end he and his wife successfully conspired to get the marriage dissolved in Scotland.

Photo. Pictorial Agency.

ST. ANDREW'S, HOLBORN.

The Hutchinsons.

Against these luckless weddings may be set that of Colonel Hutchinson and Lucy Apsley, a younger daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, sometime Lieutenant of the Tower. He had fallen in love with her before seeing her, as the result of what he had heard of her graces, and they were married at St.

Andrew's in 1638. What an ideal union it was is made clear by the "Memoirs" which she wrote after his death. He had fought bravely on the side of Parliament, and had been one of Charles I.'s judges, and after the Restoration he was arrested (1663), and died in confinement at Sandown Castle in the following year. His devoted wife had begged in vain that she might be allowed to share his imprisonment.

WILLIAM MARSDEN, M.D.

From the Painting by H. W. Pickersgill, by permission of the House Committee of the Cancer Hospital.

Benjamin Disraeli.

Of the baptisms at St. Andrew's the most famous was that of Benjamin Disraeli, which is thus loosely recorded in the register:—"Baptized, July 31, 1817, Benjamin, said to be about twelve years old, son of Isaac and Maria Disraeli, King's Road, Gentleman. A clergyman named Thimbleby performed the ceremony." With the circumstances under which the boy's father had withdrawn from the Jewish communion we have already dealt (p. 220). An earlier statesman also was baptized in St. Andrew's, in the person of Henry Addington (June 30th, 1757), Prime Minister from 1801 to 1804, and the subject of Canning's couplet—

> "Pitt is to Addington
> As London is to Paddington."

Chatterton.

In the registers, again, are entries relating to two of our poets. One of them records the baptism of Richard Savage, on January 18th, 1697; the other, dated August 28th, 1770, reads, "William Chatterton, Brooks Street," and by a later hand have been added the words "the poet," with the signature "F. Mill." The entry no doubt relates to the interment of the boy-poet in the burial-ground of the workhouse in Shoe Lane, after he had ended his misery with a dose of poison in Brooke Street, Holborn (p. 400); but not only is the name of the street given incorrectly as "Brooks," but the Christian name also is wrong, "William" having been substituted for "Thomas." The story that Chatterton's remains were exhumed and re-interred in his native city of Bristol is without foundation; they lay where they were first buried until the graveyard was required for the Farringdon Market, when the bones of the paupers, all huddled together, were carted away to a graveyard in the Gray's Inn Road.

Dr. Marsden.

The last association of St. Andrew's which can be noticed here connects it with one of the most benevolent of modern physicians. Just inside the church, on the west wall, is a tablet erected in 1901 by the Cordwainers' Company to the memory of Dr. William Marsden (1796-1867). It records how, on his way home one winter night in 1827, he found a poor girl lying ill on the steps of St. Andrew's Churchyard, how he conveyed her to one hospital after another, from which she was turned away because she had no subscriber's recommendation, so that he had at last to hire a lodging for her, and how, as the

Photo. London Stereoscopic Company.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER.

result of this experience, he founded two hospitals which should be absolutely free, the Royal Free Hospital in the Gray's Inn Road, and the Cancer Hospital at Brompton. Of both these institutions, it is added, this good man was the guiding spirit up to the time of his death.

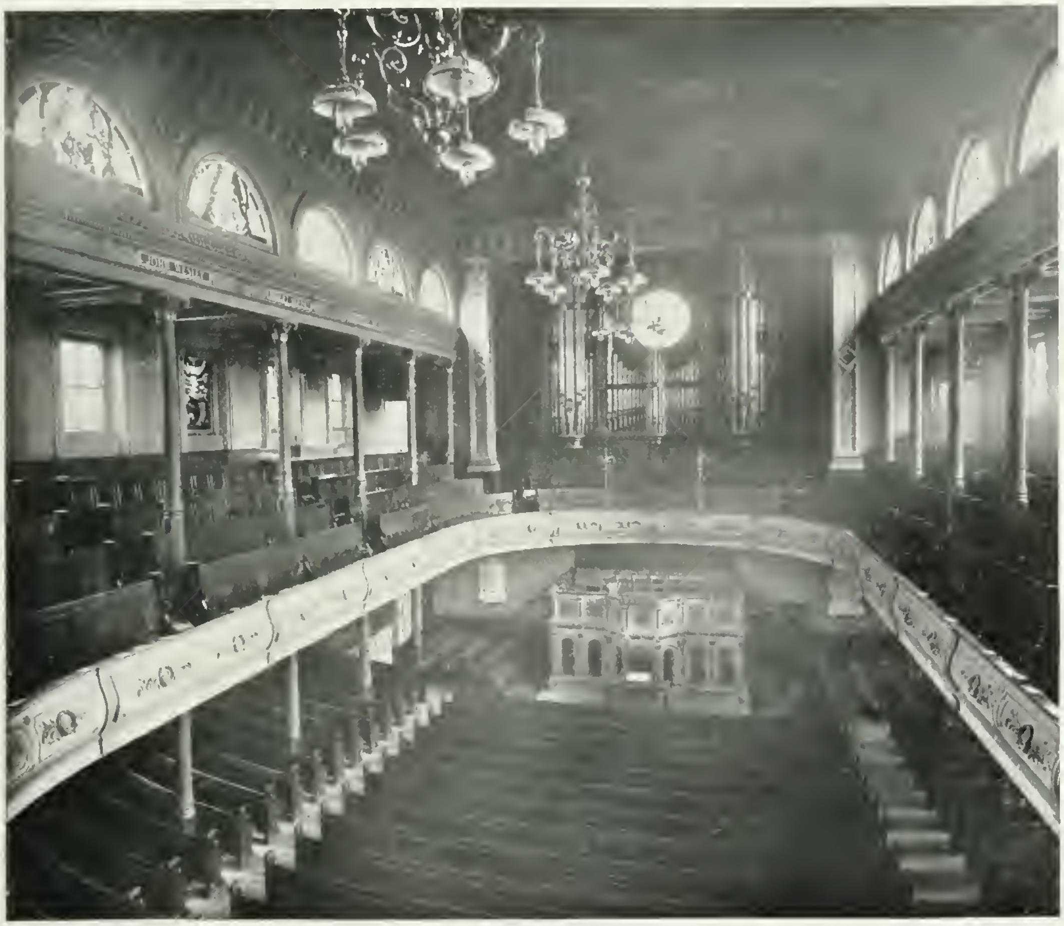


Photo Pictorial Agency.

THE CITY TEMPLE.

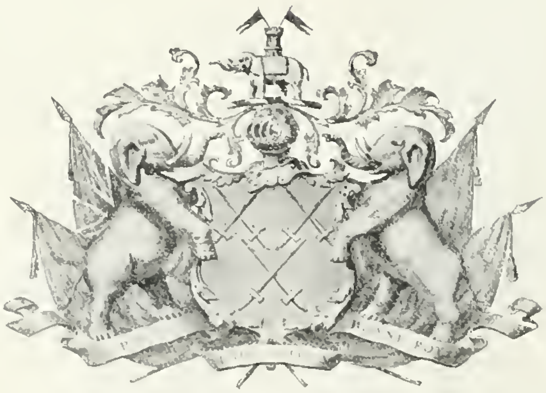
The City Temple.

In these days St. Andrew's has for next-door neighbour the City Temple, the habitation of the Congregational church which formerly met in the Poultry (p. 140). The change was made early in the London ministry of the late Dr. Joseph Parker, the church, designed by Messrs. Lockwood and Mawson in a light Italian style, with a substructure consisting of lecture hall, class-rooms, etc., being built on a site acquired from the City Corporation at a cost of £25,000. The memorial stone was laid by Dr. Binney, for many years the famous pastor of the Weigh House Chapel, on the 19th of May, 1873, and the church, which was built for a congregation of 2,500, but on occasion can be made to accommodate some five hundred more, was opened a year later to the very day, the Lord Mayor, with the Lady Mayoress, attending in state. The luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel that followed, presided over by the Lord Mayor, was made specially notable by a characteristically genial and sympathetic speech from Dean Stanley. The total cost of the City Temple, by the time everything was done, was nearly £45,000, in addition to the £25,000 for the site; but the old Poultry Chapel and site had realised £50,200, so that the amount that had to be raised by subscription was only about £20,000. To the pulpit of Caen marble, which cost three hundred guineas, and was the gift of the City Corporation, a permanent platform has since been added, for use at the public meetings of which the City Temple is frequently the theatre.

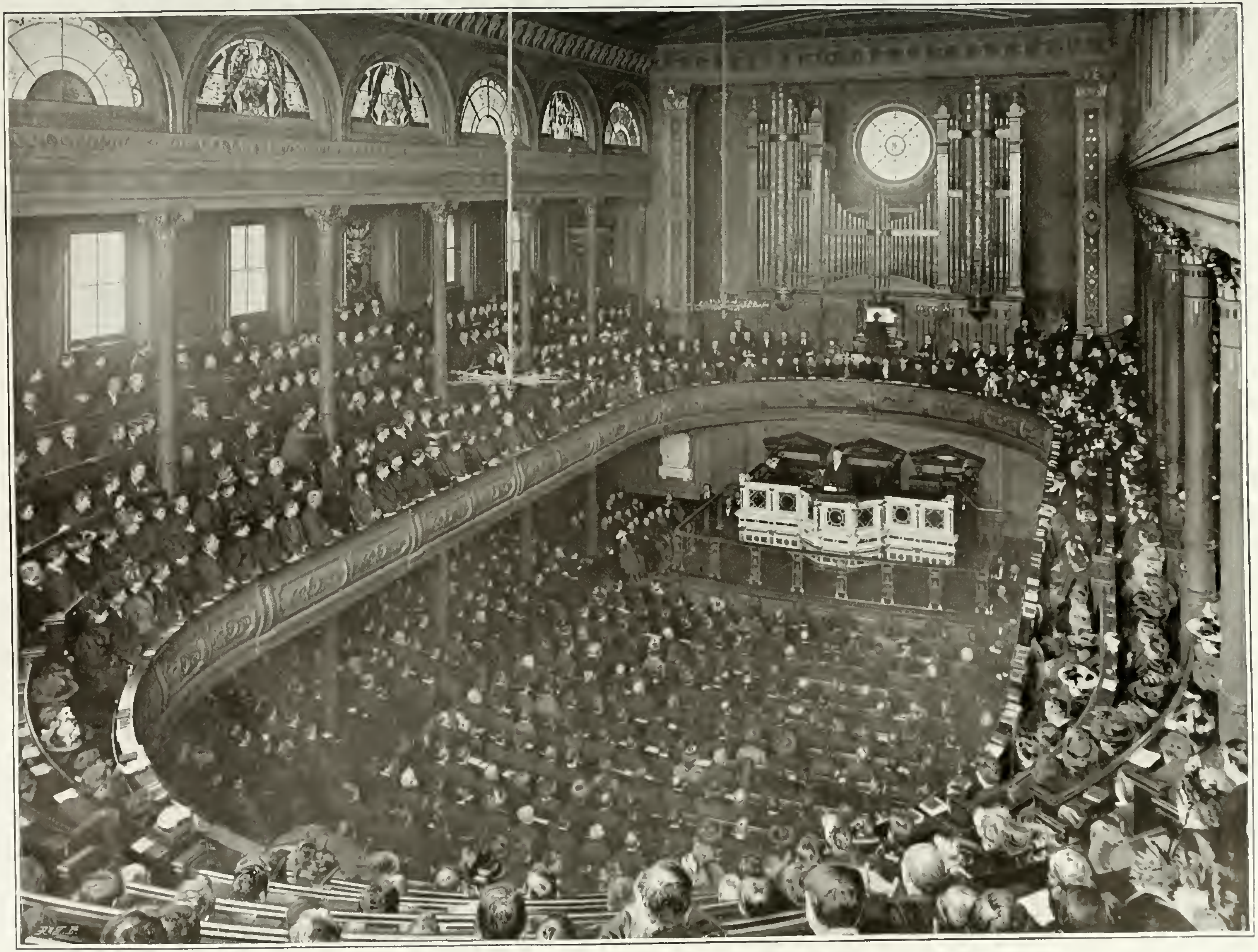
Dr. Parker.

Dr. Parker, who will long be remembered in the City as the creator of the City Temple, and next to the late Mr. Spurgeon the most popular Nonconformist preacher of his day, was born, the son of a stonemason and builder, at Hexham, Northumberland, on the 9th of April, 1830, and there he spent the first twenty-two years of his life. In 1852 he was in London studying at University College. The brilliant young orator was ordained in the following year, and after holding pastorates at Banbury and at Manchester, took charge of the moribund church of the Poultry in 1869. From the beginning he made himself felt in London as a preacher of exceptional originality and power, and to the end he not only preached to crowded congregations on Sundays, but successfully maintained a noonday service every Thursday, at which a considerable proportion of the congregation consisted of fellow ministers. A man of wilful eccentricities and blazing indiscretions, as well as of shining gifts, he was long regarded with suspicion by many in his own communion, but he filled the chair of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, as well as of the London Congregational Union, with discretion as well as distinction. His humour may have lacked geniality and refinement, but it was sometimes effective in covering opponents with confusion, as, for instance, at a meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel to support his abortive candidature for the City of London, when one of the audience rudely refused to take off his hat. At last Dr. Parker intervened. "Let him alone, gentlemen, and let his hat alone; believe me, there is nothing in it," he said, amid roars of laughter. Much neater was the reproof he administered to the seconder of a vote of thanks to himself. The proposer of the vote had made a brief and graceful speech, the seconder spoke at some length, and tempered his gratitude with criticism. In acknowledging the vote the orator said, "I am debtor both to the Greek, and," pointing to the seconder, "to the barbarian."

In the later years of his ministry Dr. Parker conciliated the esteem of many who before had been repelled by the extravagances of a flamboyant personality. Those who knew him best thought of him the most highly, and it is not surprising that Mr. Albert Dawson's little biography, the work of one who had been his private secretary, should breathe a spirit of enthusiastic though not undiscriminating admiration. One endearing trait of the great preacher's which Mr. Dawson notes was his refusal to permit the ejection of crying children. "I never turn a baby out of church," he said on one occasion when a child was lifting up its voice. "I don't know what the child was saying," he finely added, "but I know it was all true." Dr. Parker died in 1902, and was succeeded at the City Temple by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A., who presently became the standard-bearer of what is styled the "New Theology." Under his ministry the City Temple has been not less thronged than it was in Dr. Parker's palmiest days.



ARMS OF THE CUTLERS' COMPANY.



THE LATE DR. PARKER PREACHING IN THE CITY TEMPLE

CHAPTER XXXVI

HOLBORN CIRCUS TO HOLBORN BARS

Holborn Circus—Thavie's Inn—Bartlett's Buildings—Barnard's Inn—Furnival's Inn—Brooke Street and Chatterton—St. Alban's—Staple Inn—Holborn Bars

Holborn Circus.

IN the centre of Holborn Circus is a bronze equestrian statue of the Prince Consort, by C. Bacon, the gift of an anonymous donor. Unveiled in 1874, it represents the Prince saluting the Viaduct, and is mounted on a lofty and massive pedestal embellished with bas-reliefs illustrating important events in Prince Albert's life and erected partly at the charges of the City Corporation.

Old Taverns.

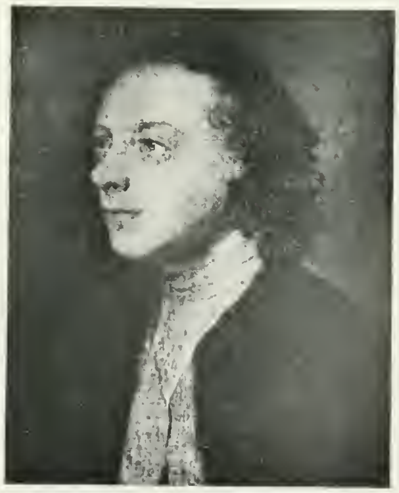
The passer-by in Holborn will now look in vain for its two most famous inns, the "Old Bell" and the "Black Bull," which adjoined each other on the north side of the street, close to the Circus. The former was demolished in 1897, the latter about 1901. Of the "Old Bell" some charming sketches will be found in Mr. Philip Norman's "London Vanished and Vanishing."

Among the streets which open into Holborn Circus is Thavie's Inn, the first of the Inns of Chancery to which we have come in our journeyings in the City. The most ancient of the hostels for "apprentices of the law," as law students once were styled, it is named after John Thavie, an armourer of the City, buried in St. Andrew's, who in 1348 left certain property in Holborn for the maintenance of the fabric of that church. In 1550 the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn acquired the houses standing on this site for the use of law students, but in 1769 Thavie's Inn was sold to a private person, and so ceased to be an Inn of Chancery. Some time afterwards it was destroyed by fire, and now the site is covered with modern warehouses and offices. We shall set out the difference between these Inns of Chancery and the Inns of Court when we come to the first of the latter institutions that we shall encounter, the Temple.

Bartlett's Buildings.

Bartlett's Buildings, also leading into Holborn Circus, on the south side, are named after a Thomas Bartlett, and are mentioned by this name as far back as 1615. In 1714 the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge had its offices here, and it still contains some houses belonging to that century. In Bartlett's Passage, leading from the Buildings into Fetter Lane, was the "humble day school," kept by a Mr. William Bird, which Charles and Mary Lamb attended before the former was admitted to Christ's Hospital. The boys, as Lamb afterwards wrote, were taught reading and writing in the morning, and the girls, "our sisters, etc.," in the evening.

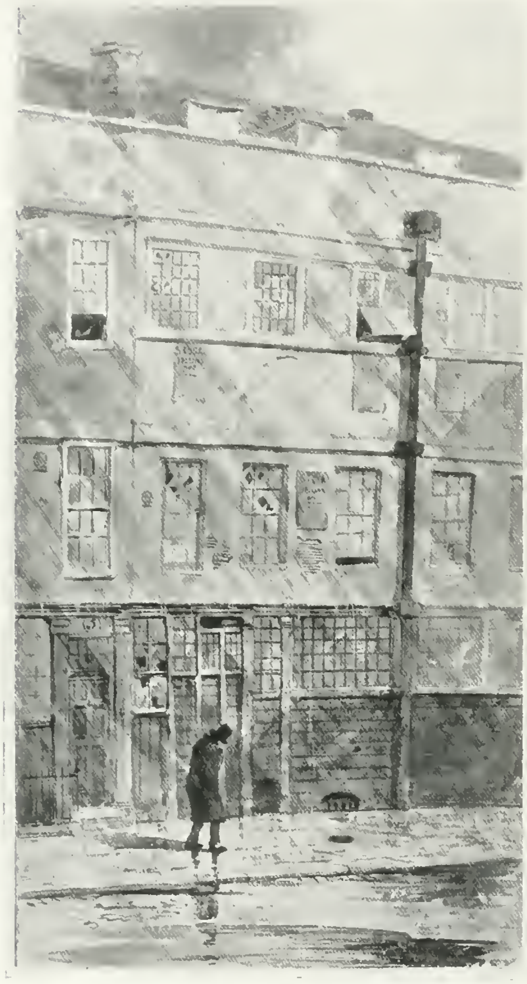
A few steps further westwards, still on the south side of Holborn, is a passage leading to Barnard's Inn, formerly an Inn of Chancery appertaining to Gray's Inn. Originally called Mackworth's Inn, it was at the time of its conversion into an Inn of Chancery in the occupation of one Barnard, whose name it has ever since borne. In 1881 it was bought for £30,000 by the Mercers' Company, who, without destroying the



THOMAS CHATTERTON.
From the Portrait by Hogarth.

quaint little hall of the Inn, have built upon the site a school capable of accommodating some three hundred boys. The Mercers' School, one of the four ancient public schools of the City, was originally carried on in a building that formed part of the Mercers' Chapel in Cheapside, and in that part of the City it remained until 1787, when it was removed to Budge Row. After other changes of habitation it was transferred in 1808 to College Hill, whence in 1894 it migrated to Barnard's Inn. Among other great names on the roll of the School are those of Dean Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School, and one of the pioneers of the New Learning; Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange and of Gresham College, and Matthew Wren, Bishop of Ely, and uncle of Sir Christopher.

Mercers' School.



WHERE CHATTERTON DIED.
From a Drawing by J. W. Archer.

Furnival's Inn.

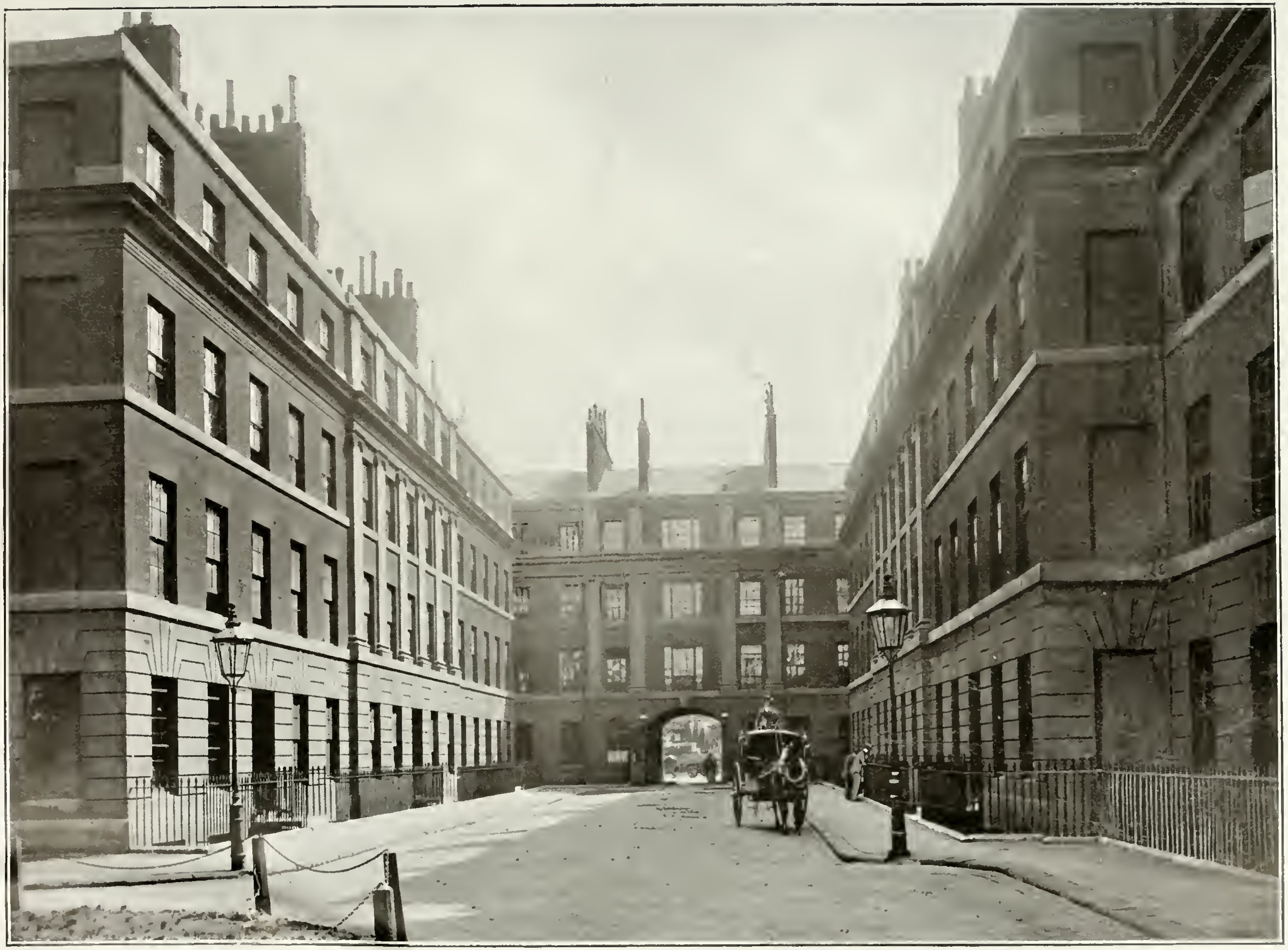
Almost opposite Barnard's Inn, on the north side, is the site of another of these Inns of Chancery, Furnival's Inn, named after the Lords Furnival, who had property here. It became an Inn of Chancery early in the fifteenth century, and in 1547, the first year of Edward VI., was acquired by the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, who had formerly held the lease. The greater part of the Inn was rebuilt in the reign of Charles I., but the old Gothic hall, dating from 1588, was still standing when in 1818, the Society of Furnival's Inn having been dissolved, the Inn was once more rebuilt, this time by Mr. Peto, the contractor, uncle of his future partner, Sir Samuel Morton Peto. In 1888 the freehold was acquired by the Prudential Assurance Company, and upon it has since been built an extension of their offices, which now form one of the finest commercial structures in London, and probably the largest and handsomest block of insurance buildings in the world. Designed by the late Alfred Waterhouse and his son, Mr. Paul Waterhouse, of red brick and terra cotta, in the Pointed style, it occupies the whole of that part of Holborn which lies between Brooke Street and Leather Lane, and provides accommodation for nearly seventeen hundred clerks, of whom close upon four hundred are of the gentler sex.

Charles Dickens.

Furnival's Inn has associations with Sir Thomas More, who for three years held the office of reader; with Bishop Ken, whose father was a barber-surgeon and sheriff's attorney accomptant here; and with Charles Dickens, who here began his married life, and whose eldest son was born here, in 1837. It was during Dickens's residence at Furnival's Inn that "Pickwick" was conceived and written. In March, 1837, he removed to Doughty Street, Mecklenburgh Square. The plaque which marked his house in Furnival's Inn, preserved by the Prudential Assurance Company, has been affixed as nearly as possible to that part of the offices which occupies the site.

Brooke Street.

Brooke Street will always be associated with the unfortunate Chatterton, for it was in a house on the western side of the street, near the Holborn end, numbered 39, and now no longer in existence, that he sought relief from misery and want in death. A sum



FURNIVAL'S INN

of more than eleven guineas would presently have come to him for writings accepted but not yet published; but he had got to the end of his available resources, and had lost hope of being able to make his way as an author in London. Knowing that for three days he had eaten nothing, his landlady, on the 24th of August, 1770, begged him to take some dinner with her, but he assured her that he was not hungry. At night he locked himself up in his garret, and the next morning was found dead, an empty arsenic phial still in his hand. So, at the untimely age of seventeen, perished "in his pride" a poet whose genius would have added lustre to our literature.

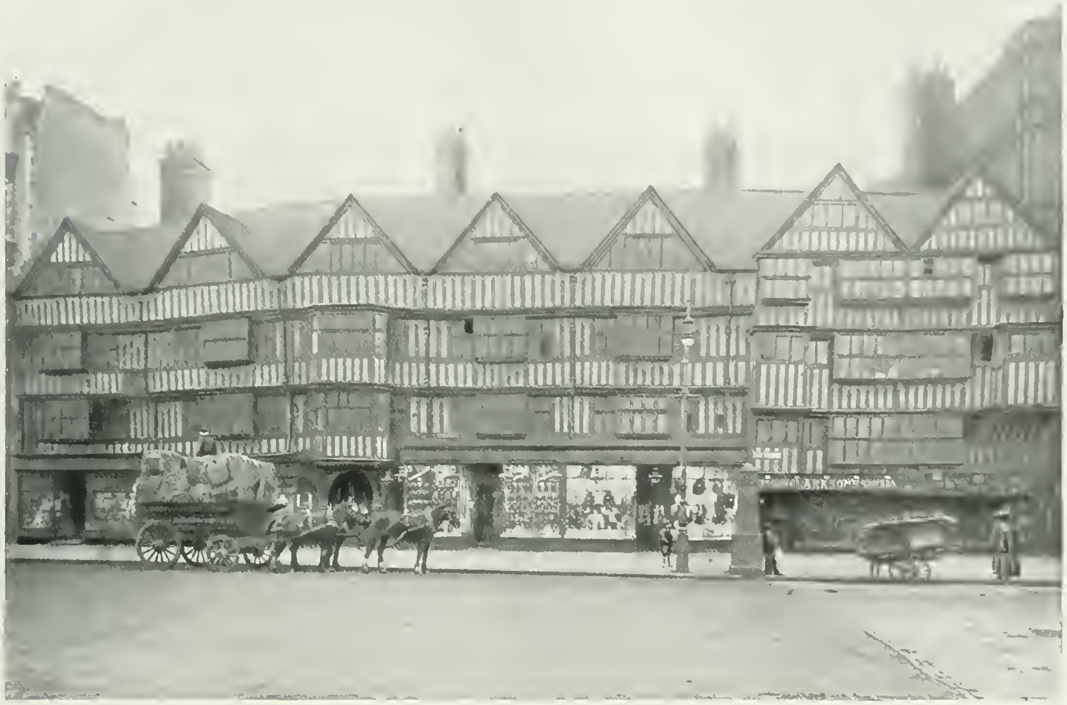


Photo. Pictorial Agency.

THE HOLBORN FRONT OF STAPLE INN.

St. Alban's.

At the northern end of Brooke Street, and just outside the City boundary, is the church of St. Alban, built by William Butterfield in 1860-63, at the charges of the late Mr. J. G. Hubbard, first Baron Addington, to whom, at the west end, is a tablet setting forth that he endowed the church "free for ever to Christ's poor." The vicarage of St. Alban's was for many years held by the late Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, and the church was one of those in which an advanced ritual formed the subject of popular agitation and legal proceedings.

Staple Inn.

Nearly opposite the Holborn end of Brooke Street are the ancient half-timbered houses that form the street front of Staple Inn, named, according to tradition, from its having been originally an inn or hostel of the merchants of the (wool) staple. With no small probability Mr. Lethaby, in "London Before the Conquest," concludes, as had indeed been previously suggested,* that Staple Inn was the inn at Holborn Bars or Staples, for the bars which marked the limits of the City liberties were in olden times called "staples" (*e.g.* in the year 1372 as cited by Riley), and in the Hundred Roll of Edward I. there is a reference to a citizen who had put "stapellos" in front of his house. Mr. E. Williams, however, in a history of the Inn published in 1906, adopts a modified form of the traditional theory, Staple Inn meaning, according to him, a customs house for wool.† His theory is that it originated in Saxon and Norman times as a royal customs house and market place, and that it received its special name "in the later half of Plantagenet times, when the tax upon the export of wool was the king's monopoly."

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* *Athenæum*, July 8th, 1899.

† *See also* "Memorials of Old London," Vol. I.

However this may be, Staple Inn was purchased in 1529 by the Benchers of Gray's Inn, and remained an appanage of that Inn of Court until 1811, when it regained its independence. The Society was dissolved in 1884, the Antients selling it to a firm of auctioneers, who in 1886 sold the southern portion to the Government for an extension of the Patent Office and the remainder to the Prudential Assurance Company for £68,000. To the credit of that Company be it said, they purchased the Inn with the express intention of preserving it, and at their direction the late Alfred Waterhouse carried out a careful and conservative restoration of the old half-timbered houses which form the street front. Nothing has been done to impair the old-world aspect of the Inn, which, separated by only the row of houses from one of the busiest streets in London, still forms one of the quaintest and shadiest and most secluded nooks in the City. The street front dates from 1586; the little turreted hall of the Inn, now leased to the Institute of Actuaries, was built five years earlier. At Staple Inn Dr. Johnson was living in 1759, when he published "Rasselas," which he had written in the evenings of one week to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral and discharge some little debts which she had left.

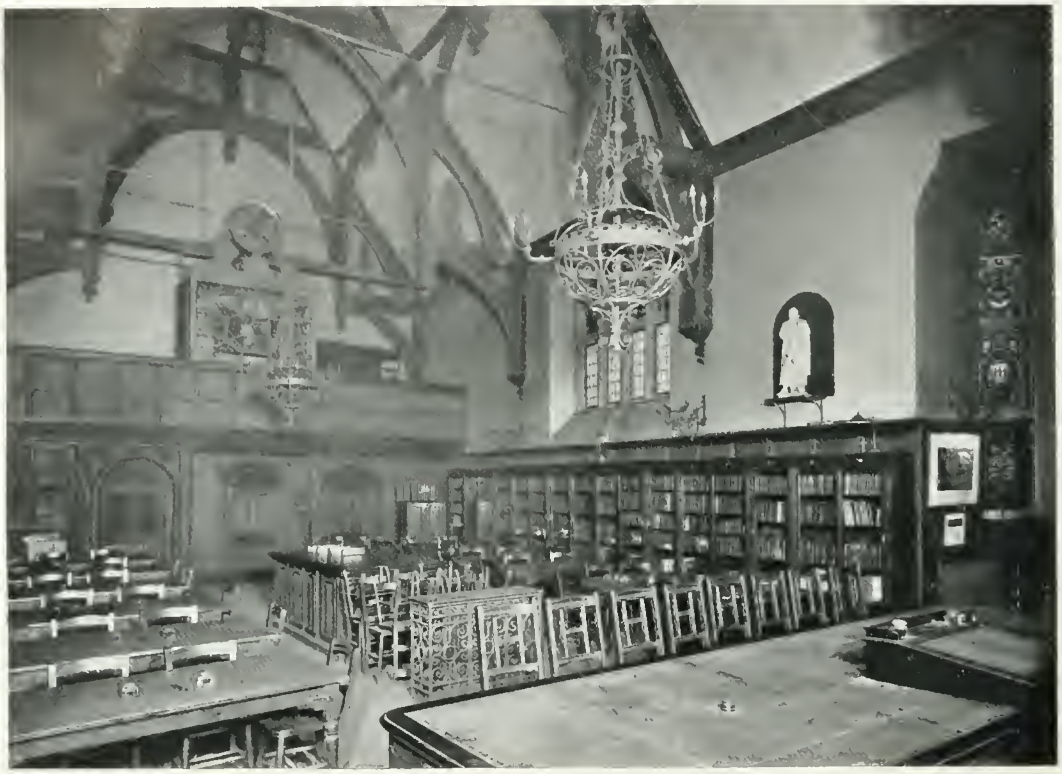
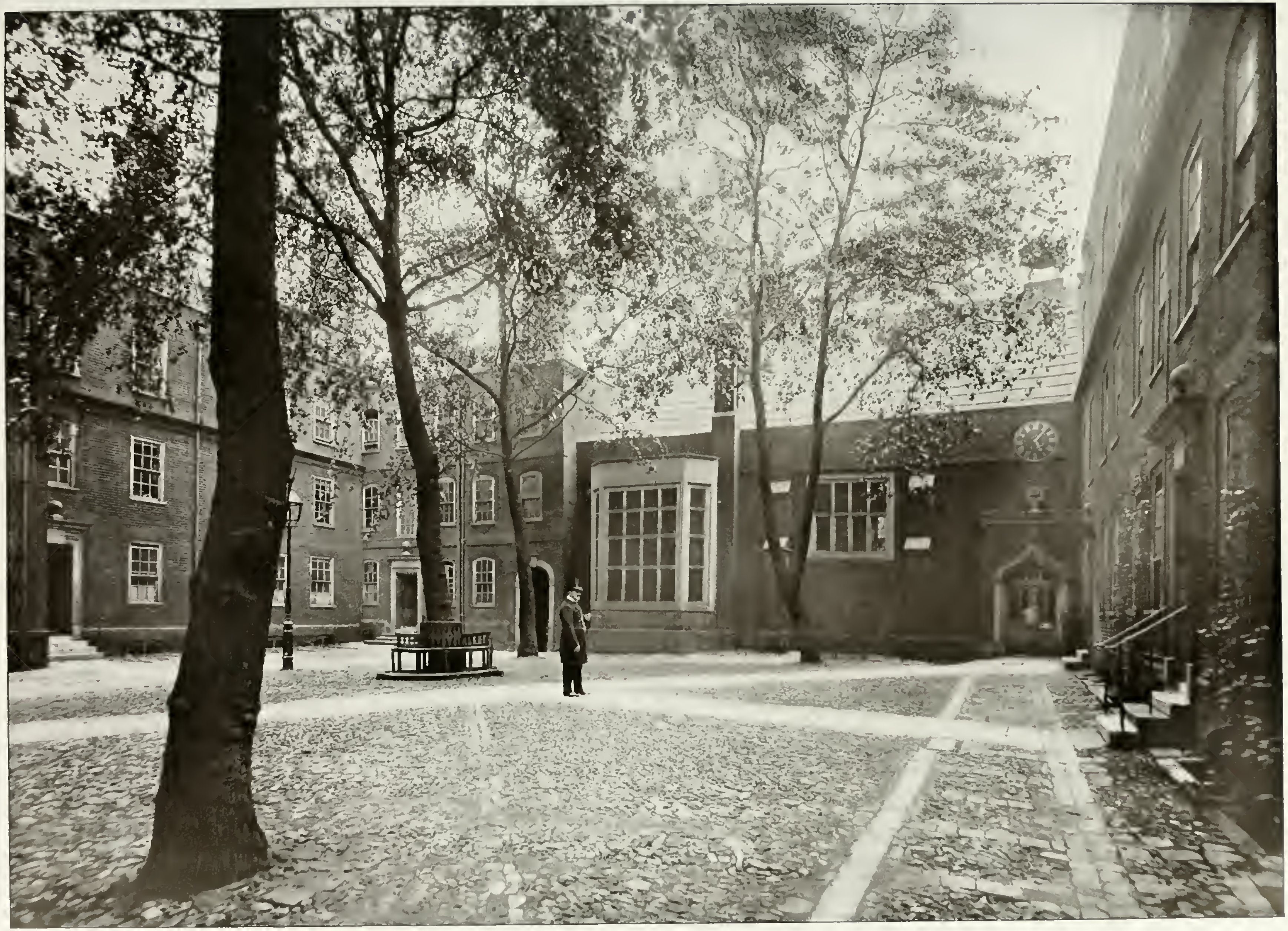


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

HALL OF STAPLE INN.

Just in front of Staple Inn on the south side of High Holborn, and over against Gray's Inn Road on the north side, are the granite obelisks that mark the site of Holborn Bars, which formed the western boundary of the City. Here for the present must end our pilgrimage westwards.



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COURTYARD OF STAPLE INN

CHAPTER XXXVII

FARRINGDON STREET, THE FLEET, AND NEW BRIDGE STREET

Farringdon Within and Farringdon Without—The Fleet and its Aliases—From River to Sewer—Fleet and Farringdon Markets—Fleet Prison—Huggins and Bambridge—Irregular Marriages—Married Twice in One Day—Inhabitants of the Fleet—Its Abolition—The Memorial Hall—Fleet and Turnagain Lanes—Bridewell, Palace and Prison—Floggings in Bridewell—City Apprentices—Chatham Place and the Rossettis

The Farringdon Wards.

FARRINGDON STREET, which runs beneath Holborn Viaduct, and extends from Charterhouse Street to Ludgate Circus, whence it is continued to Blackfriars Bridge by New Bridge Street, bears the name of two of the City Wards, Farringdon Within and Farringdon Without (the City Walls). Farringdon Within is one of the most considerable of the twenty-six wards,* and has as large a representation on the Common Council (fourteen members) as the two divisions combined of the Ward of Bishopsgate. But Farringdon Without is much the largest of all the wards, comprising the whole of the City westwards of the wall to Holborn Bars on the north and to Temple Stairs on the south, and it has a much larger representation on the Common Council than any undivided ward. It sends to that body sixteen members, or as many as the two divisions of the Ward of Cripplegate. Both the Farringdon Wards are named after William le Farindone, goldsmith, and Sheriff of London in the year 1281, who purchased of Ralph le Fevre the aldermanry of the Ward of Farringdon Within. Farringdon Without was originally known as Fleet Ward, or the Ward of Fleet Street, and afterwards as the Ward of Anketin de Auvergne, its alderman, and its earliest appearance under its present designation, so far as has been traced, is in a Corporation Letter-book of 1416.

The Fleet.

A River of Aliases.

Farringdon Street passes over the old bed of the Fleet, the river which, rising on the high ground between Hampstead and Highgate, ran by way of Kentish Town, Camden Town, St. Pancras, Clerkenwell, and Holborn, to the Town Ditch at Fleet Lane, and so into the Thames. It was only this lower part of it which anciently bore the name of the Fleet; the upper part was known as the Hole Bourne (p. 390), and it was also styled, in its Clerkenwell section, the Turnmill Brook; while yet another name conferred upon it was the River of Wells, from the number of springs which in this part of its course swelled its volume. In his Etymological Dictionary Professor Skeat defines fleet as "a creek, bay; in the names North-fleet, Fleet Street, etc.," and adds that the word was used for "any shallow creek, or stream, or channel of water." Mr. Lethaby interprets the name as signifying "a tidal creek," and it would appear that the Fleet was at first the designation of the mouth of the stream, and was afterwards extended to the section of the river between its outlet and Holborn Bridge. A part of the bed of the tidal creek, the true Fleet, was exposed so recently as the year 1900. In Aggas's map (1560) the Fleet is shown crossed by two bridges, the Fleet Bridge, at about the spot where now Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill join, and Holborn Bridge, situated at or close to the spot where Holborn Viaduct now crosses Farringdon Street. In the next century (*temp.* Charles II.) two others were added, one at Bridewell, between the mouth and Fleet Bridge, the other at Fleet Lane, between the Fleet and Holborn Bridges.

Like other London streams in the days when drainage was left to look after itself, the Fleet, as the population along its banks grew, became nothing better than an open sewer, and long before the Great Fire its lower reaches were often called the Bridewell

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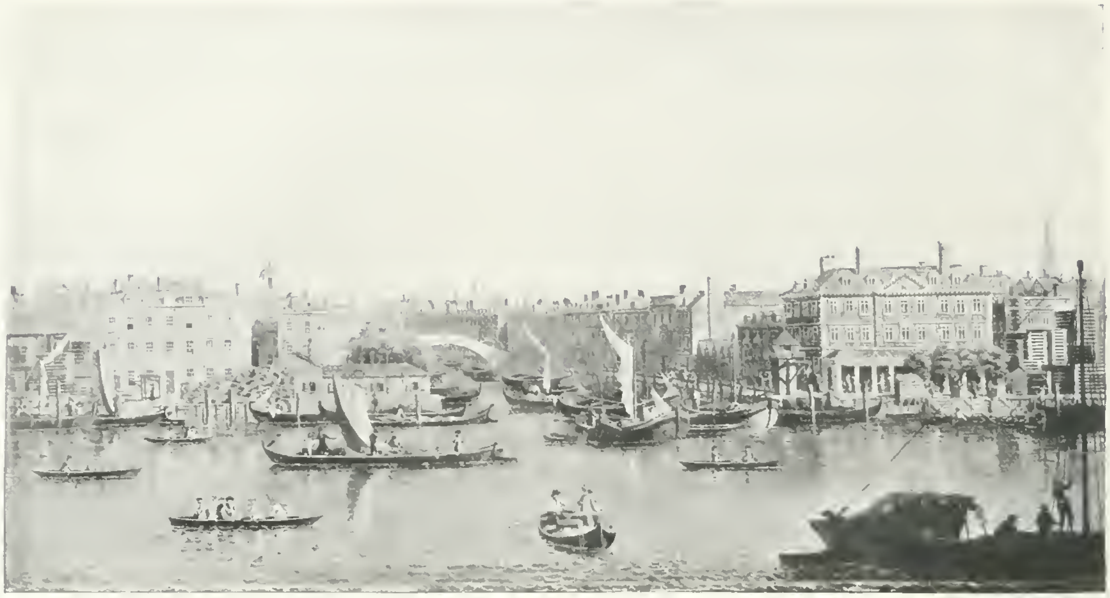
* *See* the Plan of the City Wards, *ante*, p. 126.



MOUTH OF THE RIVER FLEET, ABOUT 1793.
From a Painting by S. Scott in the Guildhall Art Gallery.

Ditch, or the Fleet Ditch. Thomas Fuller, in the "Worthies" (1662) says that it was styled the Fleet because of "its former fleetness, though now it creepeth slow enough, not so much for age as the injection of the City refuse wherewith it is obstructed." Decree after decree was issued by the City authorities to save it from pollution and obstruction, but to little purpose, and it could no longer be said of it, as in the thirteenth century, that "ten or twelve ships at once, with merchandise, were wont to come to the bridge of Fleet, and some of them to Holborn Bridge" (Strype). In the time of Cromwell it was pretty thoroughly cleansed, and in the reign of Charles II., after the Fire had cleared its banks of encroaching pig-styes and slaughter-houses, it was deepened from its mouth to Holborn Bridge, so that barges might be borne on the tide so far northwards. It was now known, for a time, as the New Canal, and so appears in Ogilby's map of 1677; but though upwards of £27,000 was spent upon the work, the improvement was but temporary. Its purity lasted long enough, however, to enable Lord Chesterfield to make the witty allusion to it which will once more bear quotation. He was asked by a Parisian whether London could show a river like the Seine. "Yes," was the reply, "and we call it the Fleet Ditch."

Pollution.

At last the time came when the Fleet, as an open stream, ceased to be. When the Mansion House was begun, a new site had to be found for the dispossessed Stocks Market, and about the year 1733 the Ditch between Holborn and Fleet Street was arched over, and upon the arches was built the Fleet Market for meat, fish, and vegetables. But it was not until the eighth decade of the eighteenth century, when the approaches to Blackfriars Bridge were formed, that the lowest section of the Fleet, between the present Ludgate Circus and the Thames, was covered in. Now the bed of the Fleet is occupied by one of the great sewers of the metropolis, which empties itself into the Low Level sewer, but was so constructed that in time of storm or other emergency its contents could be discharged direct into the Thames.

The Fleet Market.

The Fleet Market, opened in 1737 (September 30th), had an existence of some ninety-two years, and then (1829) the buildings were demolished in order that the thoroughfare from Holborn to Blackfriars Bridge might be widened. About the same time was built, just on the western side of the street, between it and Shoe Lane, the Farringdon Market, which ran an inglorious career. A part of it was demolished in the formation of the approaches to Holborn Viaduct, and when a few years afterwards (1874) the Court of Common Council considered the desirability of reconstructing it, it was reported that during several preceding years the receipts had averaged only £225. It dragged on a squalid life for a few years longer, and then its site was used for the formation of new streets.

The Fleet Prison.

A much more celebrated institution associated with the Fleet was the Fleet Prison, which stood on the eastern bank, where now the Congregational Memorial Hall rears its sharp gables. One of the most ancient of the City prisons, it was traced back by Stow as far as the reign of Richard I. It was burnt by the Wat Tyler rebels in 1381, and again, four hundred years afterwards save one, by the Gordon rioters. The deliberation with which Lord George's followers went to work, and their fellow-feeling for the inmates of the Fleet, are quite curious. About one o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, the 6th of June, 1780, says a contemporary "Narrative of the Proceedings of Lord George Gordon," quoted by Mr. John Ashton,* "the mob went to the Fleet Prison and demanded the gates to be opened, which the keepers were obliged to do, or they would have set fire to it. They were then proceeding to demolish the prison, but the prisoners expostulating with them and begging that they would give them time to remove their goods, they readily condescended, and gave them a day for that purpose, in consequence of which the prisoners were removing all this day out of that place. Some of the prisoners were in for life." In the evening the rioters returned and set the prison on fire.

In 1774, a few years before this event, the prison was visited by John Howard, who found it to contain 243 prisoners, mostly debtors, while their wives and children, also accommodated within its walls, numbered 475. He reported that it was clean, though, like all other prisons at that time, ill-managed. Earlier in the same century the abuses connected with its management had reached such a pitch that in 1726 a Parliamentary Committee was appointed to inquire into them. Its report disclosed a system of revolting tyranny and extortion on the part of Huggins, the warden, who farmed the fees, and Bambridge, who at first was his deputy, but afterwards bought his rights and his son's reversion.

Extortion.

One of the charges brought against Huggins was that of refusing to surrender to their friends the bodies of deceased prisoners until his demands were met, and burying them in "the common burying place for prisoners" if the offers did not come up to his standard. The graceless wretch's reply to this charge was an almost contemptuous admission of its truth. His deputy, he said, informed him "that scarcely a prisoner hath died on the master's side that was not largely indebted to him; and therefore possibly he might have used endeavours to get what part of the money was due to him, as he could fairly, from the deceased's relations."

Tyranny.

In the Committee's report account was given of Bambridge's treatment of one of his victims, Jacob Mendez Solas, a Portuguese, whom he loaded with irons and flung into a horrible hole used as a mortuary, built over the common sewer, and adjoining the sink and refuse heap. When at last a friend paid five guineas in the captive's behalf he was released from his dungeon, after nearly two months' confinement. "But though his chains were taken off," reported the Committee, "his terror still remained, and the unhappy man was prevailed upon by that terror not only to labour *gratis* for the said Bambridge, but to swear also at random all that he hath required of him; and the Committee themselves saw an instance of the deep impression his sufferings had made upon him, for on his surmising, from something said, that Bambridge was to return again, as Warden of the Fleet, he fainted, and the blood started out of his mouth."

The House petitioned the King to prosecute Huggins and Bambridge, and they had to stand their trial at the Old Bailey on charges of having murdered certain of their prisoners. But they were both acquitted. Bambridge was pleased, some twenty years afterwards, to cut his own throat, but Huggins died a natural death at the age of nearly ninety.

One of the strangest features of the history of the Fleet Prison was the clandestine and irregular marriages which were celebrated first in its chapel and afterwards, still more irregularly, in taverns or in private houses within the "rules" — the district within which debtors who were able to find sureties and to pay a percentage on their debts were allowed to lodge. In 1824, by the way, the rules were so enlarged as to include a region about a mile and a half in circumference. The irregular marriages were celebrated without banns or licence, and when the parties to the ceremony wished them to remain unrecorded the celebrant was ready to oblige them. Acts of Parliament directed against such irregular marriages, here and elsewhere, were passed in 1689 and in later years, but though the weddings no longer took place in the chapel, they went on merrily enough in private houses within the rules. Pennant, writing towards the end of the eighteenth century, relates how, walking along the street next the prison in his youth, he was often met by the question, "Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?" "Along this most lawless space was hung up the frequent sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with 'Marriages performed within' written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop; a squalid profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid nightgown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or roll of tobacco."

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* "The Fleet: its River, Prison, and Marriages." By John Ashton. 1888. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Marriages in the Fleet.

The disgusting pass to which things had come about the time of which Pennant wrote may be seen from this extract from the *Whitehall Evening Post*, July 24, 1739:—"On Tuesday last a woman . . . came to the sign of the Bull and Garter, next door to the Fleet prison, and was there married to a soldier; in the afternoon she came again and would have been married to a butcher, but that parson who had married her in the morning refused to marry her again, which put her to the trouble of going a few doors further, to another parson, who had no scruple."

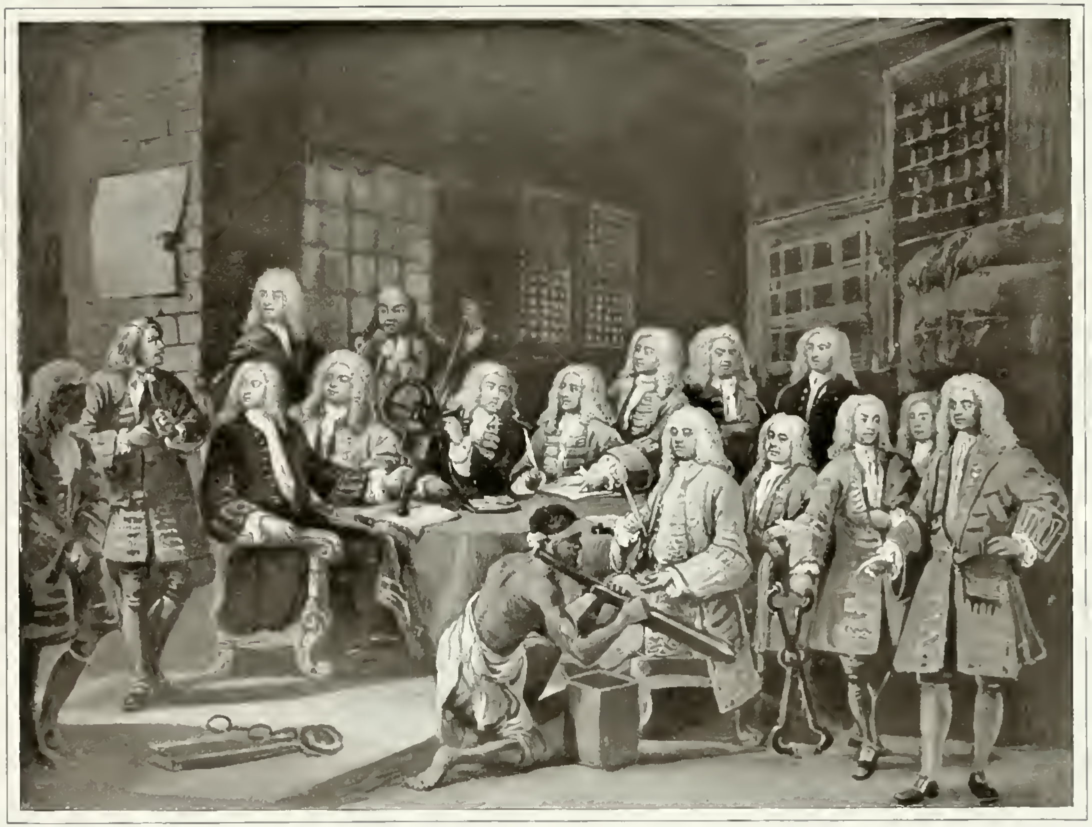
Some of the celebrants of the marriages were dissolute clergymen, others of them were nothing but mock parsons. Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson, in his "Brides and Bridals," has graphically sketched one of the most striking of these offenders against the canons, one Dr. Gaynam, who "lived for many years in Bride Lane, and never walked down Fleet Street in his silk gown and bands without drawing attention to his commanding figure, and handsome though significantly rubicund face. Nothing ever put the doctor out of humour or countenance. He was on several occasions required to bring one of his marriage registers to the Old Bailey, and give evidence in a trial for bigamy; but no gentleman of the long robe ever disturbed the equanimity of the shameless ecclesiastic, who, smiling and bowing courteously to his questioner, answered, '*Video meliora, deteriora sequor*,' when an advocate asked him, 'Are you not ashamed to come and own a clandestine marriage in the face of a court of justice?' Even when Walter Chandler beat him with a stick, the doctor took his caning with well-bred composure. The popular nickname of the doctor declared him the bishop of an extremely hot diocese, but his manner and language were never deficient in coolness."

Dr. Gaynam.

To put a stop to such abuses as those in the Fleet, Lord Hardwicke's Bill was passed, making banns or licence necessary, and also the consent of parents if the parties were under age. The measure had, however, to encounter opposition. Charles Townshend spoke against it, denouncing it as "one of the most cruel enterprises against the fair sex that ever entered into the heart of man." "If I were concerned in promoting it," he added, "I should expect to have my eyes torn out by the young women of the first country town I passed through, for against such an enemy I could not surely hope for the protection of the gentlemen of our army." And Horace Walpole wrote against it as tending to cramp inclination and discountenance matrimony, and thought it amazing that such a piece of legislation should have been brought forward in a country "where liberty gives choice," and where "facility of marriage had always produced populousness"! On the day before the Act came into operation Alexander Keith married nearly a hundred couples.

Among famous or notorious denizens of the Fleet may be named the young poet Earl of Surrey, who found it "a noisome place, with a pestilent atmosphere"; Thomas Keys, Queen Elizabeth's serjeant porter, who had offended his royal mistress by secretly

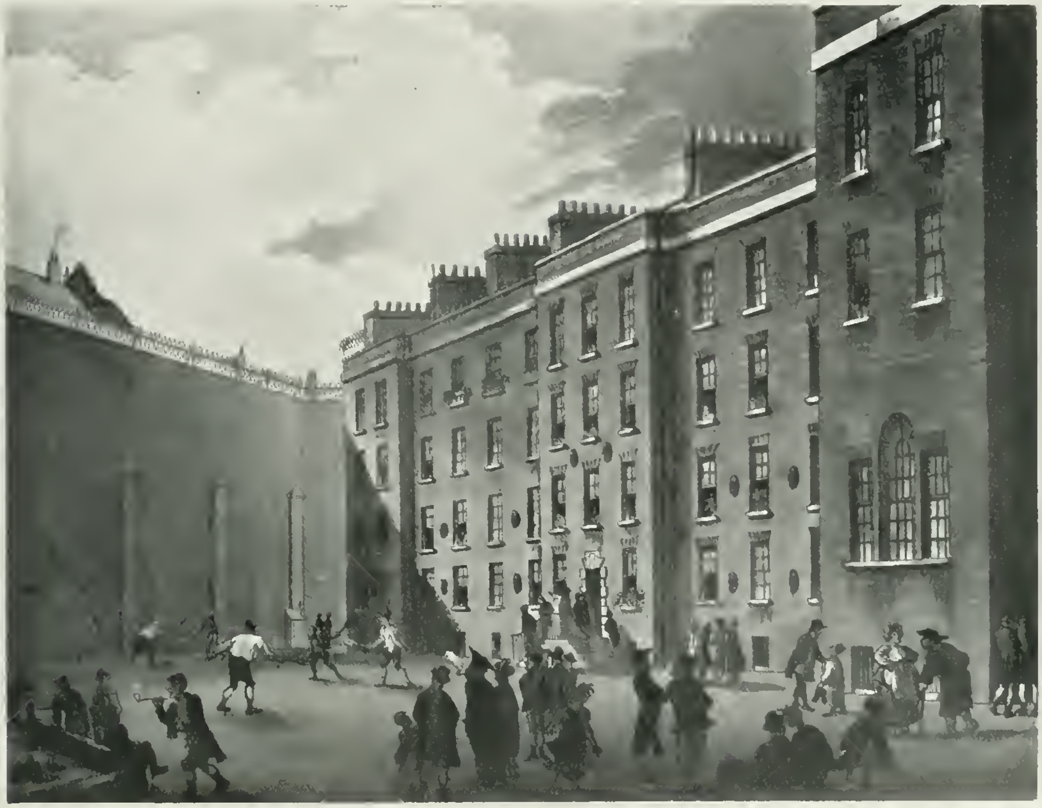
Denizens of the Fleet.



A MEETING OF THE COMMONS COMMITTEE
ON THE FLEET PRISON IN 1729

(*After Hogarth*)

marrying the Lady Mary Grey, sister of the Lady Jane; Dr. Donne, the poet, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, who, while a tutor, clandestinely espoused the daughter of his patron, Sir George Moore; Thomas Nash, the satirist (1597), for writing the *Isle of Dogs;* and Sir Robert Killigrew (1613), for talking to Sir Thomas Overbury at the prison gate of the Tower. It was into the Fleet also that some of the Marian martyrs were flung, among them Bishop Hooper, who for bed had "a little pad of straw, with a rotten covering." Hither, too, were brought victims of the Star Chamber, such as Prynne and Lilburne, the former to have his ears cut off and his nostrils slit, the latter to be whipped at the cart's tail to the pillory at Westminster. From Palace Yard, Westminster, where Prynne's barbarous sentence was carried out, he was escorted back to the Fleet by a hundred thousand sympathisers, who supported him in his agony with their prayers and shouts of encouragement. Nor could the birch tame "free-born John's" fiery and indomitable spirit. He made of the pillory a platform, and when they gagged him harangued the crowd in dumb show by stamping. A contemporary of Prynne's and Lilburne's, James Howell, the letter-writer, came to the Fleet in 1643 for a four years' sojourn, as a political suspect. His arrest does not appear to have dimmed his cheerfulness. "As far as I see," he wittily wrote to a friend, "I must be at dead anchor in this Fleet a long time, unless some gentle gale blow thence, to make me launch out." Another man of letters, Wycherley, had a still longer sojourn here, for he spent seven years in the Fleet as a debtor. Here, too, lived for a while Penn, the founder of a State, and Richard Savage, the poet; and here, in 1797, died Miss Cornelys, of Soho Square, after her long career as a leader of fashion. But most famous of all the denizens of the Fleet was the immortal Mr. Pickwick, and those who would know what sort of a place the prison was in its later days may be referred to his biographer's description of it.

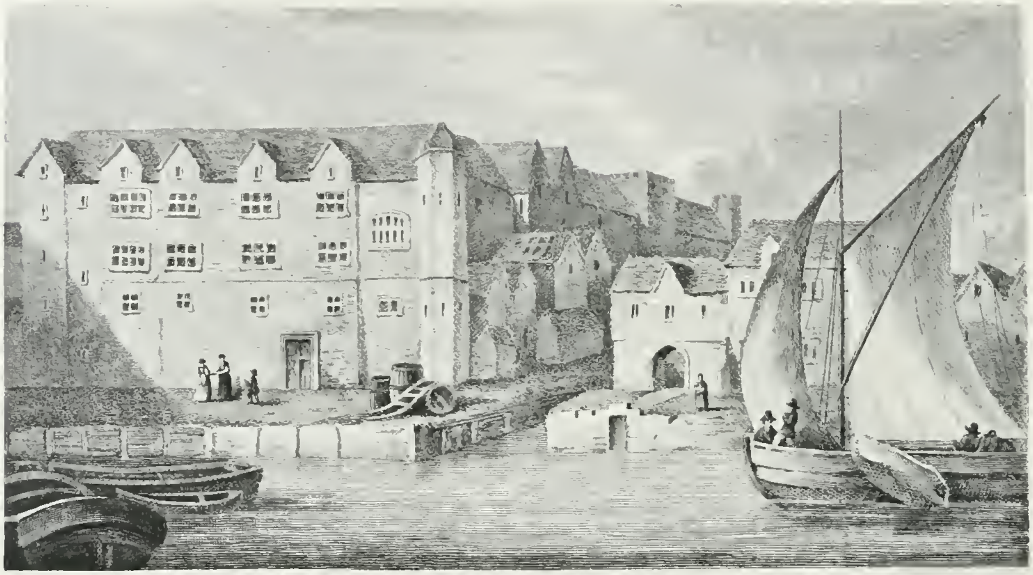


THE FLEET PRISON.
From a Drawing by Rowlandson & Pugin.

The End. An Act for the abolition of the Fleet was passed in 1842, such of the prisoners as did not take advantage of the Insolvent Debtors Act being removed to the Queen's Bench Prison. In 1844 the City Corporation acquired the property, and in 1846 the prison was pulled down. In 1864 the site, which had latterly been used as the City stoneyard, was bought by the London, Chatham, and Dover Company for the sum of £60,000, and later a part of it was acquired, at a cost of £28,000, for the purposes of the Congregational Memorial Hall, an admirable stone structure in the French Decorated style, designed by Mr. Tarring, which commemorates the bicentenary of the ejection from the Church of England of the two thousand clergymen who refused obedience to the Act of Uniformity. Under this Act, by the way, which came into operation on St. Bartholomew's Day (August 24th), 1662, no fewer than 112 clergymen in London came out, so strong was the Puritan tradition in the capital. The Memorial Hall, which was opened in 1874, comprises a large hall, with accommodation for upwards of 1,200 persons, a library for books which had been housed in Blomfield Street, and committee-rooms and suites of offices, occupied mostly by various religious societies, such as the Congregational Union of England and Wales, the London Congregational Union, and the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches.

The Memorial Hall.

Fleet Lane. Of the tributaries of Farringdon Street, one, Fleet Lane, has already been named in connexion with one of the Fleet bridges. It descends steeply from the Old Bailey, and winds beside the works where these pages were printed and the Memorial Hall into Farringdon Street. In Stow's day it was "a place of no great account for buildings or inhabitants," and from a reference to it in Massinger's play, *The City Madam*, it appears to have been, like Pie Corner, a centre of cookshops.



BRIDEWELL IN 1660.

Turnagain Lane. Turnagain Lane, nearer the Holborn Viaduct bridge, was in the time of Edward III. called Windagain Lane, because, in Stow's words, "it goeth down west to Fleet Dyke, from whence men must turn again the same way they came." It still deserves its name, for while there is now access from it to Farringdon Street, the other end of it, by way of compensation, has no egress.

Bridewell. In New Bridge Street, divided from Farringdon Street by Ludgate Circus, we find opposite the Ludgate Hill station of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway the scanty remains of Bridewell, first a palace, and afterwards a prison. Like Bridewell Dock, one of the

A House of Correction.

docks near the mouth of the Fleet, and St. Bride's parish, it is named after a well dedicated to St. Bride, between Fleet Street and the Thames, and it in turn has lent the name to temporary prisons throughout the country. It was a royal residence as early as the reign of Henry III., but little is known of its history until it was renovated or rebuilt by Henry VIII. for the reception of Charles V. of France and his suite in 1522. To Bridewell six years later the King summoned the members of his Council, the lords of his court, and the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and principal citizens of London to confide to them the scruples which, now that he had become enamoured of Anne Boleyn, troubled his conscience concerning his marriage to Queen Katharine, the widow of his deceased brother. His real object was to silence the censorious tongues which had already begun to wag, and he warned his auditors that the proudest among his subjects should know that he was their sovereign, and should answer with their heads for the presumption of their tongues. At this time Bridewell was in the hands of Cardinal Wolsey, but on his fall in 1529 it reverted to the fickle sovereign who had bestowed it upon him. In 1553 Bridewell was presented by Edward VI. to the City as a Workhouse and House of Correction, as the result of an appeal to Cecil from Bishop Ridley, who wrote to the Secretary that the house "would wonderful well serve to lodge Christ in if He might find such good friends in the Court as would procure in His cause." The Mayor and Aldermen entered upon possession in 1555, and levies were made upon the City Companies for funds to adapt it to its new purposes. Two years later Bethlem and Bridewell were amalgamated, and ever since then the two institutions have had the same Governors and Treasurer. Bridewell soon became pretty much of a nuisance to the neighbourhood by reason of the swarms of vagrants whom it attracted. Its importance to the City as a House of Correction may be gathered from the fact that in 1597 no fewer than 5,468 offenders were committed to it within a period of two months.

In his lecture on "Old Bridewell," read before the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society in 1905, the Rev. R. S. Mylne, one of the Governors, and a great-grandson of the Robert Mylne who built the first Blackfriars Bridge, gives some interesting extracts from the Bridewell and Bethlem records, among them one which relates how Richard Foster, an apprentice of "the good wife Dean," and another boy of the name of Young, were brought to Bridewell in 1559 for having had "lewd & naughty talk of the Queen's highness, & thereon [one] saying she must live 30 years and the other said but 2 years and having been examined were found to be very asses, & fools and were therefor. here whipped the same day & year & so discharged." In the same year one Jane Foster was brought in for that she "very naughtily & lewdly took upon her to enchant and as it were to bewitch Margaret Stone, the daughter of John Stone, saddler, without Newgate, & practised the bringing her unto the company of one Foster, a serving man only for lewd or evill purpose." What punishment was meted out to this offender is not stated.

Photo. Pictorial Agency.

CELL IN THE PRESENT BRIDEWELL.

Destroyed in the Great Fire, Bridewell was rebuilt in 1668 on an even more considerable scale, in two quadrangles, the larger of which fronted the Fleet. About the end of that century Ned Ward, in "The London Spy," describes the flogging to which the prisoners were subjected. Men and women alike were whipped on the naked back before the Court of Governors, the President sitting hammer in hand to knock when the flogging should cease. When women were being flogged they would incessantly implore him to knock, and the supplication, "O, good Sir Robert, knock!" became a canting reproach to indicate that a woman had been whipped as a harlot at Bridewell. When Madame Creswell, a notorious bawd of Charles II.'s reign, died in Bridewell, she left £10 for a sermon to be preached at her funeral, the legacy to be contingent upon the parson saying nothing but what was well of her. A preacher was found who hit upon an ingenious way of fulfilling the condition. Having discoursed on the general subject of mortality, he concluded:—"By the will of the deceased it is expected that I should mention her, and say nothing but what was well of her. All that I shall say of her, therefore, is this: She was born well, she lived well, and she died well; for she was born with the name of Creswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell."

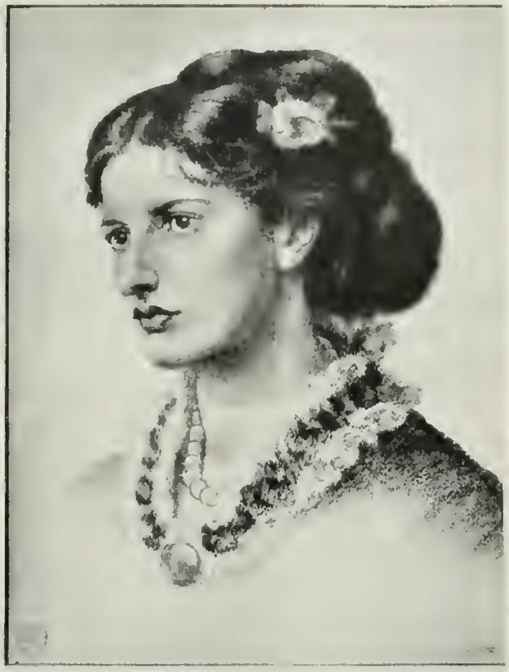
Bridewell Whippings.

Bridewell yielded to Hogarth the subject of the fourth plate in his "Harlot's Progress," finished in 1733. In a long, dilapidated tiled shed some female prisoners are beating hemp on wooden blocks, and a truculent warder is raising his cane to strike a poor girl who seems scarce able to lift her mallet, while her companions in durance deride her fine apron, laced hood and figured gown. An idle apprentice is standing on tiptoe to reach the pillory, on which is inscribed the admonition, "Better to work than stand thus." According to Maitland, writing in 1739, Bridewell "maintained and brought up in divers arts and mysteries a considerable number of apprentices; besides a great number of poor indigent vagrants and strumpets, that are kept at work." In 1832 the number of persons confined here was 714, besides 94 in the House of Occupation in St. George's Fields. The ordinary prisoners were persons of either sex sentenced by the City magistrates to terms of imprisonment not exceeding three months. In 1860 a new scheme for the management of Bridewell was sanctioned by which it was superseded as a prison by the new City jail at Holloway; but the Governors were required to continue the use of the House of Occupation in St. George's Fields as a training school for girls and to erect a new House of Occupation for boys. Four years later the prison was demolished, and the chapel disappeared in 1871, leaving only the hall, court-room, and Governor's house, with some cells for refractory City apprentices, and the gateway, surmounted with the head of Edward VI., which had formed the chief entrance to the Hospital. Among the pictures still preserved in the hall is one showing Edward VI. handing the charter to the Lord Mayor: it was formerly attributed to Hans Holbein, like a similar one at Christ's Hospital, but is now generally acknowledged to be the work of another hand. In these days very few apprentices find their way to Bridewell. The power of the City 'prentices declined in the eighteenth century. Those of recent days, compared with the tribe in mediæval times, seem to have lost in robustiousness what they may have gained in sharpness, and few of them probably have so much as heard of the place whose name was a sound of evil omen to generations of their predecessors. It should be added that a sentence by the City Chamberlain to detention at Bridewell does not count as a criminal conviction, and that out of the funds of the Hospital are now maintained some five hundred boys and girls, who receive a good education and are then put out in the world.

Part of the site of Bridewell now forms Bridewell Place, where are the vicarage of St. Bride's, a comely building of red brick, the work of Mr. Basil Champneys, and the offices of the London City Mission. Close by, at the Tudor Street corner of New Bridge Street, is the handsome stone building which forms the headquarters of one of the greatest of our foreign missionary agencies, the London Missionary Society. The foundation-stone was laid by Sir Albert Spicer, M.P., the treasurer of the Society, on the 12th of January, 1904, and the building was opened early in 1905. The Society was founded in 1795 by a band of men which included Episcopalians and Presbyterians as well as Independents, and though it has been most closely identified with the Congregational communion, it has never departed from its fundamental principle, to send to the heathen "not Presbyterianism, Independency, Episcopacy, or any other form of Church order and government, but the glorious Gospel of the blessed God." Its first field of labour was the islands of the South Pacific, in which interest had been awakened by the story of Captain Cook's voyages, and in 1796 the *Duff* sailed from the Thames with thirty missionaries on board for the evangelisation of those parts. It numbers on its roll of missionaries the great names of Moffat, Livingstone, Morrison, John Williams, William Ellis, James Legge, Chalmers, and John Mackenzie—to speak only of such as have gone to their reward, and it now maintains in the mission field some three hundred men and women from these islands, besides thousands of native agents.

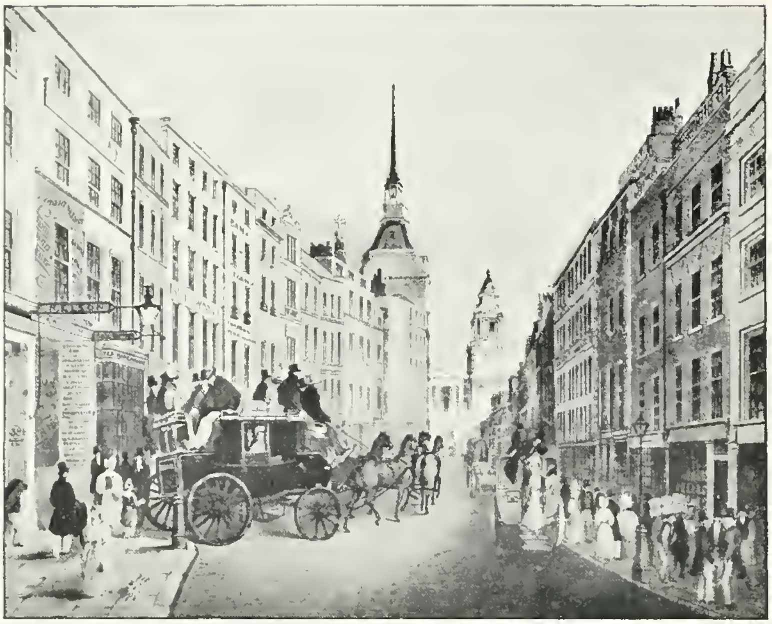
Tragedy.

When New Bridge Street was created it absorbed Chatham Place which must be mentioned because of its association with Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his wife. The poet-painter came to dwell here in 1852, and here he was living when, eight years later, he married Miss Siddal, daughter of a Sheffield cutler, herself a milliner, to whom he had been engaged for nine years. At first they took a lodging at Hampstead, but presently settled at Chatham Place, where Rossetti still had his studio. A lady of remarkable beauty, Miss Siddal had for some years suffered in her health, and it did not improve after her marriage. A shrewd and sympathetic physician told her husband that the leading cause of her illness was mental power long pent up and lately overtaxed. In her "Memorials" of her husband, Lady Burne-Jones explains the meaning of the diagnosis. "This delicately organised creature, who had spent the first sixteen years of her life in circumstances that practically forbade the unfolding of her powers, had been suddenly brought into the warmth and light of Gabriel's genius and love, under which her whole nature had quickened and expanded until her bodily strength gave way; but Rossetti himself did not realise this so as to spare her the forcing influence, or restrict his demands upon her imagination and sympathy." At Lady Burne-Jones's first meeting with Mrs. Rossetti, she received "an impression, which never wore away, of romance and tragedy between her and her husband." When the tragedy came she thus wrote of it to a sister:— "I scarcely believe the words as I write them, but yesterday I saw her dead. The evening before she was in good health (for her), and very good spirits—she dined with her husband and Swinburne, and made very merry with them—Gabriel took her home, saw her prepare for bed, went out to the Working Men's College, and on his return found her insensible from the effects of an overdose of laudanum, which she used to take medicinally. She never knew him or anyone else for a second—four physicians and a surgeon did everything human skill could devise, but in spite of all, she died . . . soon after seven in the morning. . . . I went down directly I heard it, and saw her poor body laid in the very bed where I have seen her lie and laugh in the midst of illness." Under the impulse of his agony the bereaved husband laid in the coffin, as a last offering, the MS. volume containing almost all the poems he had then written, and they were buried, but afterwards his friends prevailed upon him to recall the sacrifice and the MSS. were exhumed.



MRS. ROSSETTI, AS DRAWN BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

By Permission of Mr. W. M. Rossetti.



OLD VIEW OF LUDGATE HILL, SHOWING THE CAMBRIDGE COACH LEAVING LA BELLE SAUVAGE.
From a Coloured Lithograph in the British Museum.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

LUDGATE HILL

Ludgate: The Name—A City Prison—Last Scene in the Wyatt Rising—The Street widened—The Crippled Children's Alderman—The "London" Tavern—The "Daniel Lambert"—La Belle Sauvage and its Story—Grinling Gibbons—St. Martin's Church—Ludgate Hill Tributaries—Ludgate Circus

The Gate.

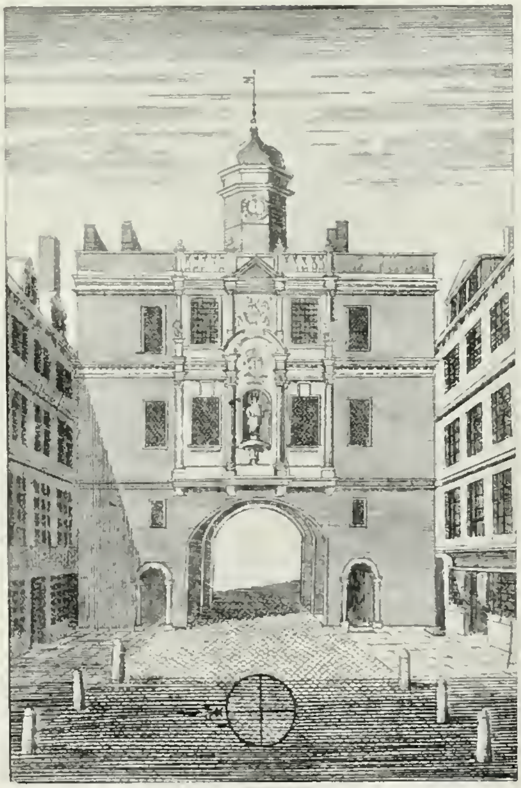
THE gate after which this thoroughfare is named stood below the church of St. Martin, between that building and the present London Tavern, and a few yards above the end of the Old Bailey. The tradition recorded by Geoffrey of Monmouth is that the gate commemorates its builder, King Lud, a British monarch who flourished six-and-sixty years before the Christian era. There is quite a sheaf of other conjectures, most of them nothing but more or less happy guesses. Even to state them would absorb more space than can here be spared, and it must suffice to say that the most probable derivation, which Mr. Lethaby, one of the best informed and most cautious of our antiquaries, accepts, is that of Lambard, the historian of Kent, that Ludgate is simply Saxon for postern. This derivation finds some slight support in the fact that up to Stow's time the east gate of the City—Aldgate—bore the name of the Postern.

Whenever Ludgate was first built, and whatever the name signifies, it was undoubtedly repaired or rebuilt in the year 1215, when the barons under Robert Fitzwalter came to London to wring Magna Charta from King John. It 1260 it was again repaired, this time by Henry III., who embellished it with effigies of King Lud and his sons. By the time of Queen Elizabeth it had become so dilapidated that in 1586 it was rebuilt, with figures of Lud and his two sons in Roman costumes on the City side, and a statue of the Queen herself on the west side. Long before this, in the reign of Richard II., it had become a first-class City prison, for freemen of the City and clergymen committed for debts and minor offences, and in 1463 it had been enlarged by Agnes Foster, widow

A City Prison.

of Stephen Foster, of the Fishmongers' Company, Mayor in 1454. By the generosity of this benevolent woman a chapel was added for the poor prisoners, and leads were provided upon which they might take exercise and breathe fresh air. A prison Ludgate continued to be to the end of its career. Gutted, but not structurally destroyed, in the Great Fire, it was repaired, and it remained standing until 1760, when on the petition of the inhabitants of the wards of Farringdon it was taken down as an obstruction to traffic, the prisoners being temporarily transferred to the London Workhouse in Bishopsgate Street. The effigies of King Lud and his sons were presented by the City authorities to Sir Francis Gosling, the banker, whose intention it was to set them up at the east end of St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street. They, however, found their way to the parish bonehouse. For the statue of Queen Elizabeth, also presented to Sir Francis Gosling, a niche was found in the wall of St. Dunstan's, and it may still be seen over the entrance to the vestry-room of the present St. Dunstan's.

Of all the scenes of turmoil that Ludgate looked down upon, none can have been more exciting than the last act of the Wyatt rising. We have already seen (p. 266) how the rebels failed to gain entrance to the City by way of London Bridge. Thus foiled, Wyatt, as we said, marched up the river to Kingston, crossed the stream there, and then descended upon London. Near Charing Cross, with some three or four hundred men, he was cut off from the rest of his followers. Arriving at Lud Gate he knocked for admission, but the gate was held for Queen Mary by a strong force under Lord William Howard, and baffled and discomfited, he sat him down to rest on a stall just outside the Bell Savage Inn, a few yards further down the hill. He roused himself, however, and with some forty adherents fought his way back to Temple Bar, but there found further retreat cut off and surrendered himself. He suffered for his presumption on Tower Hill on the 11th of the following April.



LUD GATE, THE WEST FRONT.

Rebuilding.

The highway which descends steeply from St. Paul's to Ludgate Circus was formerly only known as Ludgate Hill as far up as the gate, the upper portion, from the gate to St. Paul's, being Ludgate Street, and so it appears in Ogilby's map (1677); but the latter name has now disappeared. Of late years the street has been widened, and now permits a better view of the west front of St. Paul's than was formerly to be had, though it is still not in alignment with the cathedral. The widening was completed in the year 1893, at a cost of some £230,000. This great work was brought to a successful issue largely by the efforts of Sir William Treloar, Bart., now Alderman of the Ward of Farringdon Without, who, born on the hill, where his name is to be seen on both sides of the street, has written its history. Sir William Treloar is honourably famous for his interest in crippled children, and his Mayoralty in 1906-7 was distinguished by the establishment, out of funds raised mainly by his influence, of a home for such children at Alton, in Hampshire.

Every vestige of antiquity except St. Martin's Church has now vanished, but among the buildings which have taken the place of the older ones are some of architectural merit, and particularly the London City and Midland Bank, designed in the Renaissance style by Mr. T. E. Collcutt, the architect of the Imperial Institute, and completed in 1892.

The London Tavern.

The London Tavern, referred to as marking the site of Ludgate, is the successor of the London Coffee-house, of some note in its day for its wines, its clubs, its publishers' sales of stocks and copyrights, and from the fact that here juries from the Central Criminal Court hard by were lodged when cases had to be adjourned from one day to another. Opened in 1731, it was closed in 1867, and on the site, which was acquired by the City Corporation for £38,500, the present tavern has been built. In the early years of the nineteenth century the "London" was kept by the grandfather and then by the father of John Leech, the caricaturist, who was born within its walls.

Nearer the top of the hill, on the same north side, stood, until 1908, the "Daniel Lambert" hotel and restaurant, which replaced the "King's Head," an old tavern which in the early years of the nineteenth century was kept by one Daniel Lambert, a Leicestershire man, famous for his immense bulk. At his death in 1809 he weighed fifty-three stone, and that there was a liberal proportion of muscle in his composition is evidenced by his ability to carry a burden of more than four hundredweight and a half. In 1806 he exhibited himself in Piccadilly, and was as much the talk of the town as in later years was "General" Tom Thumb. He died three years later, at the age of thirty-nine.

La Belle Sauvage.

But the most famous of the inns of Ludgate Hill was that which bore the name of La Belle Sauvage, for hundreds of years one of the most renowned of the coaching hostelries of the City. Everyone has heard of the charming derivation of the title, suggested, no doubt in pure fancy, by Addison, in the *Spectator* (No. 28). "As for the Bell-Savage, which is the sign of a savage man standing by a bell," he wrote, "I was formerly very much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance translated out of the French; which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was found in a wilderness and is called in the French *la belle Sauvage*; and is everywhere translated by our countrymen the Bell-Savage." Can we accept this pretty theory? The late Walter Thornbury, in "Old and New London," was too ruthful to handle it with anything but gentleness, though reading between the lines one sees that he had little enough faith in it. The facts, one must sadly admit, are all opposed to it; nor do they favour the theory to which Thornbury leaned, that once upon a time the inn was kept by a Mistress Isa*bella* or Isa*bel* Savage, who in time came to be confused with the heroine of the French romance. This hypothesis would deserve consideration if it could be shown that the Bell Savage was ever kept by a Mistress Isabel or Isabella Savage. It is true that Samuel Pegge, the author of "Anecdotes of the English Language" (d. 1800), stated that a friend of his had seen an old lease of the house in which Isabella Savage figured as the tenant; but J. H. Burn, in his "London Traders, Tavern and Coffee-house Tokens" (pp. 136-37) quotes a deed (cited also by Lysons), dated February 5th, 1453, by which John Frensh confirmed to his mother, Joan Frensh, "*totum ten. sive hospicium cum suis pertin. vocat Savagesynne, alias vocat le Belle on the Hope*;"—"all that tenement or inn, with its appurtenances, called Savage's Inn, otherwise called the Bell on the Hoop," in the parish of St. Bridget in Fleet Street, London. By the phrase "on the hoop" was no doubt implied the ivy-bush, fashioned, as usual, into a garland.

Here, then, we have clear proof that in the fifteenth century, long prior to the date of any lease which Pegge's friend is likely to have seen, the tavern was known alternatively as Savage's, probably after an original or an early landlord,* and as the Bell. Rather later the two names, instead of being used as alternatives, were occasionally combined, for Lambarde, writing in the sixteenth century, mentions "the *Bell Savage*, or theatre," as a place to which folk repaired "to behold bear-baiting interludes, or fence play"; and other writers of this and later periods also style it the Bell Savage. In an advertisement in the *London Gazette* in 1676 (February 15th), it is styled the "Bell Sauvage" Inn, but a few years later (1683), in the same periodical, it appears once more as the "Bell and Savage." In 1672, as Mr. Hilton Price records in his "Signs of Old London," the landlord issued a token bearing a figure of an Indian woman holding a bow and arrow, and possibly it was this that set Addison's fancy to work. The precise genesis of "La Belle Sauvage" cannot now be traced. Possibly it is to be regarded as a piece of folk-lore, many minds being concerned in the gradual substitution of this more euphonious title, with its suggestions of romance, for "Savage's" and the "Bell." Early in the nineteenth century this inn which had once borne two names was for a time, at any rate, divided, one part of it being styled the "Bell," and the other the "Belle Sauvage."

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* Riley records that in 1380 one William Lawton was pilloried for attempting to defraud William Savage, of Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bridget. This shows, at any rate, that a citizen of the name of Savage dwelt in the vicinity.

STATUE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH FROM LUDGATE, NOW AT ST. DUNSTAN'S, FLEET STREET.

In 1568 the "Bell Savage" was bequeathed by John Craythorne, together with another messuage, that of the "Rose," to the Cutlers' Company, subject to certain conditions. The site of the inn is still the property of that Company, and in fulfilment of the conditions imposed by the will, exhibitions at Oxford and Cambridge and gifts to the poor of St. Bride's parish are provided out of the bequest.

To dispute Addison's pretty fancy concerning the derivation of La Belle Sauvage is to the present writer no welcome task, and in what is still left to be said about the old inn we may revert to the musical name by which the place has so long been known, and will no doubt through all future time be known. The Tenement consisted of two courts, the outer entered by an archway from Ludgate Hill, the inner by a second archway. The inn itself, fronted with two tiers of galleries, surrounded the inner court. In the early days of the drama plays were here rudely performed, the audience occupying the galleries above and the roadway below. Here, too, in Queen Elizabeth's time, was a school of fencing. It was at La Belle Sauvage, again, that Banks the showman, whom we came across in Paternoster Row in connexion with Tarleton, the low comedian, delighted gaping crowds of the citizens with the surprising feats of his horse Marocco, who, with his master, presently found his way to Rome, where both were burnt for the sin of witchcraft.

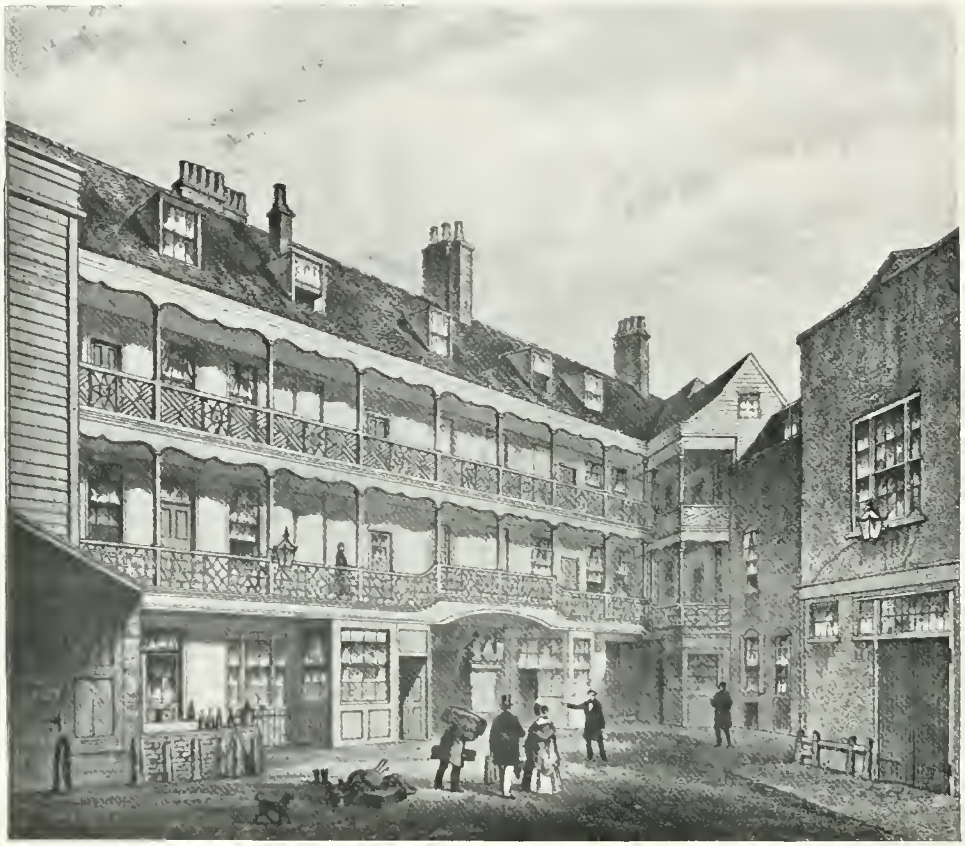
In the outer court of La Belle Sauvage were some private houses, in one of which, No. 11, lived Grinling Gibbons, whose inimitable wood-carving graces St. Paul's and many other City churches, as well as the halls of some of the City Companies. In his "Anecdotes" Horace Walpole says that while living here Gibbons "carved a pot of flowers, which shook surprisingly with the motion of the coaches that passed by." No man, he remarks, had ever before "given to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, or linked together the various productions of the elements with a free disorder natural to each species."

The End.

With the railway era La Belle Sauvage, like the other coaching inns of the metropolis, found much of its custom gone. Gradually it fell into decay, and at last it was demolished to make way for the older part of the works and offices where "London Town, Past and Present," is printed and published. Two relics of the inn are preserved at the present "Yard"—a china plate of antique pattern, inscribed, in blue letters, "La Belle Sauvage Hotel," and a stone bas-relief of the Elephant and Castle, the crest of the Cutlers' Company, which once stood over the gateway of the old inn, below the sign of the Bell, and now looks down upon the Yard from the eastern side.

St. Martin's, Ludgate.

Of the church of St. Martin, Ludgate, on the north side of the street, which serves two other parishes as well, the origin is involved in obscurity, and little is known about it before the reign of Henry VI., when it was rebuilt. It perished in the Great Fire, and was rebuilt by Wren, who is said to have given it the slender spire which is its most distinctive feature as a foil to the dome of St. Paul's. The tradition may be safely accepted, for it is incredible that Wren should have failed to remember that the church would come into the western views of his masterpiece. Unobtrusive as is the graceful spire, it was employed by Coleridge for a sinister purpose when he likened to it, from its constantly getting in the way when you wish to see the dome of St. Paul's, a fussy mediocrity who was always presuming to interpret Fox's sentiments. Coleridge, one suspects, must have been walking down Fleet Street, on the left hand side, when he was struck with the officiousness of St. Martin's steeple, for it comes into the view of the cathedral almost all the way along that side of the street. Had the Ludgate Hill railway bridge, which Thornbury figured as "an enormous flat-iron" lying across "the chest of Ludgate Hill," been in existence in Coleridge's day, he would, by comparison, have felt grateful to St. Martin's spire. But his simile was so felicitous that we may excuse his disrespect to not the least beautiful of Wren's steeples.



OLD LA BELLE SAUVAGE: THE INNER COURT.

Ecclesiastical Names.

The names of the tributaries of Ludgate Hill bear witness to their proximity to St. Paul's. Ave Maria Lane, on the north side, was so called, according to Stow, "of text-writers and bead-makers." Creed Lane, facing it on the south, was originally known as Spurriers' Row, from the spur makers who here plied their craft; but it has borne its present designation since the time of Queen Elizabeth. Pilgrim Street, running parallel with Ludgate Hill on the south side, is said to have been named from its being the road whence pilgrims coming by water made their way from the landing-place to the cathedral; but this is not probable, for in the eighteenth century it appears to have been known as "the Wall," from the fact of its marking the line of the old City wall. It offers one of the few points at which a moderately good near view of the steeple of St. Bride's Church, in Fleet Street, can be had.

Ludgate Circus.

Ludgate Circus, where Ludgate Hill ends and Fleet Street begins, was constructed during the years 1864-75 as a corollary to the Holborn Valley Improvement. It contains on the south side an obelisk to John Wilkes, who was Alderman for the Ward of Farringdon Without, and on the north side a companion monument to Alderman Waithman, whose draper's shop stood on this spot before the Circus was constructed, it being until then the corner house of Fleet Street on the north side. This champion of Queen Caroline, who was Lord Mayor in 1823-24, and was five times sent to Parliament by the City, died in 1833.

At Ludgate Circus, it may be added, the north and south stream of traffic between Farringdon Street and Blackfriars Bridge crosses the east and west current flowing between the City and Charing Cross, and at no spot in the metropolis is a subway more badly needed. But London, as we have said, takes not kindly to subways.

BAS-RELIEF FROM OLD LA BELLE SAUVAGE (*p.* 416).

CHAPTER XXXIX

FLEET STREET

The Name—Taverns: The "Devil"—The Apollo Club and Ben Jonson—Dr. Johnson—The "Cock"—Dr. Johnson and Boswell at the "Mitre"—The "Cheshire Cheese"—The "Rainbow"—"Dick's"—The Finest House in the City—The St. Dunstan's and Whitefriars Clubs—Banks: Child's—Gosling's—Hoare's—A White Bird as Portent—Printers and Booksellers in Fleet Street—Christopher Pinchbeck—Hardham's—Famous Residents—"Mr. Punch"—Sothern and the Constable—Newspapers—St. Dunstan's Church—St. Bride's

The Name.

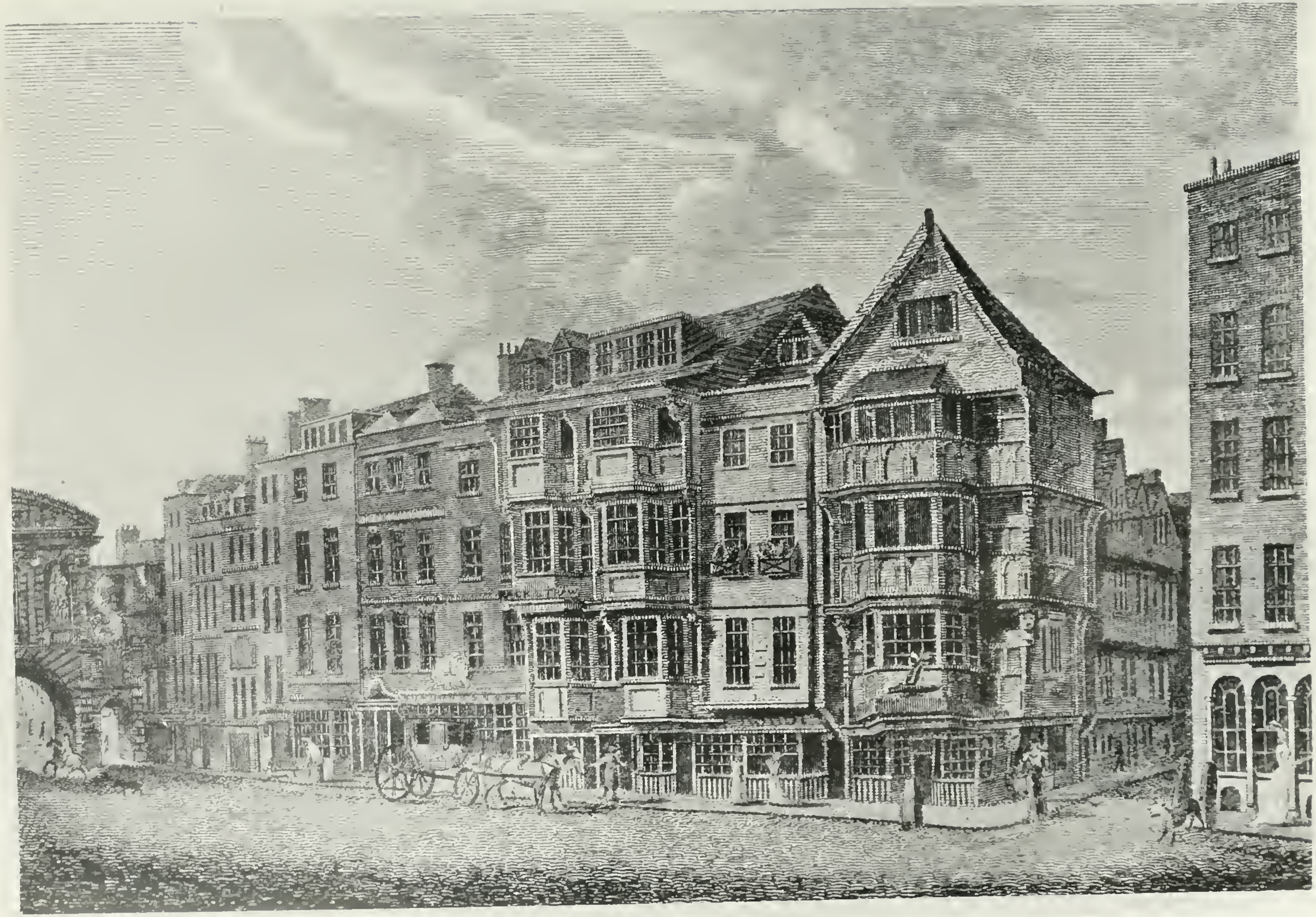
THE street to which we have now come, though it was without the City walls, is one of the most ancient and most interesting of all the City thoroughfares. It was named, not from the river which ran at its foot, and separated it from Ludgate Hill, but from the bridge which crossed the one and connected it with the other, for in the thirteenth century, as Riley has shown, it was known among men as Fleetbridge Street. Early in the next century it appears as "Fletestrete, in the suburbs of London," and Fleet Street it has ever since been styled. Famous in past days for its taverns, its printing and publishing houses, its goldsmiths and bankers, its waxworks and other shows, it has come to be the centre and headquarters of journalism; and here and in its tributary courts and streets are the offices of several London daily and many weekly papers, together with the London offices of most of the great provincial newspapers. Of all the London streets, none is so bedizened with advertisements as this, a circumstance which suggests that newspaper men have enough faith in their own prescription to take it.

The "Devil."

None of the Fleet Street taverns, probably, is so well known to fame as the "Devil," which stood on the south side, between Temple Bar and the Middle Temple Gate. Originally known as the St. Dunstan Tavern, after St. Dunstan's Church, almost opposite, but a little further down the street, its sign showed St. Dunstan hauling the devil along by the nose, and it was but natural, as is suggested in Wheatley and Cunningham's "London, Past and Present," that it should come to bear "the name of the more popular of the two personages." Let us recall the legend of St. Dunstan's encounter with the devil in connexion with this haunt of roysterers rather than associate it with the church. At the mystic hour of midnight, on certain nights of the year, says Mr. Callow, in his "Old London Taverns," the Evil One "was wont to come and prowl about in search of any belated wayfarer he could find, to carry him off to his sulphurous dominions far down below. One night the good St. Dunstan . . . stepped forth from the vestry or some other door, armed with a strong pair of red-hot tongs or pincers, and seizing the Evil One with them by the nose, held on tight and dragged him to and fro, up and down the street in front of the church and pump, heedless of his roars and screams. . . . After dragging the poor wretch of a devil till the dawn was just about to break, he hauled him near the Temple, and throwing him over the tops of the houses into the domain of the lawyers, there left him, among the only companions the holy saint thought fitted to associate with him. Ever after that the legal fraternity have gone by the name of the Devil's Own."

The Apollo Club.

The "Devil" Tavern was the local habitation of the Apollo Club, the jovial fraternity which is so indissolubly associated with the fame of Ben Jonson, "big Ben" let us call him, as a variant upon the more familiar "rare Ben." The great room of the tavern was sacred to the Club, and over its portal was a bust of the Sun-god, which is still preserved by Messrs. Child and Co., the bankers, in one of



THE TEMPLE BAR END OF OLD FLEET STREET.

From a Drawing by W. Capon.

their corridors, together with the rules of the Club, in Latin of Jonson's own, inscribed in gilt letters on a black board. Here Jonson presided, and drank deep, and capped verses and jests with all who dared to enter the lists with him "of the mountain bulk and the rocky face," to borrow his own words. Not often, we may be sure, was he worsted in these wit combats; but once, according to a story which recalls a very similar one that is told of Beethoven and his landowning brother, he came off second best in an encounter with a mere bucolic blockhead. The man from the country was boasting of his property, until at last Ben roared out, "What signify to us your dirt and your clods? Where you have an acre of land I have ten acres of wit!" "Have you so, good Master Wise-acre?" retorted the other, to his assailant's confusion. "Why now, Ben, you seem to be quite stung," cried out a merry friend. "In faith, I was never so pricked by a hobnail before," growled Leviathan.

Ben Jonson.

In Ben Jonson's day the tavern was kept by Simon Wadloe, in whose honour was written the drinking song "Old Sir Simon the King," the favourite ditty of Squire Western. It continued long after Ben's death to be one of the best known of City taverns; and here in 1751 we find that other leviathan of literature, Ben's namesake but for a single letter, giving an entertainment to celebrate the publication of Mrs. Lennox's first novel, "The Life of Harriet Stuart." The company, with Mrs. Lennox and her husband for chief guests, assembled about eight o'clock. "The supper," writes Sir John Hawkins, one of Johnson's biographers, "was elegant; Johnson had directed that a magnificent hot apple-pie should make a part of it, and this he would have stuck with bay leaves, because, forsooth, Mrs. Lennox was an authoress and had written verses; and, further, he had prepared for her a crown of laurel, with which, but not till he had invoked the Muses by some ceremonies of his own invention, he encircled her brows. The night passed, as must be imagined, in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled at different periods with the refreshment of coffee and tea. About five a.m. Johnson's face shone with meridian splendour, though his drink had been only lemonade; but the far greater part of the company had deserted the colours of Bacchus, and were with difficulty rallied to partake of a second refreshment of coffee, which was scarcely ended when the day began to dawn. This phenomenon began to put us in mind of our reckoning; but the waiters were all so overcome with sleep that it was two hours before we could get a bill, and it was not till near eight that the creaking of the street-door gave the signal for our departure."

After this the "Devil" began to degenerate, and in 1776 it was the meeting-place of a Pandemonium Club. In 1787 the freehold was acquired by Messrs. Child, who built upon the site the houses known as Child's Place, which were demolished in 1880, in order that the bank itself might be rebuilt on a larger scale. But the memory of the Apollo Club is still preserved in Apollo Court, across the street, behind the Law Courts branch of the Bank of England.

The "Cock" Tavern.

On part of the site of the Bank of England stood the "Cock" Tavern, dating at least from the early part of the seventeenth century. In *The Intelligencer* for July 1st, 1665, appeared an advertisement announcing that it was to be temporarily closed—on account of the Plague, though the reason was suppressed. "This is to notify," it ran, "that the Master of the Cock and Bottle, commonly called the Cock Ale House, at Temple Bar, hath dismissed his servants and shut up his house for this long vacation, intending (God willing) to return at Michaelmas next, so that all persons whatsoever who have any accompts with the said master, or Farthings belonging to the said house, are desired to repair thither before the 8th of this instant July, and shall receive satisfaction." It was to this inn, three years later, that the amorous Pepys brought the beautiful Mrs. Knipp, the actress, of whom his wife was exceeding jealous; and here, as he records, they "drank, eat a lobster, and sang, and mighty merry." But the association which has immortalised the tavern is that with the author of "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue." The "plump head waiter" of whom Tennyson sang has long since gone to his rest, and ere this has learnt, one may hope, to forgive the poet's familiarity. The tavern itself also has passed away. It was closed in 1886 and pulled down in the following year, the site having been acquired

BUST OF APOLLO IN MESSRS. CHILD & CO.'S BANK (*p.* 418).

by the Bank of England, who, by award of a jury at Guildhall, had to pay the sum of £19,698 for the freehold and goodwill. An old tankard was presented to Tennyson as a memento, and the gift elicited from him a letter in which he promised to keep the vessel in his family as an heirloom. Some of the oak fittings and a handsome fireplace were preserved and incorporated with the new restaurant of this name on the other side of the street. The gilded bird which struts on its perch above the entrance to the present "Cock" is sometimes said to be the ancient chanticleer which is attributed to Grinling Gibbons. But this is not so. About the time when the old tavern was demolished, the sign mysteriously disappeared. It was supposed to have been stolen, but its removal turned out to be the work of some practical jokers, who, when they had sufficiently amused themselves, gave up their booty. Since that time the treasure has for safety's sake been kept inside.

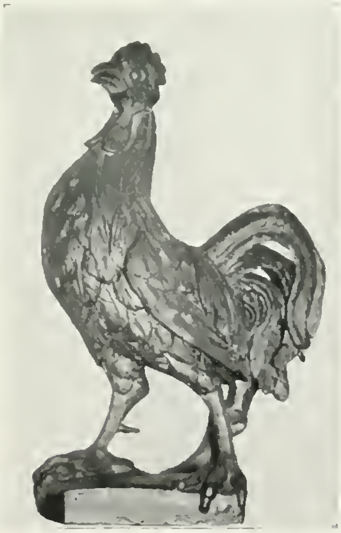
The "Mitre."

At least as ancient as the "Cock" was the "Mitre" Tavern, on the south side of the street, dating back to Elizabethan days. This is the "Mitre" of which Boswell has so much to say. Here, in June, 1763, he came to sup with Johnson for the first time, and one can imagine his delight when the great man at last said to him, "Give me your hand; I have taken a liking to you." It was at the "Mitre," on another occasion, that Johnson indulged in the most successful of his gibes at Boswell's compatriots. "I believe, sir," he said to Ogilvie, who had claimed that Scotland had many noble prospects, "I believe, sir, you have a great many; Norway, too, has noble, wild prospects, and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble, wild prospects; but, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England." It was at the "Mitre," again, that Johnson paid one of his fine tributes to London: "Sir, the happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we sit than in all the rest of the kingdom."

A Famous Gibe.

Like the other taverns we have named, the "Mitre" was destined to be swallowed up in a bank. It ceased to be an inn in 1788, and after being put to other uses, was pulled down in 1829, in order that the Messrs. Hoare might extend their banking premises. The present "Mitre" Tavern, in Mitre Court, further down the street, often supposed to have been the "Mitre" frequented by Dr. Johnson, was not known by this name until *the* "Mitre" had ceased to be a tavern; before this it was styled "Joe's Coffee-house."

"Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese," in Wine Office Court, on the north side of the street, is in



OLD SIGN OF THE "COCK" TAVERN.

aspect the most ancient of all the Fleet Street taverns as we now know them. The present tavern claims to date from 1667, when the house was rebuilt after the Fire. The low-roofed rooms are still furnished with the old straight-back settles, and the floors are still religiously sanded. "The Cheese," to use the endearing diminutive of its *habitués*, is proud to have numbered Charles Dickens among its patrons, and even more so of its traditional association with Dr. Johnson; and the corner seat beside the fireplace of the principal room on the ground floor is pointed out as that which he was wont to occupy. Though there is no direct evidence that he frequented the house, the probabilities are quite in favour of his having done so. Wine Office Court is close to Gough Square, where he lived for ten years, and he could have got to the "Cheshire Cheese" without going into Fleet Street at all. And Mr. Percy Fitzgerald recalls that an old solicitor, a Mr. Cyrus Jay, who began his visits to the tavern about twenty years after Johnson's death, has recorded that he met tradesmen there who declared that they well remembered both Johnson and Goldsmith as frequenters of the place. In Wine Office Court, nearly opposite the entrance to the "Cheshire Cheese," stood, until 1903, the house which was believed to be that in which Goldsmith wrote "The Vicar of Wakefield." He came to Wine Office Court from Green Arbour Court (p. 381) in 1760, and remained here about two years.

The "Cheese"

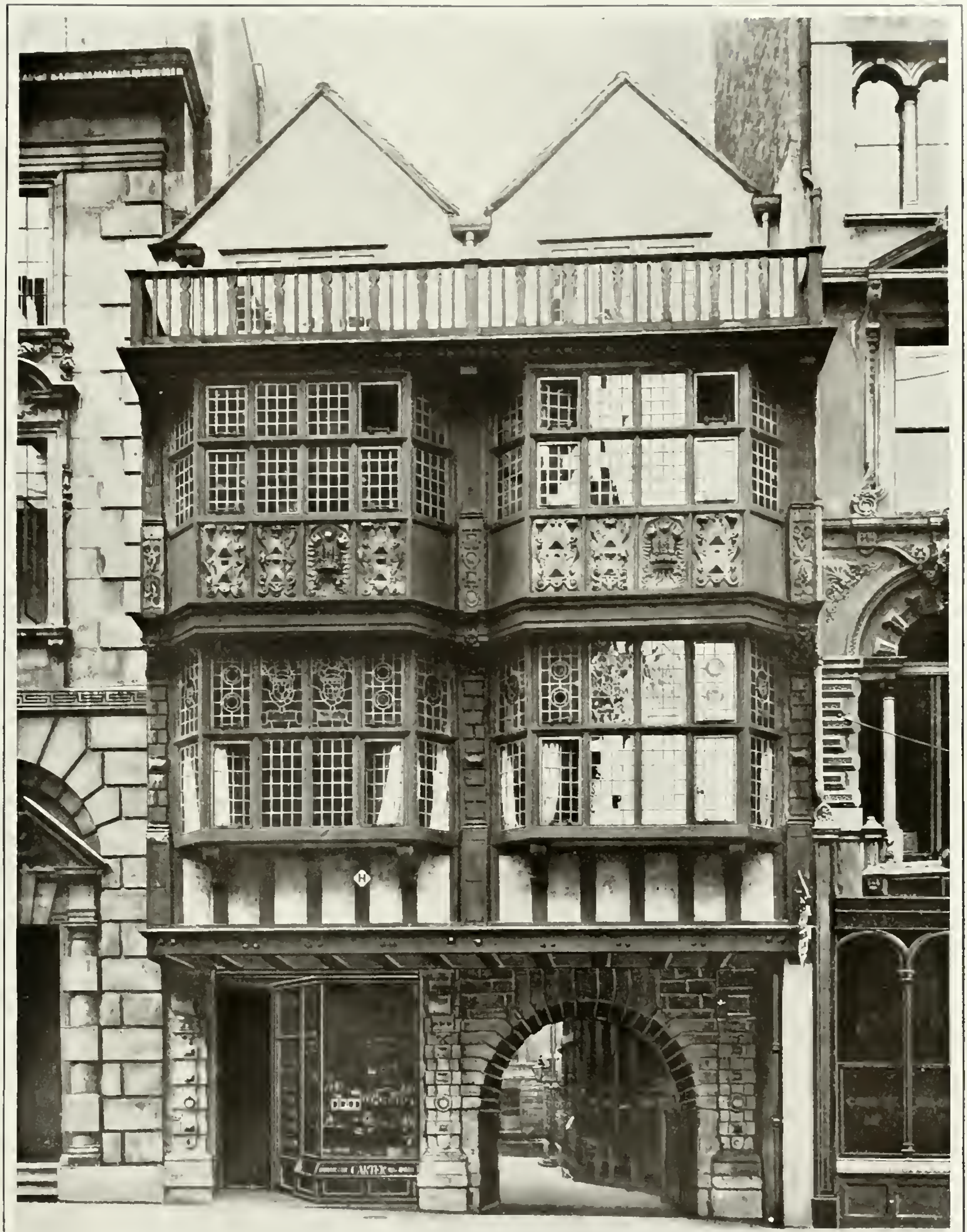
The "Bolt-in-Tun," now replaced by a railway receiving office, No. 64, on the south side of the street, was formerly a coaching inn. It was known under that name so long ago as the fifteenth century, when a grant of the property was conferred upon the White Friars. The "Rainbow," No. 15, also on the south side, was originally a coffee-house, and was opened as such, in 1657, by one James Farr, a barber, who was indicted as a nuisance by neighbours whose delicate nostrils were offended by the smell of the roasting coffee. It has also been known as "Nando's"—a contraction probably of Ferdinando's—which has been confused with the Inner Temple Gate-house. It was while the "Rainbow" bore the title of Nando's that Thurlow, by a lucky display of his argumentative abilities in the presence of some lawyers, won his first brief. Another tavern which was originally a coffee-house is Peele's, on the north side, at the corner of Fetter Lane. Yet another coffee-house which became an hotel and restaurant was "Dick's," No. 8, on the south side, overlooking Hare Court in the Temple. It was opened in 1680 by one Richard Turvor, or Turver, and after him was sometimes called "Richard's," though it began to be known as "Dick's" at least as early as 1693. It changed its status, and was a good deal altered structurally, about the year 1875, but it was not finally demolished until 1899. At "Dick's" it was that Cowper, the poet, as is recorded in his own words in the Life by Southey, passed through a crisis in his life. He had resolved upon self-destruction, and fancying that a newspaper letter which he read while at breakfast here was directed at himself, and was written by someone who had divined his purpose, he "flung down the paper in a strong fit of passion" and rushed from the room to make an end of himself. To this painful episode we shall return in our chapter on the Temple.

The "Rainbow."

"Dick's."

The oldest surviving house in Fleet Street—and, now that Crosby Hall has gone, the finest specimen of ancient domestic architecture in the City—is the Inner Temple Gatehouse, just opposite Chancery Lane. Until a few years ago it had a lie printed broad on its face. Its claim to be "the palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey" is absolutely unsupported by evidence. It dates from 1610, when it was rebuilt as the "Prince's Arms," and as the design in the centre of the ceiling of the front room on the first floor refers to Henry, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of James I., it was probably the Council-chamber of the Duchy of Cornwall, which, at least as early as 1617, is known to have been located in Fleet Street. Afterwards the "Prince's Arms" became the "Fountain," and towards the end of the eighteenth century (1795) Mrs. Salmon's Waxworks were installed here, and here remained until about 1816. The house was acquired by the London County Council in 1900, in order that it might not go the way of other relics of antiquity

A Precious Legacy.



THE INNER TEMPLE GATE-HOUSE.
By permission of the London County Council.

in Fleet Street, and the architect of that authority made the interesting discovery that the front visible from the street was a false screen, and that the original front was on the first floor, some twenty inches behind the other. The false front, with its equally false legend, has been now removed, and the whole building restored, and the large room on the first floor, known as the Council - chamber, with an enriched plaster ceiling, is now accessible to the public during certain hours of the day, the City Corporation contributing £2,500 towards the purchase money on that understanding.

Anderton's.

Anderton's Hotel, on the north side, opened in 1880, replaced Anderton's Coffee-house, which was long known as "The Horn" Tavern, left under the title of "The Horn in the Hoop," in 1405, to the Goldsmiths' Company, who are still the owners of the property. It was at Anderton's in its earlier coffee-house days that the St. Dunstan's Club was started in 1790 by seventeen gentlemen inhabitants of the Ward of Farringdon Without. Two years later John Wilkes was elected a member. Among the early entries in the club book is one under date the 2nd of April, 1794, recording a wager of a gallon of claret that Robespierre's head would be off within a year if he remained in France. On the 8th of October the bet was reported to have been won, the revolutionary having been guillotined on the 28th of July. The club seems to have left Anderton's Coffee-house or to have fallen into desuetude in 1799, but it was revived in 1851 at the Sussex Hotel, Bouverie Street. It shifted successively to "Dick's," to Peele's, to the "Rainbow," and then to the "Cheshire Cheese," where it forgathered till it ceased to be.

At Anderton's are held the pleasant gatherings of the Whitefriars Club, a fraternity composed chiefly of authors and journalists and artists, which was founded in 1868, and first met at Radley's Hotel in Bridge Street, Blackfriars. When that hotel was pulled down, the Club migrated to the "Mitre" and was styled the Whitefriars; afterwards it removed to Anderton's, where it has its own room, of which the walls bear an interesting collection of the photographs of past and present Friars.

The Banks: Child's.

In the struggle for existence, as we have seen, some of the old Fleet Street taverns have not been able to hold their own against the banks. Of these we must first speak of Child's, at the extreme western end of the street on the south side. The old bank, pulled down in 1880, was in the days of Queen Elizabeth a tavern, with the "Marygold" for sign. Then it was taken, early in the reign of Charles I., by William Wheeler, whose ancestors had carried on business as goldsmiths first in Chepe (a reference to John Wheeler, goldsmith of Chepe, has been found as far back as 1559) and afterwards in Fleet Street. In 1676 the name of Wheeler disappears, the business having come to Robert Blanchard and Francis Child, both of them apprentices to William Wheeler the younger, the son of the William Wheeler who took the "Marygold." In 1681 Blanchard died, and then Francis Child became possessor

ROOM IN THE OLD "COCK" TAVERN (*p.* 420).

of the whole fortune of the Wheelers and Blanchards.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

"DR. JOHNSON'S ROOM" IN THE "CHESHIRE CHEESE" (*p.* 422).

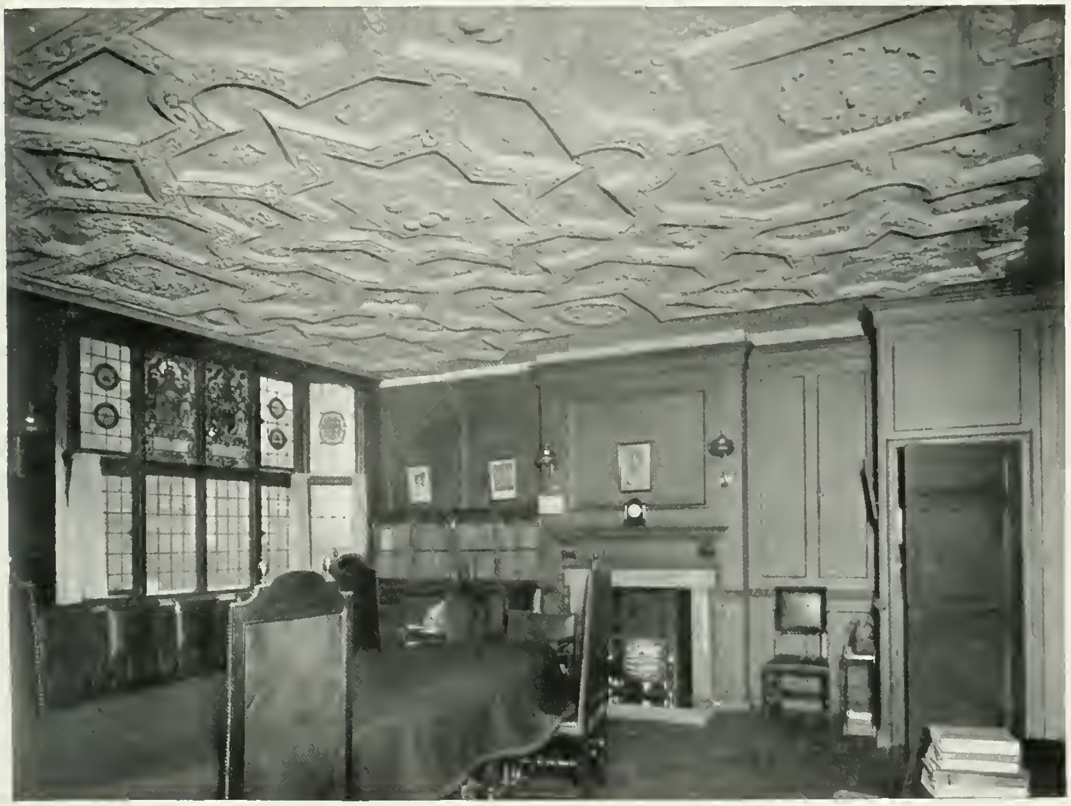
The Marygold.

It was Francis Child, an apprentice, as we have said, of the younger William Wheeler, and afterwards his son-in-law, who converted the concern into a bank pure and simple, for prior to the year 1690, as one learns from Mr. F. G. Hilton Price's "Handbook of London Bankers," the old ledgers were full of goldsmiths' and pawnbroking accounts mixed up with banking accounts. Sir Francis Child, as he became, was banker for John Dryden and Pepys, for Nell Gwynne, for Prince Rupert, and also for the King himself; and among later customers of the bank were William III. and Queen Mary, and the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. A still greater name appears in the books of the bank, that of Oliver Cromwell, but unfortunately the ledger containing his account was lost sight of some three-quarters of a century ago.

Sir Francis Child lived to be Lord Mayor, President of Christ's Hospital, and M.P. for the City, and survived until 1713. Two of his sons after him also were knighted, Robert and Francis, the latter of whom was M.P. for the City and for Middlesex, and Lord Mayor in 1731-32. Until 1874 the accounts of the bank were stored in a room over old Temple Bar, but in that year the arch gave way under their weight. The old bank, as we have seen, was pulled down in 1880 to make way for a larger and more dignified structure, as solid as the credit of the bank; but the ancient sign of the house, the "Marygold," is still displayed just inside the door, and until about the time that the bank changed its habitation the flower continued to embellish its cheques.

It should be noted that Elizabeth Child, the first Sir Francis's daughter, married Tyringham Backwell, son of that Alderman Backwell who was ruined by the bad faith of Charles II. (p. 201). Two of their sons were taken into the bank, and both became partners and heads of the house. Child's is the only bank in London which maintains the old rule of taking the clerks into partnership, in the order of seniority, but it has abandoned its custom of allowing no interest for money on deposit.

The last of the Childs, Robert, who was head of the bank in 1782, had an only daughter, Sarah Anne. In that year, it is said, the tenth Earl of Westmorland was dining with him one afternoon at Temple Bar, and asked him what he would do if he were in love with a girl and her father refused to consent to his marrying her. "Why, run away with her, to be sure," was the reply. That very night, or a few nights afterwards, Lord Westmorland ran away with Child's daughter, with whom he was secretly in love. Why it was that he made no attempt to secure her father's consent is not explained; but that he had good reason for expecting a refusal is clear from the sequel, for Robert Child posted off after the runaway couple and caught up with them in Cumberland, and the Earl only managed to get across the border to Gretna Green by shooting one of his pursuer's horses. Robert Child never forgave his daughter, and left the whole of his fortune to the first daughter of the union, Lady Sarah Sophia Fane, who became Countess of Jersey, and the present Earl of Jersey, grandson of the Earl who married the Lady Sarah, is still the head of the bank.



THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER IN THE INNER TEMPLE GATE-HOUSE, FLEET STREET (*p.* 422).
By permission of the London County Council.

Unlike Child's, another ancient bank a few doors lower down the street on the same side has undergone that process of amalgamation to which so many London banks have of late years submitted themselves. Founded some time before 1650 by Henry Pinckney, with "Three Squirrels" for sign, it presently passed into other hands, and about the middle of the eighteenth century Sir Francis Gosling was taken into partnership, while in 1795, with the advent of Benjamin Sharpe, the bank came to be known as that of Messrs. Goslings and Sharpe. The house was rebuilt after the Great Fire, and again at the latter end of the eighteenth century, and in 1898-99, the bank having joined forces with Messrs. Barclay and Co., Limited, it was once more rebuilt this time by Sir Arthur Blomfield and Sons. But in both rebuildings the original sign, in solid silver, was preserved, and in the semi-circular head of the central window of the Fleet Street front may still be

The Three Squirrels.

seen an ancient duplicate of it. The bank, moreover, has kept its name, for it is known as Gosling's branch of Barclay's. This latter bank, by the way, was founded at some time—probably a considerable time—prior to 1729 in Lombard Street. The first of the Barclays to enter the firm was James, grandson of Robert Barclay, author of the "Apologist," the text-book of the Society of Friends; and when he joined it in 1736 the style of the firm was changed to Freame and Barclay. In 1768 Silvanus Bevan joined, and in 1776 the name of Tritton appears as one of the partners.

SIGN OF THE MARYGOLD.

The Golden Barrel.

A few steps further down the street and we see in the fanlight of the entrance to Messrs. Hoare's bank a golden barrel. The legend that it represents the leather bottle or flask which the founder of the house brought with him when, a poor country lad, he came to London to seek his fortune, has long been dissipated. But the thing has a true history hardly less interesting than the traditional one. The ledgers of the bank run continuously from the year 1673. Its founder was James Hore, another of those goldsmiths who also kept running cashes, and his house in Cheapside bore for sign a golden barrel, which he chose by way of keeping in memory the fact that his father was a cooper by trade. Before the seventeenth century had run its course, the business, and with it the sign, was removed to Fleet Street, and when in the year 1820 the house to which they had been transferred was superseded by the present substantial structure, the golden barrel was placed where it is still to be seen by observant passers-by.

The handsome Law Courts branch of the Bank of England, the work of the late Sir Arthur Blomfield, at the western end of the street on the north side, occupies the site of a house which in Charles II.'s time was a tombstone cutter's, and here in 1684 Howell the letter-writer saw a monument to four members of the Oxenhams—a well-known Devonshire family—at whose successive deaths a white bird appeared. In recent times the same portent has occurred, for when in 1873 Mr. G. N. Oxenham, then the head of the house, lay dying at 17, Earl's Terrace, Kensington, his daughter and a friend, who were sitting in a room underneath the chamber of death, had their attention suddenly attracted by a shouting outside, "and on looking out they saw a large white bird perched on a thorn tree outside the window, where it remained for several minutes, although some workmen on the opposite side of the road were throwing their hats at it in the vain effort to drive it away." * The friend, it should be added, knew nothing of the family legend.

Printers.

Of Fleet Street printers of note in past days the name is legion. Among the earliest of them was Wynkyn de Worde, an assistant of Caxton's, who from 1502 to 1534 printed upwards of four hundred books. Falcon Court, on the south side of the street, opposite St. Dunstan's Church, is probably named after the sign under which this industrious craftsman traded. Either he or his contemporary, Richard Pynson, who also had been one of Caxton's assistants, and whose house, the "George," stood beside old St. Dunstan's Church, was the first to supplant the old Gothic letters with Roman type. Other early Fleet Street printers were Robert Copland, yet another of Caxton's assistants; Richard Bancks, who in 1600, at the sign of the White Hart, opposite St. Dunstan's, printed the first edition of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; Richard Grafton, who printed the first correct folio edition of the Bible, in the reign of Henry VIII., and was sent to the Fleet for his pains, but lived to be printer to and treasurer of Christ's Hospital; Richard Tottel and John Jaggard, both of whom lived at the sign of the Hand and Star, at the house which in 1815 was acquired by the first of the Butterworths, the law publishers, and survived until 1899, when it was rebuilt. It was Tottel's printing-office—just behind the house—which was presently converted into "Dick's" Coffee-house. By Jaggard was printed the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, and in his "Highway of Letters" the late Thomas Archer suggested as not at all unlikely that Shakespeare may have called at the Hand and Star to correct the proof-sheets of the immortal play. It is a coincidence that Tottel should have been printer of the books of common law in his day, and that in the early years of the nineteenth century and onwards to the end of its career the self-same house should once more have been used for the publishing of law books, by the Butterworths, who appropriately embellished their books with the original colophon used by Tottel. This firm, by the way, still carries on its business hard by, in Bell Yard.

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* Murray's "Handbook for Devon." 1887.

Publishers.

Many other Fleet Street printers there have been, whom we must not stop to enumerate. Nor can we do more than mention two or three of the cloud of eminent Fleet Street "booksellers." There were, for instance, Jacob Tonson, of Kit-Kat Club fame, whose shop, the Judge's Head, was at or close to the Fleet Street corner of Chancery Lane; and his rival Bernard Lintot, who paid Pope £5,000 for the Homer, and carried on business at the Cross Keys and Cushion (No. 16), between the two Temple gates. The two shops almost faced each other, and were indeed in inconvenient propinquity, for Lintot once received from Dr. Young, of the "Night Thoughts," a letter which was meant for Tonson, and the first words he read were, "That Bernard Lintot is so great a scoundrel." Even in that day authors were not always in love with their publishers, and Dryden's portrait of Tonson was not precisely a flattering one:

"With leering looks, bull-faced, and speckled fair,
With two left legs and Judas-coloured hair,
And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air."

It is but just to Dryden to remember that Tonson not only badgered him mercilessly for "copy," but often paid in clipped silver for the MS. when he had got it. Then there was Edmund Curll, who published books at the Dial and Bible, against St. Dunstan's, and was described by the author of "John Buncle" as a tall, thin, awkward man, with goggle eyes and splay feet. With him we need not sympathise, for he had an incurable fondness for the publication of fraudulent and scurrilous matter, and he got no more than his deserts when, visiting Westminster School to make some enquiries about one of the masters or officials, he was taken possession of by the boys, well hustled, and tossed in a blanket.

SIGN OF THE THREE SQUIRRELS.

Later in the same century Fleet Street numbered among its booksellers a name which belongs to a far different category than that of Curll. In 1762 there came to the "Crown," No. 32, on the south side, next to Falcon Court (the house has since been rebuilt), one John M'Murray, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, who founded the great house which has long been famous throughout the English-speaking world as that of John Murray. Here, in 1809, was started the *Quarterly Review*, and here, two years later, was published "Childe Harold," the author of which would often stroll in after his fencing lesson at Angelo's and demonstrate his progress by well-aimed lunges at what he called "the spruce books" on the shelves. In 1812 John Murray the Second removed to Albemarle Street, where the firm, always headed by a John Murray, has ever since had its quarters.

Pinchbeck.

On the north side, near Anderton's, there lived in the early years of the eighteenth century Christopher Pinchbeck, musical-clock maker, whose name was transferred to the copper and zinc alloy, imitative of gold, which he invented, and so has become synonymous with pretentious unreality. He died in 1732, and was succeeded by his son Edward. The tobacconist's shop at the lower end of the street, on the south side, which from the time of Garrick until it was demolished bore the name of Hardham, as its successor still does, was rebuilt so recently as 1897. Hardham's "No. 37" snuff became famous as soon as Garrick had it mentioned in one of his comedies. Why it was so called is a question upon which many have exercised their wits without settling it. Hardham, a native of Chichester, who at one time was Garrick's "numberer," his office being to check the money-takers by counting the audience, or estimating their number, made a good thing out of his tobaccos and snuffs, and at his death, in 1772, left £22,289 to his native town and ten guineas to Garrick, and provided but £10 for his own funeral, since it was only vain fools, he thought, who cared for costly obsequies.

Hardham's.

Eminent Inhabitants.

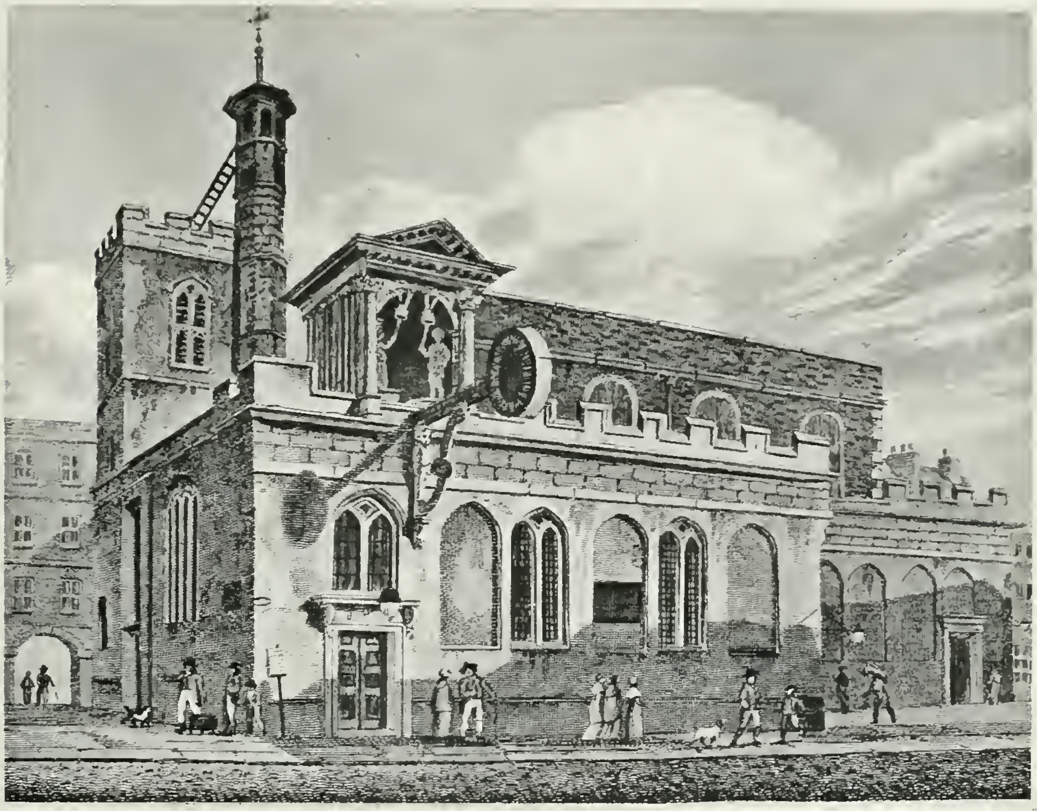
But Fleet Street has had much more distinguished residents than the worthy tobacconist. According to Aubrey, Michael Drayton, the author of the "Polyolbion," lived at "ye baye-windowe house next the east end of St. Dunstan's Church," No. 186, which escaped the Fire and survived until a few years ago. Near the Inner Temple gate lived, at the close of his life, James Shirley, the dramatist, in a house which perished in the Great Fire. He and his wife died within a few hours of each other, and were buried in one grave at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, in which parish they settled after being burnt out of Fleet Street. Another resident of Fleet Street who suffered at the same time was Praise-God Barbon or Bare-bone, the Anabaptist, who here carried on the business of a leather-seller. To the function of a leather-seller he added those of a pamphleteer, Dissenting Minister, and warder of yeomanry. He opposed the restoration of Charles II., and for a while, when that had become a *fait accompli*, was imprisoned in the Tower. It was within a few doors of the Inner Temple gate, by the way, that the Fire stopped on the south side, and at St. Dunstan's Church, a few yards lower down, on the north side of the street. Two doors west of Chancery Lane Izaak Walton carried on the business of a linendraper for some years prior to 1632, when he moved into Chancery Lane. His "Compleat Angler" was published next door, at the corner-house, which had been the residence of Sir John Oldcastle, the Lollard leader who was "hanged and burnt hanging" in 1417. In 1659, when the Restoration was simmering in his mind, as well as on other occasions, General Monk was a dweller in Fleet Street. And among natives of Fleet Street were Bulstrode Whitelocke, who was born in the house of his mother's uncle, Sir George Croke, in 1605; and Cowley, the poet, whose father was a Fleet Street grocer, at No. 192.

"Mr. Punch."

Another Fleet Street native of the highest distinction, and still happily alive and flourishing, is "Mr. Punch," who was born just in front of St. Bride's Church in 1841, and lived there until 1900, when he removed to Bouverie Street. The story of the birth of this great humorist has been authoritatively told by Mr. M. H. Spielmann. It is too long to be given here, but Mr. Spielmann shows clearly enough that—to drop our metaphor—the real founders of the English Charivari were Ebenezer Landells, wood engraver, draughtsman, and newspaper projector, and Henry Mayhew. The former it was who conceived the idea of the paper, to the latter belongs the glory of setting the tone of it, so that "from the first it became, or aimed at becoming, a budget of wit, fun and kindly humour, and of honest opposition based upon fairness and justice." *Punch* has always been able to command the pens and pencils of some of the best wits and humorists of the day. Its first editor was Mark Lemon, who reigned for the long period of nine-and-twenty years. His successors have been Shirley Brooks (1870-74), Tom Taylor (1874-80), and Sir Francis Burnand, who received his well-won knighthood in 1902, and in 1906 handed over the reins to Mr. Owen Seaman.

We must not leave our national humorist without brightening our pages with one of the many good stories which enliven Mr. Spielmann's. It has to do with a trick which the members of the staff, or some of them, once played on Sothern the actor. On the occasion of the wedding of the present King, Sothern was invited to the office to see the procession go by. The crowd was so dense that he was unable to get across the road to the door. In his predicament he was seen by his friends at the window, who pointed significantly to a policeman. "Get me through," he said to the constable, taking the hint, "and I'll give you a sovereign." The man did his best, but failed, for the crowd showed a disposition to resent such favouritism. Then a happy thought struck Sothern. "Look here," he said to the officer, "put your handcuffs on me, drag me through, and land me at that door, and I'll give you two pounds." The man slipped on the handcuffs, and with a stentorian "Make room there!" dragged the comedian through the crowd, now in a more accommodating mood, and landed him panting and breathless at Mr. Punch's door. "You'll find the money in my waistcoat pocket," said Sothern. The man helped himself, and then, to Sothern's amazement, made himself scarce, leaving him in possession of the handcuffs, and in that plight he remained throughout the festive day. In the commotion Sothern had failed to notice that just as he reached the door one of his friends had sallied forth and given the constable a tip, in the double sense of the term.

A Practical Joke.



OLD ST. DUNSTAN'S-IN-THE-WEST, SHOWING THE CLOCK.

From a Drawing by G. Shepherd, etched by W. Wise in 1814.

Of the newspaper offices in Fleet Street, the most palatial are those of the *Daily Telegraph.* This great paper was started on the 29th of June, 1855, by the late Colonel Sleigh, as a single sheet, of which the price was twopence, and the title the *Daily Telegraph and Courier*. Failing to make it a success, Colonel Sleigh transferred it to the late Mr. J. M. Levy, the father of the present chief proprietor, Lord Burnham. By a bold stroke Mr. Levy reduced the price to a penny, and so the *Daily Telegraph*, as the paper is now called, became the first London daily penny paper. Then the size was enlarged, and the astonished public found that they could get for a penny a newspaper as large as the *Times*, then published at fourpence. The boldness and resource exhibited in the early days of the paper have characterised its management ever since. It has engaged in many great enterprises of a public character—such as the commissions it gave to Stanley, the explorer, and to Mr. George Smith, the Assyriologist—and it has reaped the reward of its energy and courage in an enormous circulation.

News-papers.

A much older paper than the *Daily Telegraph* is the *Morning Advertiser*, whose offices are a little lower down the street, on the same (north) side. Started in 1794 by the Society of Licensed Victuallers, on the mutual benefit society principle, it is still the organ of "the trade." On the opposite side of the street are the advertisement offices of two Liberal and Progressive organs, the *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle*, whose printing, publishing, and editorial offices are respectively in Bouverie Street and Whitefriars Street. The *Daily News* first appeared on January 21st, 1846, with Charles Dickens for editor and Douglas Jerrold for assistant editor, and a distinguished staff of contributors. Dickens was out of his element as the editor of a daily paper, and he resigned in the course of the next month, and was soon followed by Douglas Jerrold, who started a weekly newspaper of his own. In June, 1846, having come under the management of Mr. Charles Wentworth Dilke, who had been for some years the editor of the *Athenæum*, the *Daily News* was issued at twopence halfpenny, but was soon obliged to return to the regulation price for dailies of fivepence, and it was not until June, 1868, that the price was reduced to a penny. In 1904 it was further reduced to a halfpenny. The *Daily News* has been specially fortunate in its war correspondents, among the most brilliant of whom were Alexander MacGahan and Archibald Forbes. Under its present management it has distinguished itself by its opposition to all forms of gambling.

Established in 1855, the *Daily Chronicle* gradually developed from a purely metropolitan organ into one of the most widely circulated of English newspapers. It has always given special attention to social questions; it is a recognised authority on all matters relating to the government of London; and, particularly since its price was reduced to a halfpenny simultaneously with the reduction in the price of the *Daily News*, it has abounded with features which enable it to appeal with success to all sorts and conditions of men—and women. "The Office Window" is a constant joy to multitudes besides Mr. George Meredith.

Of the two Fleet Street churches, the one most in evidence in the street itself is that of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, so called by way of distinction from the church of St. Dunstan-in-the-East, at the other end of the City. It is curious that each of the St. Dunstan's should have a steeple quite unlike that of any other church in the City, and that both of the steeples should be of exceptional artistic merit. Of the other St. Dunstan's, the work of Wren, we have already spoken (p. 252); of this St. Dunstan's, the tower supports a pierced octagonal lantern, which has a very happy effect, especially when seen from a distance, say from Ludgate Circus. The church is modern, having been built in 1831-33, by James Shaw, the architect of the hall of Christ's Hospital in Newgate Street, who is believed to have found his models for the tower in the steeples of St. Botolph's, Boston, and St. Helen's, York, structures of which, however, it is no servile imitation. Old St. Dunstan's, of which the origin is lost in antiquity, though it must have been in existence in 1237, when it was transferred by the Abbot of Westminster to Henry III., projected into the street, which it greatly narrowed. It escaped the Great Fire, but fell into decay, and had to be taken down in 1829; and its successor was built on what was formerly the graveyard. Attached to old St. Dunstan's was a projecting clock with two large figures armed with clubs, with which they struck the

St. Dunstan's

quarter-hours ; it was the work of Thomas Harris, of Water Lane, and dated from 1671. When the church was taken down the figures were bought by the third Marquis of Hertford, one of the founders of what is now known as the Wallace Collection, and were set up at St. Dunstan's Villa, in Regent's Park, where they may still be seen. They had struck his fancy when a child, and he then declared that some day he would buy them. A more interesting relic of old St. Dunstan's, a contemporary statue of Queen Elizabeth, still surveys Fleet Street from the wall above the entrance to the vestry-room adjoining the church. When Ludgate was rebuilt in 1586, this effigy of Queen Bess was reared on the west side, looking towards her palace of Whitehall. It survived the Great Fire, and when the gate was made away with, in 1760, it was given by the City, as we have seen, to Sir Francis Gosling, Alderman for the ward of Farringdon Without, and by him was presented to the church. The "frame" also was preserved, except that, as old prints show, over the shield were formerly the royal arms (p. 413). Altogether it is a very seemly piece of carving, as one might have supposed it would be, seeing that when it was wrought Queen Elizabeth was alive to see that justice was done to her charms.

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DUNDEE ADVERTIS
PEOPLE'S FRIE

STEEPLE OF THE PRESENT ST. DUNSTAN'S-IN-THE-WEST.

Eminent Incumbents.

St. Dunstan's has had for its clergy not a few eminent men, among them William Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament ; Dr. Thomas White, the founder of Sion College, who died in 1623, and was buried in the church ; his successor, Dr. Donne, the poet-dean of St. Paul's, who held the living till his death in 1631 ; and William Romaine, the eloquent Evangelical preacher of the eighteenth century. Richard Baxter also is associated with St. Dunstan's, for once when he was preaching here there was a panic owing to a report that the building was tumbling down. Baxter sat down calmly until the alarm had subsided, and then continued his sermon, remarking, "We are in the service of God, to prepare ourselves that we may be fearless at the great noise of the dissolving world, when the heavens shall pass away, and the elements melt with fervent heat."

Among those who have been baptized in St. Dunstan's were Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and Bulstrode Whitelocke. And of those who have been buried in the church are Thomas Campion, the poet and musician, who died in 1619, and several members of the Hoare family. There is also an ingenuous tablet to one Hobson Judkin, "the Honest Solicitor," as it characterises him, who died in 1812, and is thus commemorated by grateful clients, who conclude their eulogy with the exhortation, "Go, Reader, and imitate Hobson Judkin." Pity that so excellent a man should not have had a better name! Nor must we fail to mention St. Dunstan's association with Izaak Walton, who not only, as we have seen, lived close to the church, but was one of its sidesmen, and an overseer of the parish. In his honour the north-west window was filled with stained glass in 1895, and a tablet to his memory was affixed to the street wall of the church. Since then an insurance office on the west of the church has been built sheer up against the western face of the tower, and now the tablet is to be seen on the eastern side of the porch.

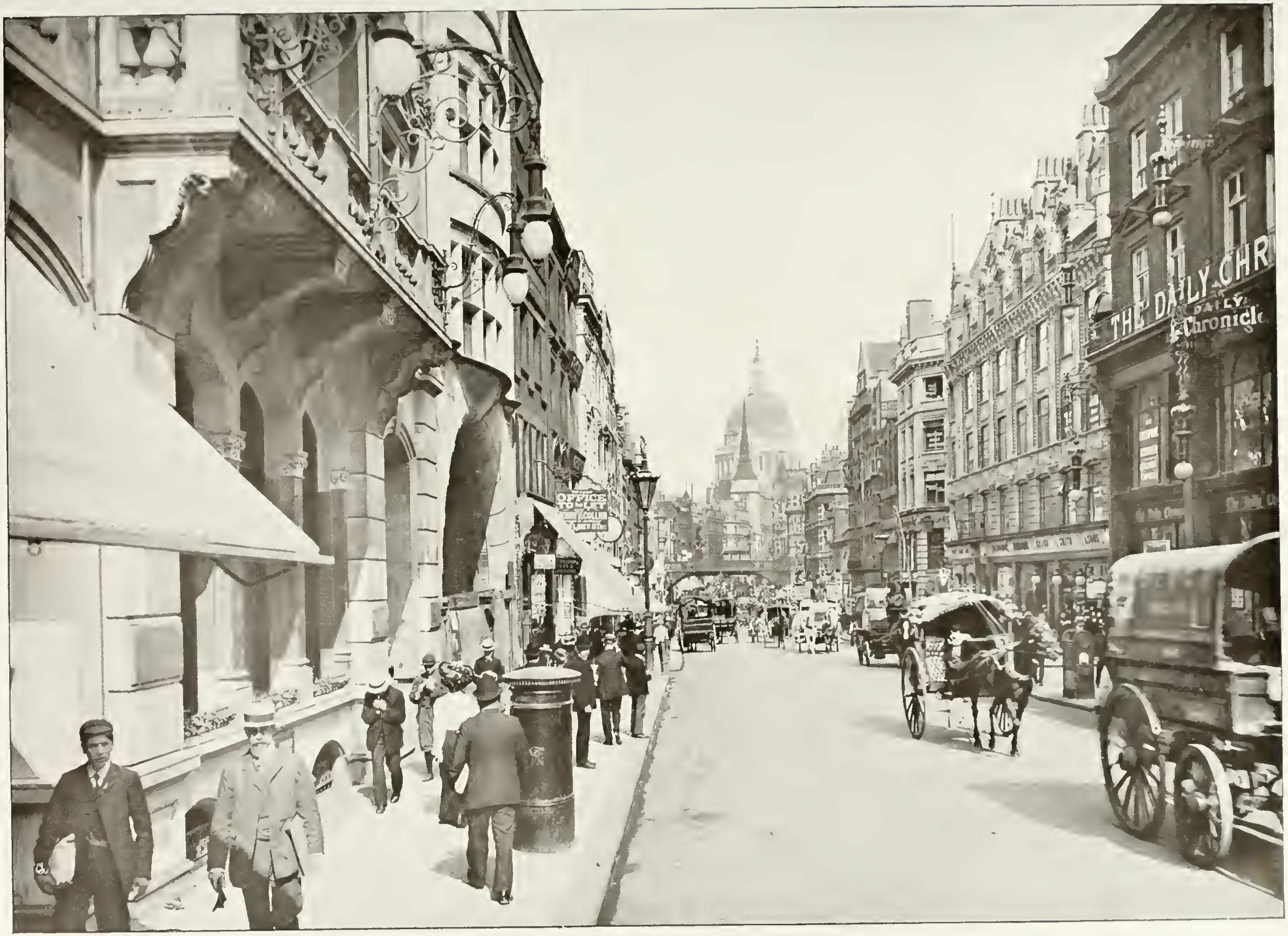
St. Bride's.

Fleet Street's other church, dedicated to St. Bride (St. Bridget), a Scottish or Irish saint of the sixth century, has an admirably proportioned and richly decorated interior, but is at least as remarkable for its steeple, the loftiest and one of the most graceful of Sir Christopher's. It is 4 feet 3 inches higher than the steeple of Bow Church in Cheapside, and as it left Wren's hands—if tradition is to be believed—it was 8 feet higher still, but in 1764, when it was struck by lightning, 85 feet of its length had to be taken down, and in the rebuilding its height, according to this story, was reduced. Unfortunately, it is so hemmed in by neighbouring buildings that it is not easy to find a point of view from which its whole length, from base to vane (226 feet), can be seen. Perhaps the best places from which to see it are the bridge of Holborn Viaduct and Blackfriars Bridge, but even there the lower part of the tower is invisible. Until the formation of St. Bride's Avenue, in 1825, largely at the expense of Mr. John Blades, the printer, who provided £6,000 of the £10,000 required, it was even worse off in this respect than it is now. Since then it has been possible to see the whole of the steeple, though nothing of the body of the church, from Fleet Street; but the standpoint is too close for its full beauty to be appreciated. The spire rises from the tower in four octagonal and diminishing stages, topped by an obelisk, and from a distance the form appears to be circular rather than octagonal. To this lovely structure it has been objected that, being shaped like a telescope, it conveys an impression of insecurity—of liability to close in upon itself. Surely it is not necessary to allow the mind to be tyrannised over by a suggestion so remote!

Old St. Bride's, which was consumed in the Great Fire, was in existence in 1222, and thirteen years later we find an alien, one Henry de Battle, fleeing to it for sanctuary after slaying Thomas de Hall on the king's highway. In 1543 a hosier of the name of Eton, probably animated by Reforming zeal, attired himself in "fonde fassyon and strutted up and down the church while mass was being celebrated, so creating a tumult." Clad just as he was, he was placed in the cage in Fleet Street and there exhibited until nightfall, when he was removed to the Compter and there detained until sureties were forthcoming to answer for his good behaviour. In the old church Sir John Denham, the poet, married his first wife, and here were buried Wynkyn de Worde, the Fleet Street printer, and Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier poet, who died in 1658. Of old St. Bride's nothing survives but the font, dating only from 1615, and the entrance stone to the vault of the Holdens, dated 1657, and now to be seen outside the church on the Fleet Street side.

The present St. Bride's contains the dust of Samuel Richardson, the novelist, who died in Salisbury Court (now Salisbury Square) in 1761, and was buried in about the middle of the centre aisle. In the porch beneath the tower is a tablet to the memory of Alderman Waithman. Among the clergy of St. Bride's are to be numbered Fuller, the witty author of the "Worthies," and Dr. John Thomas, who died Bishop of Rochester in 1793. At that time there were two John Thomases among the City clergy, and both were royal chaplains, both good preachers, both squinted, and both lived to be bishops.

In St. Bride's Churchyard, in the house of a tailor named Russell, which may have stood on or close to the site afterwards occupied by the office of *Punch*, Milton dwelt after his return from Italy in 1639. In his Life of the poet, the late Professor Masson sets out the circumstances under which Milton came to dwell here. His sister Anne, the widow of Mr. Edward Phillips, of the Crown Office, Chancery, had married a second time, and was anxious to commit the education of the two boys of the first marriage to her scholarly brother. The younger boy, John, his godson or nameson, was to live with him, or at any rate to be under his complete control. "The little Johnny Phillips, so made over to his uncle's care, was only eight years of age, and his brother Edward, who was to share his lessons, was not much over nine. For a bachelor, living in lodgings,


THE DAILY CHR
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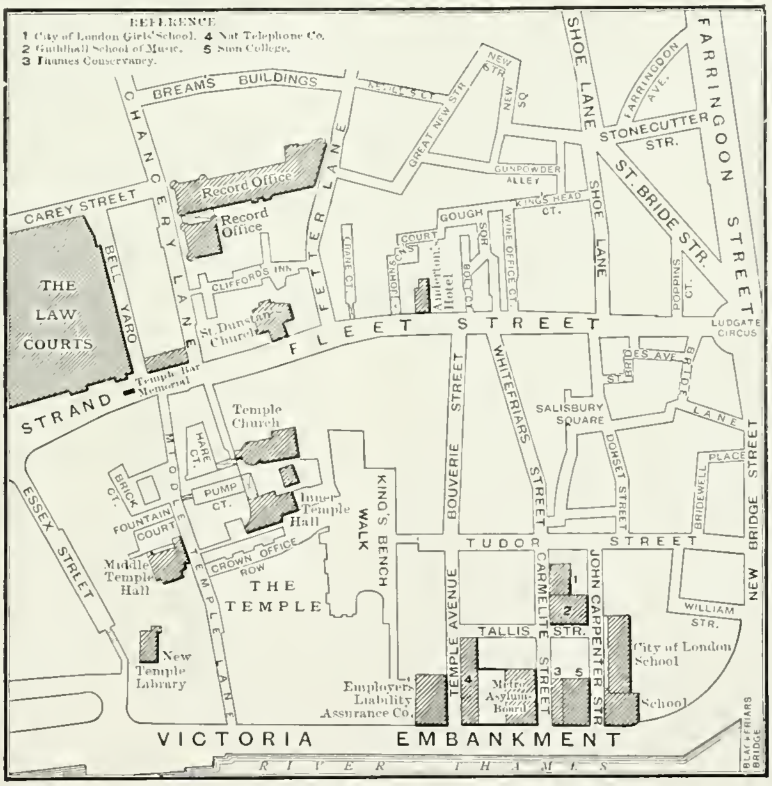
OFFICE TO LET

Photo, Pictorial Agency

FLEET STREET, LOOKING UP LUDGATE HILL

the arrangement might not seem the most convenient; but, whether for family reasons or on personal grounds, Milton appears to have made no difficulty about it." Masson hints a doubt whether the tailor's house in which the poet took lodgings was actually on the border of the present churchyard. One of the authorities speaks of "St. Bride's Churchyard, *near* Fleet Street," and a portion, at any rate, of the churchyard was in that part of the present Farringdon Street which lies between Stonecutter Street and Fleet Lane. However this may be, it must have been near the foot of Fleet Street that Milton abode, though it is rather curious to find so scrupulous a writer as Masson representing the spot as being "in view" of "the whole City region of his native Bread Street." He made no long stay here, for, obliged to look out for more spacious quarters, where he might find room for his accumulating books, he removed, probably in 1641, to Aldersgate Street, where we have already met with him.

Close to the church, in Bride Lane, is the St. Bride's Foundation Institute, an important centre of technical education, especially in the craft of printing: it is, indeed, the largest printing school in the world. Opened in 1894, and costing, in building and equipment, over £20,000, it embraces a printing school, a technical printer's library of over sixteen thousand volumes, a lending library and reading-rooms, a gymnasium, and swimming and other baths. Here is preserved, *in memoriam*, a library of books from the press of Mr. William Blades, antiquary as well as printer, who wrote a monumental work on "The Life and Typography of William Caxton," besides other books relating to the printing art. Mr. Blades, who died in 1890, was a son of the generous citizen who, as we have seen, promoted the formation of St. Bride's Avenue.


REFERENCE
1 City of London Girls' School.
2 Guildhall School of Music.
3 Thames Conservancy.
4 Nat Telephone Co.
5 Sion College.
BREAMS BUILDINGS
CHANCERY LANE
CAREY STREET
Record Office
Record Office
THE LAW COURTS
BELL YARD
CLIFFORDS INN
St. Dunstan's Church
FETTER LANE
FLEET STREET
STRAND
Temple Bar Memorial
SHOE LANE
FARRINGDON AVE.
FARRINGDON STREET
STONECUTTER STR.
ST. BRIDE STR.
GREAT NEW STR
NEW STR
NEW SQ
GUNPOWDER ALLEY
KINGS HEAD CT.
GOUGH SQR
WINE OFFICE CT.
JOHNSONS COURT
Anderton's Hotel
POPPINS CT.
LUDGATE CIRCUS
ST. BRIDES AVE
BRIDE LANE
SALISBURY SQUARE
Temple Church
HARE CT.
BRICK CT.
PUMP CT.
FOUNTAIN COURT
Inner Temple Hall
Middle Temple Hall
MIDDLE TEMPLE LANE
CROWN OFFICE ROW
KING'S BENCH WALK
THE TEMPLE
ESSEX STREET
New Temple Library
BOUVERIE STREET
WHITEFRIARS STREET
DORSET STREET
BRIDEWELL PLACE
NEW BRIDGE STREET
TUDOR STREET
CARMELITE STREET
JOHN CARPENTER STR
TEMPLE AVENUE
TALLIS STR.
WILLIAM STR.
City of London School
School
Employers' Liability Assurance Co.
Metro. Asylums Board
VICTORIA EMBANKMENT
RIVER THAMES
BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE

PLAN OF FLEET STREET AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

CHAPTER XL

SOME FLEET STREET TRIBUTARIES

Ye Antient Society of Cogers—Salisbury Square—Samuel Richardson—Hogarth and Johnson—A Great Journalist—Serjeants' Inn—The Order of the Coif—Poppin's Court—Shoe Lane—Pepys at a Cock-fight—The *Standard* and other Newspapers—Gunpowder Alley and Richard Lovelace—Gough Square—Johnson's Court—Bolt Court—Crane Court and the Royal Society—Fetter Lane—The Public Record Office—The Rolls Chapel—Birkbeck College—The *Athenæum*—Clifford's Inn—George Dyer

The Cogers.

IN Bride Lane—to deal first with the southern tributaries of Fleet Street—we come upon the tracks of the famous Cogers' Society, which was founded so long ago as the year 1755 by one David Mason—of whom nothing else is known—at the "White Bear" Inn, No. 15 in the lane. Its lively debates, as we learn from Mr. Peter Rayleigh's vivacious history of the Society,* were held in the front room on the ground floor, and from the beginning it has lived very consistently up to the legend which was at one time blazoned on the walls, "Let us never mistake dulness for wisdom." In 1855 or 1856 the Society migrated to Shoe Lane, to a spacious hall adjoining the "Blue Posts" tavern. When in 1871 this second Cogers' Hall was acquired by the Corporation for the formation of St. Bride Street as one of the approaches to the Holborn Viaduct, the Cogers moved to the "Barley Mow" in Salisbury Square, and there they still were when Mr. Rayleigh's volume was published. But in the following year (1904) they again shifted, this time to the "Rainbow" in Fleet Street, and in 1908, preferring to hold their meetings no longer on licensed premises, they migrated to the hall of Clifford's Inn, hard by.

Famous Names.

The year after this Society of oratorical Bohemians was founded it chose for its president John Wilkes, who was just the man to strike its keynote of hilarious and irresponsible polemics. Among those who have been enrolled on its list of members, or have taken part in its debates as guests, it is able to number Curran and O'Connell and Keogh, Brougham and Thomas Denman, afterwards Lord Chief Justice, Alderman Sir Richard Glyn and Alderman Waithman, Captain Mayne Reid and George Augustus Sala, George Francis Train and Sir John Bennett, Alexander Cockburn and Charles Russell and Sir Edward Clarke. Once, at any rate, it enjoyed the caustic wit of Bernal Osborne, without knowing at the time who the speaker was. "All they saw," says Mr. Rayleigh, "was a tall dark man of handsome presence with eyes shedding light; but when he began to speak they noted that the ringing voice was aglow with courage, and that there was a supreme contempt for conventionality to be observed in his radiant, boisterous personality. They knew that they were in the presence of a king of men, and settled down to listen. . . . George Augustus Sala, who spoke the same evening, said they had been under the wand of a magician. No wonder that Cogers' rocked to and fro with excitement. . . . No wonder the House, long before he sat down, abandoned itself to a wild and boisterous gaiety."

George Doring.

Very interesting are Mr. Rayleigh's sketches of some of the more remarkable members of the Society. There was George Doring, for example, "an extremely fragile, meek-looking young man," who said the most aggravating things in the sweetest of voices. Angered at his audible asides, an orator, who was protesting his willingness to die for his country, asked him how much blood *he* was prepared to shed in the sacred cause of his country. "About a quartern," the interruptor replied. "A quartern, a miserable quartern!" exclaimed the patriot

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" * History of Ye Antient Society of Cogers," 1755-1903. By Peter Rayleigh. 1903. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

with withering scorn. "Why, I am prepared to yield up the last drop of mine." "Do it now," was the quick retort, "and I will cheerfully subscribe a guinea towards your funeral." On another occasion Doring fell foul of Sala, who had made a rather poor speech. "It smacks so strongly of the nursery," he said, "that I feel certain, were he to turn out his pockets, we should find a choice collection of tops, marbles, string, sweetstuffs, and other articles precious to the juvenile mind." At this sally Sala blushed so red that the House called upon him to undergo the test. When he did so and turned out a little packet, which on being opened was found to contain toffee, a perfect yell went up. It is easy to imagine Sala earnestly protesting that the toffee was intended for his wife—the first Mrs. Sala—who was fond of sweets, and still easier to imagine the shouts of incredulity with which the explanation was received.

Photo Pictorial Agency.

SERJEANTS' INN, LOOKING TOWARDS FLEET STREET.

The Name.

But why "Cogers"? There are various derivations to choose between, but the one that appears to find most favour is that which traces the name to the verb *cogito*, I think. But the reader who accepts this theory must be careful, none the less, to give "Cogers" a long "o," for the one unpardonable sin to members of "Ye Society" is to pronounce the name as though it were spelt "Codgers." When they flitted to Salisbury Square all their records and paraphernalia were lost sight of, but the President's chair and the portraits of past Presidents were preserved. The "White Bear" was remodelled after the Cogers betook themselves and their eloquence elsewhere, and the sign will now be looked for in vain.

Salisbury Square.

Salisbury Square, another of the southern tributaries of Fleet Street, was until the second half of the eighteenth century known as Salisbury Court, a name which is now borne by the approach to it from Fleet Street. Salisbury Square is built on the site of the courtyard of Salisbury or Dorset House, the town residence of the Bishops of Salisbury, who parted with it in the early years of the seventeenth century At the lower end of the court of Salisbury House was built in 1629 the Salisbury Court Theatre, destroyed by the Puritans in 1649, but rebuilt in 1660, when the Restoration had brought theatres once more into favour. It perished in the Great Fire, and was not rebuilt. In Salisbury Square, in these days, are the sedate and substantial offices of the Church Missionary Society, which completed its first century in 1899. Here, in a museum of no little interest, is a collection of missionary trophies —charms, idols, savage weapons, and so forth, with a flag bearing the legend "Ichabod," carried on the caravan of Bishop Hannington's followers when tidings reached them that their beloved leader had been murdered on the borders of Uganda. The Society now has about 300 stations and 350,000 native Christian adherents, with 2,500 schools and colleges, and it is able to claim that of its total income of about £400,000, 85 per cent. is spent in the direct service of the missions.

In 1634 Bulstrode Whitelocke, who as we have seen was baptized in St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, became a resident of Salisbury Square. From 1673 to 1682 John Dryden lived in or near the square, removing in the latter year to Long Acre, where we shall again meet him; and here too, lived his successor as Poet Laureate, Thomas Shadwell, who wore the bays from 1688, when "glorious John" died, until 1692, when his turn came to lay down the pen. But Salisbury Square is more intimately associated with Henry Fielding's rival, the creator of Clarissa, than with either Dryden or Shadwell. In 1755, says Mrs. Barbauld, in her Life of the printer-novelist, he took here "a range of old houses, eight in number, which he pulled down, and built an extensive and commodious range of warehouses and printing offices. . . . The dwelling-house, it seems, was neither so large nor so airy as the one he quitted; and therefore the reader will not be so ready, probably, as Mr. Richardson seems to have been, in accusing his wife of perverseness in not liking the new habitation as well as the old" Richardson was evidently vexed at his wife's want of appreciation of the new house. "Everybody," he remarked, "is more pleased with what I have done than my wife." Such economy of approval in a wife must have seemed shocking to the man upon whom so many women lavished ecstatic admiration. Here Richardson wrote "Pamela," and here for a short time, in 1757, Goldsmith worked for him as a proof-reader. Here too it was that Hogarth and Dr. Johnson met without knowing each other. Hogarth, according to Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," came one day "to see Richardson, soon after the execution of Dr. Cameron for having taken arms for the house of Stuart in 1745-46; and, being a warm partisan of George II., he observed to Richardson that certainly there must have been some very unfavourable circumstances lately discovered in this particular case which had induced the king to approve of an execution for rebellion so long after the time it was committed, as this had the appearance of putting a man to death in cold blood, and was very unlike his Majesty's usual clemency. While he was talking he perceived a person standing at a window in the room shaking his head and rolling himself about in a ridiculous manner. He concluded he was an idiot, whom his relations had put under the care of Mr. Richardson as a very good man. To his great surprise, however, this figure stalked forward to where he and Mr. Richardson were sitting, and all at once took up the argument, and burst out into an invective against George II. as one who, upon all occasions, was unrelenting and barbarous; mentioning many instances, particularly that where an officer of high rank had been acquitted by a court-martial, George II. had, with his own hand, struck his name off the list. In short, he displayed such a power of eloquence that Hogarth looked at him in astonishment, and actually imagined that this idiot had been at the moment inspired."

Samuel Richardson.

Hogarth and Johnson.

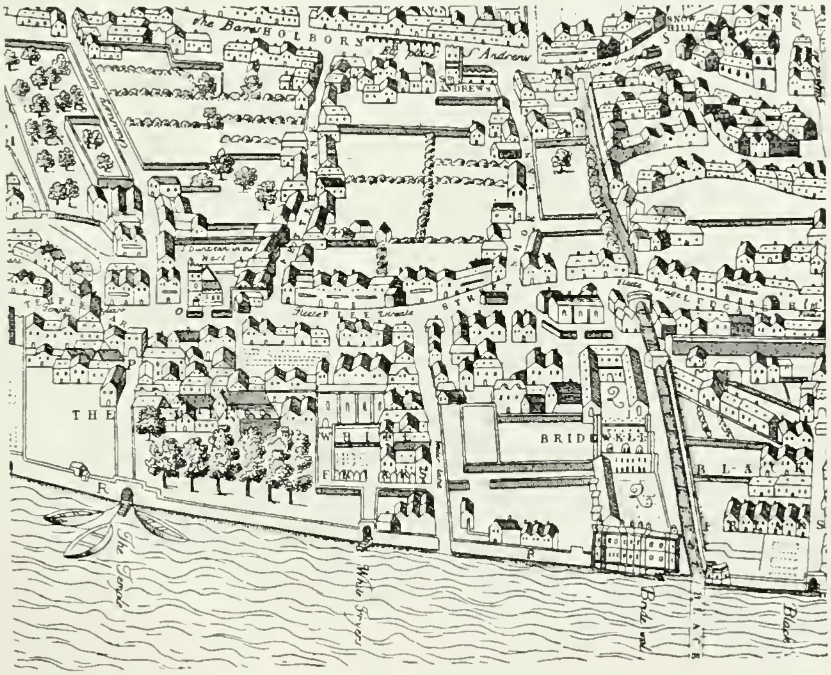
Johnson, by the way, was never tired of exalting Richardson at the expense of Fielding, whom in a fractious moment he dubbed "a barren rascal." He once declared that there was "more knowledge of the heart in one letter of Richardson's than in all 'Tom Jones.'" To an objector, however, he admitted that, "if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so great that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story as only giving occasion to the sentiment." A rather considerable qualification, to be sure. Let us, as we pass on, remind ourselves that a greater critic—if a smaller man—than Johnson remarked that to read Fielding after Richardson was like emerging from a sick room, heated by stoves, into an open lawn on a breezy May morning; and the trend of modern criticism has been towards Coleridge's estimate rather than Johnson's.

The "St. James's Gazette."

Dorset Street, running out of Salisbury Square southwards, and recalling by its title the later name of the town house of the Bishops of Salisbury, is still chiefly associated in many minds with the *St. James's Gazette*, which had its offices here. This paper was founded by one of the most brilliant and most accomplished journalists of his generation, Mr. Frederick Greenwood. In 1865 he had founded the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and through its columns, in the seventies, he was one of the ablest champions of Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy. In 1880 the *Pall Mall* changed hands—and politics, and then it was that Mr. Greenwood and some members of his staff established the *St. James's*, which he edited with conspicuous ability for some years, being on his retirement succeeded by Mr. Sidney Low. In 1905, the year in which the paper was amalgamated with the *Evening Standard*, Mr. Greenwood, then just entered upon his seventy-sixth year, was the guest of many of the most distinguished journalists and authors and statesmen and lawyers of the day, who found an eloquent spokesman in Mr. John (now Viscount) Morley, his immediate successor in the editorial chair of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The speech was a noble tribute to splendid work done "in the arduous and responsible profession of journalism" by one who, as Mr. George Meredith said, had shown himself to be "at once a statesman and a patriot."

Serjeants' Inn.

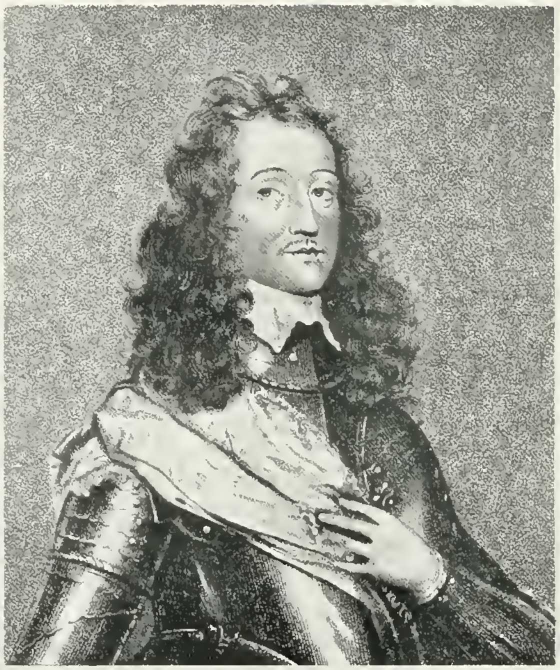
Serjeants' Inn, further up Fleet Street, on the same side, was one of the two Inns of the judges and serjeants-at-law from 1453 to 1758, when, the lease expiring, the judges and serjeants gave up the property to the freeholders, the Dean and Chapter of York, and took up their quarters in the other Serjeants' Inn, off Chancery Lane. Thenceforward until the expiration of the "Order of the Coif," in 1876, there was but one Serjeants'



THE FLEET STREET DISTRICT IN QUEEN ELIZABETH'S DAY

From Aggas's Map.

Inn. Before the fifteenth century there may have been other serjeants' inns also, but these are the only ones about which anything definite is known. When Fleet Street was destroyed in the Great Fire, the Inn was rebuilt from funds supplied by the serjeants. The present street frontage, occupied by the Norwich Union Fire and Life Offices, and the houses behind, including the Church of England Sunday School Institute, were built when they gave up possession. In one of them, No. 16, lived John Thadeus Delane, greatest of the Editors of the *Times*, whose policy he directed from 1841 to 1877. The arms of the serjeants, a dove and a serpent, suggesting the guilelessness of the one united with the wisdom of the other, may still be seen in the iron gate opening on Fleet Street.



RICHARD LOVELACE.

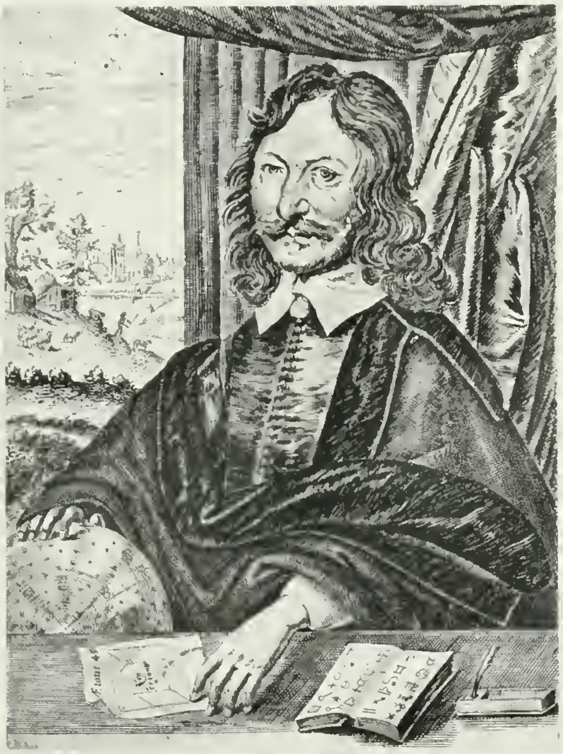
The Order of the Coif, as the late Serjeant Pulling shows in his history of the fraternity, was of great antiquity. "It was indeed already old before there were either barristers or solicitors. It is very much more ancient than the oldest of our tribunals, for it was called into existence before any large portion of our law was formed." Small as was the order, its number scarcely ever exceeding forty, its privileges were great. For hundreds of years no one could be made a judge, either of the King's Bench or of the Common Pleas, who was not a member of the order, and when an outsider was chosen for elevation to the Bench he had to be admitted before he could take the oath as judge. Not until 1875 was this rule abrogated, the last judge to be appointed under it being Lord Lindley, who became a judge of the Common Pleas in 1875, and remained on the Bench until 1905. Even after the privileges of the order ceased it numbered many lawyers of high distinction, such as Serjeant Talfourd, Serjeant Shee, Serjeant Byles, and Serjeant Ballantine. The Society, as we have seen, was dissolved in 1876, when its premises in Chancery Lane, put up to auction, realised £57,100—a nice little sum for division among the members. The twenty-six portraits of eminent serjeants-at-law were presented to the National Portrait Gallery. The last of the serjeants to practise at the Bar was Serjeant Spinks, who died in 1899.

The coif, from which the order took its name, was originally a close-fitting head-covering of white lawn or silk, on the top of which the serjeants wore a small skull-cap of black silk or velvet. When at the beginning of the seventeenth century they took to wearing wigs, the coif was at first so worn that it might be seen peeping out at the back of the head. But after a while the perruquier contrived a round patch of black on the crown of the wig as a diminutive representation of the coif and cap. The coif was as much the symbol of rank and dignity as were the coronet and the mitre. New members of the order were solemnly enjoined never to dispense with it when engaged officially or professionally, and it was one of their special privileges to wear it even in the royal presence, and even when "in talk with his Majesty's highness." The only occasion when the coif was required to be hidden, indeed, was when a judge had to pass sentence of death; and so it was that the "black cap" had its origin, as a token of sorrow to cover up the symbol of his rank and dignity.

We have glanced at Serjeants' Inn in

Poppin's Court.

Chancery Lane, but we are still in Fleet Street, and we now pass over to the other side of the "highway of letters," and notice some of the courts and lanes that open into it from the north. Poppin's Court, to which we first come, was formerly called Poppinjay (popinjay, parrot) Court, and it is said—one knows not upon what authority—that here the Abbots of Cirencester, whose crest was the popinjay, had their Inn. Better authenticated is the story which connects with the court Van Mildert, Bishop of Durham from 1826 to 1836, and the last Bishop of the see to enjoy palatine dignity. In his early days, on the occasion of some public festival, he was set upon by some unruly boys here in Poppin's Court, and made a target for their squibs, but when he good-humouredly remarked, "Ah, here you are, poppin' away in Poppin's Court," they laughingly opened a passage for him. "*Sic me servavit Apollo*," he would observe, in telling the story.



WILLIAM LILLY, THE ASTROLOGER.

Shoe Lane.

Pepys at a Cockfight.

Why Shoe Lane is so called the present writer knows not, but the name has nothing to do with shoes, for in ancient times it was sometimes written Scolane. In the days following the Restoration there was a cock-pit here, and under date the 21st of December, 1663, Pepys describes the first visit he had ever paid to such a place, from which he received an impression that does credit to his humanity. "Lord," he exclaims "to see the strange variety of people—from Parliament man, by name Wildes, that was Deputy-Governor of the Tower when Robinson was Lord Mayor, to the poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not, and all these fellows one with another in swearing, cursing, and betting, and yet I would not but have seen it once." But he proceeds: "I soon had enough of it, it being strange to observe the natures of these poor creatures; how they will fight till they drop down dead upon the table and strike after they are ready to give up the ghost, not offering to run away when they are weary or wounded past doing further, whereas when a dunghill brood comes he will, after a sharp stroke that pricks him, run off the stage, and then they wring off his neck without much more ado. Whereas the other they preserve, though their eyes be both out, for breed only of a true cock of the game." Even in this sport, where everything might seem to depend upon pluck and activity and strength, there was an element of chance, for the observant diarist notes that "sometimes a cock that has had ten to one against him will by chance give an unlucky"—he might have said a lucky—"blow, and will strike the other stark dead in a moment, that he never stirs more." Another thing that surprised him was, where the money came from. "It is strange to see how people of this poor rank, that look as if they had not bread to put in their mouths, shall bet three or four pounds at one bet and lose it, and yet bet as much the next battle, . . . so that one of them will lose £10 or £20 at a meeting." Then at last they had had "enough of it."

Literature in Shoe Lane.

In Shoe Lane dwelt, a few years before his death in 1679, Praise-God Barbon, of whom we have already spoken (p. 428). The lane has memories also that link it with literature. Here in 1624 was living John Florio, the compiler of an Italian dictionary, and translator of Montaigne's Essays, in an extant copy of which has been found a signature of Shakespeare's. From this translation it no doubt was that Shakespeare acquired the knowledge of Montaigne shown in the *Tempest*, where the ideal state of Lord Gonzalo corresponds not only in thought but even in word with Florio's Montaigne. Oliver Goldsmith, again, would seem, from a reference in his "Citizen of the World," to have once lived here; and poor Chatterton, as we have seen, was consigned to an unknown grave in the burying ground of Shoe Lane Workhouse, on the eastern side of the lane, where afterwards Farringdon Market was built. Nor must we omit Hudson, the song-writer and humorist, who flourished at the beginning of the last century. A professional vocalist, who sang his own songs at such places as "The Cider Cellars" in Maiden Lane, and "The Coal Hole" in the Strand, he was the greatest coiner of catchwords of his day. Even now his song "The Spider and the Fly" is not forgotten, and another, "Jack Robinson," has supplied us with a familiar catchword. As a specimen of his humour let us quote from this song the stave in which Jack's lass, on his return from a voyage, explains how she has come to marry someone else.

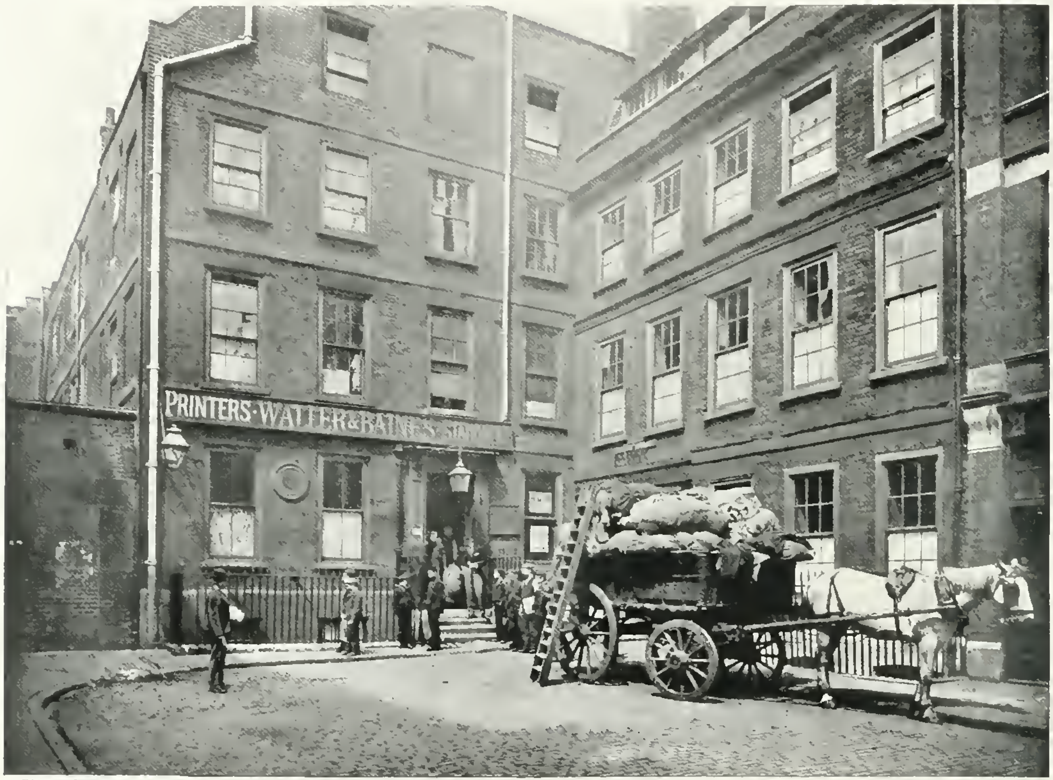
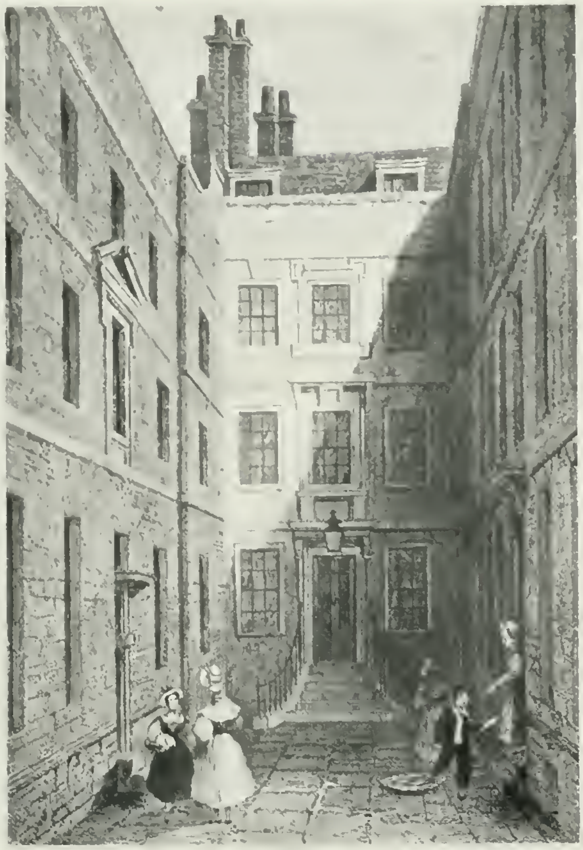


Photo. Pictorial Agency.

DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN GOUGH SQUARE (MARKED BY A TABLET).

> "Says the lady, says she, 'I've changed my state.'
> 'Why, you don't mean,' says Jack, 'that you've got a mate?
> You know you promised me.' Says she, 'I couldn't wait,
> For no tidings could I gain of you, Jack Robinson.
> And somebody one day came to me and said
> That somebody else had somewhere read,
> In some newspaper, that you was somewhere dead.'—
> 'I've not been dead at all,' says Jack Robinson."

In these days Shoe Lane is known chiefly by reason of the printing and publishing offices of the *Standard*, which was established as an evening paper in 1827, with Dr. S. L. Giffard, ex-editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, as editor. Dr. Giffard's principal colleague was Alaric Watts, the poet, who soon gave place to Dr. Maginn, the original of Thackeray's Captain Shandon. In 1857 the paper was acquired by Mr. James Johnstone, who reduced its price from fourpence to twopence, and added to it a morning paper. The next year, following the lead of the *Daily Telegraph*, the price of the *Standard* was reduced to a penny. Under the able and judicious editorship of Mr. W. H. Mudford, the *Standard* consolidated its position as the very influential organ of a sober and reasoned Conservatism. Mr. Mudford held the sceptre until 1900, and five years afterwards the controlling interest in the property was acquired by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, who shortly before had purchased the *St. James's Gazette*. The *Standard* and the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette* now have handsome advertisement offices in Fleet Street, but formerly they were in St. Bride Street. Here, too, were the offices of the *Echo*, which, though it ceased to be in 1905, must be noted in these pages because it was the first of the halfpenny daily papers. It was established so long ago as 1868 by the firm of Cassell, Petter, and Galpin (now Cassell and Co., Limited), under the editorship of Mr. Arthur Arnold, who was knighted in 1895 for his services in connexion with the London County Council, of which he was Chairman in 1895-97. Hard by, in St. Bride Street and Stonecutter Street, are the offices of the *Morning Leader*, the first of the existing halfpenny morning papers, started in 1892. Associated with it is the *Star*, founded in 1888 by that brilliant journalist Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who gathered around him a staff which included quite a number of men who soon won their way to the front rank, among them Mr. A. B. Walkley, now the accomplished dramatic critic of the *Times*; Mr. George Bernard Shaw, most humorous, most audacious, and most irresponsible of writers—critic in general, dramatist, and publicist; Mr. H. W. Massingham, most strenuous of journalists, who succeeded Mr. O'Connor as editor of the *Star*, was afterwards editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, and is now editor of the *Nation*; and Mr. Clement Shorter, who was to become editor of the *Illustrated London News* and founder and editor of the *Sketch*, and afterwards to found and edit the *Sphere* and the *Tatler*. Mr. O'Connor is also the creator of several other papers, and in all of them he has struck with singular felicity that intimate and personal note to which modern journalism has so largely attuned itself.



THE OLD HOME OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY IN CRANE COURT IN 1830 (*p.* 444).

From a Drawing by C. J. Smith.

Richard Lovelace.

With Gunpowder Alley, which opens out of Shoe Lane on the west side, we turn from journalism to literature. For here, in obscurity and penury, two years before the Restoration, died Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier poet who wrote some of the choicest lyrics in the English language. He was born at Woolwich in 1618, and at the age of sixteen, when he was presented at Court, is described by Anthony Wood as "the most amiable and beautiful youth that eye ever beheld. A person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but specially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex." In 1642, for having presented to Parliament the Kentish petition in favour of the King, he was immured in the Gatehouse, Westminster, whence his exultant spirit flew abroad on the wings of the lovely lyric of which this is one of the stanzas:—

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet take
> That for a hermitage.
> If I have freedom in my love,
> And in my soul am free,
> Angels alone, that soar above,
> Enjoy such liberty."

Contrast.

In June of the same year he was released on bail in order that he might serve against the rebels in Ireland. Later he joined the King's standard. While he was immured in Petre House, Aldersgate, in 1648-49 he beguiled the weary days in "framing for the press" the collection of pieces which he entitled "Lucasta," Lucasta being, as some think, Lucy Sacheverell, though she may have been simply the creation of his own fancy. His later years were years of misery and melancholy. "Having consumed all his estate," says Anthony Wood, "he grew very melancholy, which at length brought him into a consumption; became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars than poorest of servants." So died, in 1658, at the age of forty, one of the most attractive figures on the Royalist side. That his name should have become a synonym for a libertine is, as Mr. Thomas Seccombe points out in the Dictionary of National Biography, due to the accident of his being buried in St. Bride's Church (p. 432), for it was probably that circumstance that prompted Richardson, who lived close by, to borrow his name for the lover of Clarissa Harlowe; and though Lovelace has in this sense been supplanted in England by the older Lothario, it still survives in France.

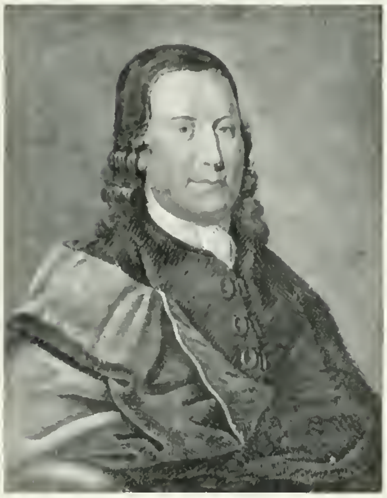
Astrologers.

In Gunpowder Alley, in Cromwellian days, lived Evans, the astrologer, and here he initiated into his mysteries the more famous William Lilly, the Sidrophel of "Hudibras." Lilly suffered no lack of eminent patrons, who either believed in the powers to which he laid claim, or found him useful, and in 1670 he received a licence to practise his arts. Among his patrons were the King of Sweden, Lenthal the Speaker, Bulstrode Whitelocke, and Elias Ashmole the antiquary. His Almanac, the forerunner of Moore's and Zadkiel's, was first published in 1644, and thenceforth he issued one every year until his death in 1681.

Gough Square.

Of Wine Office Court, the next tributary of Fleet Street to which we come, we have already spoken (p. 421). It leads to Gough Square, where still stands, in the not inappropriate occupation of a firm of printers, and marked by a tablet put up by the Society of Arts, the house in which Johnson lived and toiled for the press for ten of the busiest years of his life, from 1748 onwards. Thomas Carlyle made pilgrimage to it in 1832, and found it "a stout, old-fashioned, oak-balustraded house." The occupant was courteous enough, though "in his memory lay nothing but the foolishest jumble and hallucination." He pointed out to his visitor the garden where the great man walked for exercise ("a plot of delved ground somewhat longer than a bedquilt," says Carlyle), and showed him the three great bedrooms where Johnson kept his "pupils." The worthy man supposed that Johnson was a schoolmaster: the pupils were really his copyists, whom he kept hard at work upon his Dictionary. This great work, begun the year before he came to Gough Square, was finished here in 1755. The next year he was arrested for a debt of £5 18s., but his friend Richardson came to his rescue. It was while living here that he carried on the *Rambler* (1750-52), and began the *Idler* (1758); and here in 1752 his wife died.

From Gough Square we may make our way to Fleet Street by way of Johnson's Court, where also Johnson lived, though it is not named after him. The coincidence, how-



COUNT ZINZENDORF.

ever, enabled him to speak of himself, while in Scotland with Boswell, as "Johnson of that ilk." It was in 1765 that he came hither, from Inner Temple Lane, and here he dwelt for eleven years. His house was taken down some years ago, and the court has been almost entirely rebuilt, but an inscription on one of the new buildings records the fact of his residence here. Boswell tells us that reaching London late on Friday, the 15th of March, 1776, he hastened next morning to wait upon Johnson but found him gone. "I felt a foolish regret," he writes in his journal, "that he had left a court which bore his name; but it was not foolish to be affected with some tenderness of regard for a place in which I had seen him a great deal, from whence I had often issued a better and a happier man than when I went in; and which had often appeared to my imagination, while I trod its pavement in the solemn darkness of the night, to be sacred to wisdom and piety." Admirable sentiment, admirably expressed! Boswell's service to posterity can never be sufficently acknowledged, and the strain of deep feeling in him—not to speak of his very respectable literary faculty—should save him from the unmeasured mockery which his foibles have provoked.

When in 1776 Boswell's hero left Johnson's Court it was to pitch his tent in Bolt Court, which lies between Wine Office Court and Johnson's Court, and is probably named after the Bolt-in-tun tavern, opposite its Fleet Street end. He brought with him, besides his faithful negro servant Frank Barber, Miss Williams, the blind old Welsh lady whom he had befriended, and Robert Levett, the odd old surgeon whom he kept to tend his poorer friends. Nor were they the only pensioners to whom this great man "with the coat but not the heart of a bear" gave the shelter of his hospitable roof: there were also Mrs. Desmoulins, an old Staffordshire lady, her daughter, and a Miss Carmichael. At the quarrels of his pen-

A Strange Ménage.

Photo. Pictorial Agency.

THE MORAVIAN CHAPEL, FETTER LANE.

sioners Johnson felt not more than a seemly measure of amusement. "We have tolerable concord at home, but no love," he wrote to Mrs. Thrale in 1778 (November 14th). "Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll [Miss Carmichael] loves none of them." And in the following year he writes with a touch of grim humour, "Discord and discontent reign in my humble habitation as in the palaces of monarchs." It was here that Mrs. Siddons paid him the visit which won from him so gallant and witty a compliment. "You see, Madam," he said when his servant could not at once find a chair for her, "wherever you go there are no seats to be got." In Bolt Court, too, he wrote his "Lives of the Poets," and here he abode until his death, on the 13th of December, 1784. His house is believed to have been destroyed by fire in 1819, and though it has been said that it was the house next to his that perished, it has certainly long since disappeared. At the end of the court is the London County Council School of Photo-engraving and Lithography.

Crane Court: The Royal Society.

In Crane Court, further up the street and once known as Two Crane Court, the Royal Society dwelt from 1710, when it left Gresham College—not the present College, but Gresham's house in Bishopsgate Street—until 1782, when it removed to Somerset House in its westward progress. For £1,450 the Society purchased a house which had been built by one of its original members, Sir Christopher Wren, in 1670, and in which had dwelt Dr. Edward Brown, President of the College of Physicians, and son of the author of the "Religio Medici." After the Royal Society left it the house was rented by the London Philosophical Society, and in it Coleridge delivered his memorable lectures on Shakespeare (1819). Later it was occupied by the Scots Corporation, an institution for the relief of the Scottish poor in and around London, by which it had been acquired from the Royal Society. Burnt down in 1877, it was replaced by the present substantial hall, built by Professor T. L. Donaldson at a cost of over £6,000, and opened in 1880. The Society was incorporated in 1665, but had come into existence in the reign of James I., who, it would seem, was not able to ensure the prosperity of all who accompanied or followed him to his new capital.

Fetter Lane.

Fetter Lane was in Stow's days known as Fewter Lane, and was so called, he says, from the idle persons (fewtors) who hung about in it before it was built upon; but in more ancient documents it appears as Faytor or Faiter Lane, and it is suggested with some probability that the name may be derived from the fetters or lance-rests which were worn on the front of the cuirass, Fetter Lane being the headquarters of the armourers, who were conveniently near the Templars and their tilting-ground adjoining Lincoln's Inn. The lane numbers among its residents Hobbes, the author of "Leviathan"; Praise-God Barbon, whose son or nephew, by the way, was founder of the Phœnix Fire Office;* and Tom Paine, the revolutionary and deistical writer, who would probably have been guillotined by the French but for Robespierre's downfall. It also claims as residents John Dryden and Thomas Otway, who according to an unsupported tradition lived opposite each other, the former in a quaint old house which was made away with in 1887. A resident whom it would much prefer not to claim was the infamous Elizabeth Brownrigge, midwife to St. Dunstan's Workhouse, who with her husband lived on the east side of the lane, looking into Fleur-de-Lys Court. Here it was that, in 1767, this victim of a lust for cruelty flogged and tortured to death poor Mary Mitchell, her apprentice from the Foundling Hospital—a crime which she expiated on the scaffold.

Nor is this Fetter Lane's only gruesome memory. At each end of the thoroughfare criminals were occasionally executed for some two hundred years, and among those who suffered at its Holborn end, near where the first of them lived, were Tomkins and Challoner, who in 1643 were implicated in the plot engineered by Waller, the poet, Tomkins's brother-in-law, to arrest Pym and Hampden and others of the Parliamentary party and take possession of the City for the King. Both the culprits made a very penitent end, but Waller himself contrived to escape with a whole skin, though he had to pay a fine of £10,000 and endure a year's imprisonment before he was permitted to retire to France.

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* See *Notes and Queries*, 9th Series, vol. vi., p. 351.

Fetter Lane, until quite recently, wore an aspect of antiquity, but of late years one after another of the low-browed, half-timbered houses has disappeared. The Fetter Lane Independent chapel, too, the habitation of a church founded some time before 1660, will now be looked for in vain. The chapel, however, was less ancient than the church, for it was not built till 1732. Among the pastors of the church was the Rev. John Spurgeon, father of the founder of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, who long survived his distinguished son. The name of the building has been transferred to a chapel at Leyton, opened in the year 1900, as the New Fetter Lane Chapel. The Moravian Chapel, however, with adjacent offices, still continues to carry on in Fetter Lane the excellent work of the self-denying community of which Count Zinzendorf became the leader. Exiled from Bohemia and Moravia early in the eighteenth century, they settled on the Count's estate in Saxony in 1722. The chapel, believed to have been originally built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was long in the possession of the Independents, and numbers among its ministers Dr. Thomas Goodwin and Thomas Bradbury. In 1732 the Independents moved across the lane to the chapel mentioned above, and in 1738 it was hired for the society out of which the Moravian church was presently formed. The chapel has been more than once rebuilt, the last time in 1748.

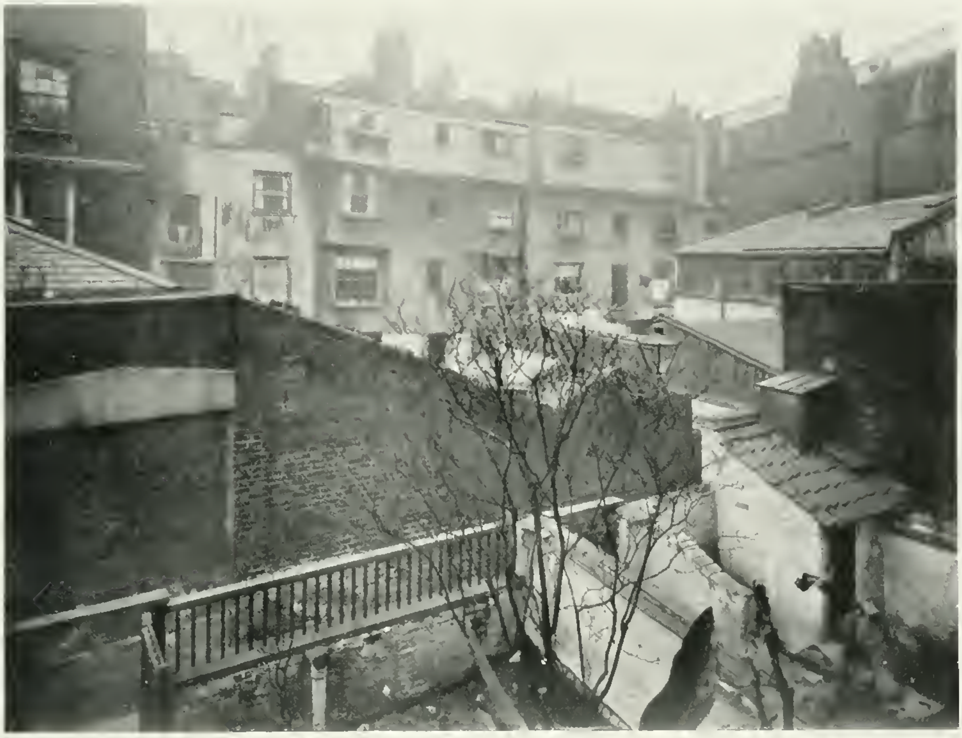


Photo. Pictorial Agency.

A BIT OF OLD LONDON: NEVILL'S COURT, FETTER LANE.

Nevill's Court, leading from Fetter Lane to New Street, and named after the Ralph Nevill who was Bishop of Chichester in the thirteenth century, is still to be reckoned among bits of Old London that have not fallen a prey to the modern builder. It escaped the Great Fire, and it includes some houses with plastered walls which probably date back many years before that event.

Between Fetter Lane and Chancery Lane stretches the great block of fire-proof buildings known as the Public Record Office, which we may notice here, although the greater part of the pile is in the Liberty of Rolls, and therefore in the City of Westminster. Until after the middle of the last century the hundreds of millions of documents forming the national records were stowed away almost indiscriminately in the Rolls Chapel, the Tower of London, the Chapter-house of Westminster Abbey, the State Paper Office in St. James's Park, and elsewhere. On the 24th of May, 1851, the first stone of a massive building in the Tudor style, of Sir James Pennethorne's designing, was laid on the west side of Fetter Lane by Lord Romilly, but it was not until 1866 that the structure was completed. The greatest pains were taken to make it fireproof, and to this end the architect and Sir Henry Cole had consultations with Superintendent Braidwood, the head of the Fire Brigade. To this has since been added the building of which the façade looks down upon Chancery Lane, the work of Sir John Taylor, who has observed a general harmony with the older building without, however, producing the same effect of massiveness. Reading-rooms are provided for the use of the public, and since 1892 there has also been here a public museum, of quite singular interest, though few Londoners, or visitors to London, ever pay it a visit. Here in two volumes, bound in thick board covers, and carefully kept under glass cases, are on view the Domesday Book which William I. had compiled mainly in order that he might find out how much taxation the land could bear. The country was divided into districts, and a body of commissioners was appointed to hold inquest in each. The inquiry was of the most searching kind, and was bitterly resented by those who had to supply the information. "It is shame to tell," writes a chronicler, "what he thought it no shame for him to do. Ox nor cow nor swine was left that was not set down upon his writ." And one theory of the origin of the title Domesday is that the English regarded the inquisition as "the day of judgment," because of the strictness of the examination. The survey was finished in 1086, and here in these two volumes, written throughout in a beautiful clerkly hand, and in a state of perfect preservation, we have the record of it. There were other volumes also, but it is to these two, known more precisely as the Exchequer Domesday, or, to use the title contained in the book itself, the Liber de

The Public Record Office.

Domesday Book.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

MUSEUM OF THE PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE.

Wintonia, that the term Domesday Book properly belongs. Other treasures to be seen here are the Papal Bull sent to Henry VIII., with the golden seal fabricated by Benvenuto Cellini, the Treaty of the Field of Cloth of Gold, with another of Cellini's gold seals, and the anonymous letter to Lord Monteagle which gave the first hint of the Gunpowder Plot.

The Museum of the Record Office also contains the monuments from the old Rolls Chapel, which, according to Pennant, was built by Inigo Jones in 1617, and was taken down in 1896 after having undergone a good deal of mutilation. Connected with it was Rolls House, the official residence of the Master of the Rolls, who held in it his Court until the new Law Courts in the Strand were opened in 1882. The house, however, was less ancient than the chapel, for it was not built until 1717-25. On the site of the Rolls Chapel Henry III., in 1233, built a house and chapel for converted Jews, who there lived under a Christian governor; but after Edward I.'s expulsion of the Jews the supply of converts ceased, and in 1377 Edward III. annexed house and chapel to the newly-created office of Custos Rotulorum, Keeper of the Rolls.

CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE.

From a Miniature in the possession of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Dilke, Bart., M.P.

Of the divines who preached from the pulpit of the Rolls Chapel those best known to fame were Burnet, the friend of William of Orange, Atterbury, the Jacobite Bishop of Rochester, and, greatest name of all, Joseph Butler, the profound author of "The Analogy" and of the Sermons on Human Nature. When Archbishop Blackburne lamented to Queen Caroline that this great thinker should be lost to the Church in the obscurity of a small country living she exclaimed, "Why, I thought he had been dead." "No, Madam," he made answer; "he is only buried."

The "Athenæum."

A little to the north of the Record Office, in the street known as Breams Buildings, is Birkbeck College, which has grown out of the Mechanics' Institute founded in 1823 by Dr. Birkbeck in Southampton Buildings, a stone's-throw away on the north-west. The buildings of the college were opened by the then Prince of Wales in 1885. Its work is now mainly of a university character; and there are some thirteen hundred students attending day and evening classes. On the other side of the street are the extensive offices of the *Field*, the *Queen*, and the *Law Times*, and beside them are the printing and publishing offices of the *Athenæum* and *Notes and Queries*. The latter paper claims recognition in a work on London because of the light which its erudite and industrious correspondents have thrown on many obscure questions connected with the history of the capital; the former because of its primacy among papers that are specially concerned with literature and the fine arts. The maker, though not the founder, of this influential journal was Charles Wentworth Dilke (1789-1864), grandfather of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Dilke, Bart., M.P. It had been established by James Silk Buckingham in 1828, had been purchased by John Sterling, and had then been acquired by its printers and a group of men of letters. In 1830 Mr. Dilke became its supreme editor, and under his able and vigorous direction its prosperity was soon assured. Early in 1831 he reduced the price to fourpence, but the change alarmed his co-proprietors, and they left to him and to the printer the whole of the financial responsibility. Gathering around him as contributors Charles Lamb, Barry Cornwall, and others, and enlisting the aid of Continental critics like Sainte-Beuve and Jules Janin, he went his way undaunted. By the forties the *Athenæum* had become so firmly established that Dilke was able to transfer the editorship to T. K. Hervey and to devote his energies to the *Daily News* (p. 430). More recently the editorial chair of the *Athenæum* has been occupied by Mr. Norman MacColl, and on his retirement in 1901, four years before his death, he was succeeded by Mr. Vernon Horace Rendall, the assistant-editor since 1896, who is now also Editor of *Notes and Queries.**

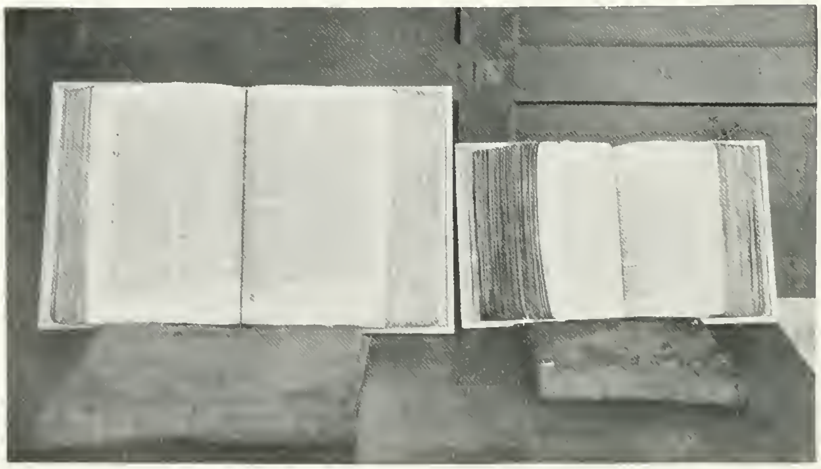
Clifford's Inn.

A little to the south of the Record Office, behind the church of St. Dunstan's, is Clifford's Inn, one of those Inns of Chancery which, unlike the Inns of Court, have lost their functions, though the Society to which it belongs still exists. The oldest of the Inns of Chancery, it was originally a town house of the Lords Clifford, ancestors of the Earls of Cumberland, and was first let to students of the law in the eighteenth year of King Edward III. At this time it was an independent school for the study of the law, but afterwards it became an appanage of the Inner Temple. Coke, most bitter and most relentless of prosecutors, and John Selden are among those who have resided at Clifford's Inn, and in its hall, partly rebuilt in 1767, Sir Matthew Hale and seventeen other judges sat to deal with the questions of boundary and ownership that arose out of the Great Fire. The task was one of immense difficulty, and the decisions of the judges fill forty folio volumes, which are preserved at the British Museum.

An Eccentric.

Clifford's Inn numbers among its denizens Samuel Butler, author of "Erewhon," and the George Dyer of whom "Elia" has much that is amusing to say. Dyer had all the innocence and harmless eccentricity of the pedant. He would sometimes charge the tea-pot from his snuff-box, and once when Charles Lamb visited him here in midwinter he found him wearing nankeen pantaloons. They were "four times too big for him" and though, as Lamb says, they were "absolutely ingrained with the accumulated dirt of ages," he "affirmed 'em to be clean. He was going to visit a lady who was nice about those things, and that's the reason he wore nankeen that day!" To Dyer it was, as Mr. B. E. Martin, the author of "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb," recalls, that "Elia" confided that the secret author of "Waverley" was Lord Castlereagh; and it was Dyer again whom he sent to Primrose Hill at sunrise to see the Persian Ambassador perform his orisons!

Serjeants' Inn, adjoining Clifford's Inn, has already been mentioned in connexion with the Fleet Street Inn of the Order of the Coif, and here it need only be added that when the Society was dissolved in 1876 and the Chancery Lane Inn disposed of, the hall was not pulled down, but divided into offices.



DOMESDAY VOLUMES, PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE.

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* For details of the history of these publications, *see* "John Francis, Publisher of the *Athenæum*," a literary chronicle of half-a-century, compiled by John C. Francis. Vols. I. and II., 1888.

CHAPTER XLI

WHITEFRIARS

The Carmelite Monastery—Alsatia—Theatres in Whitefriars—Lord Sanquhar and the Fencing Master—The Schools of the City Corporation—Sion College—The New and the Older Journalism—The Metropolitan Asylums Board—Felicitous Names

OF the three institutions which occupied the space between Fleet Street and the Thames—Bridewell, Whitefriars, and the Temple—we have already given an account of the first (p. 408); and now in the two last of our City chapters something must be said about the house of the Carmelites and the domain of the Templars.

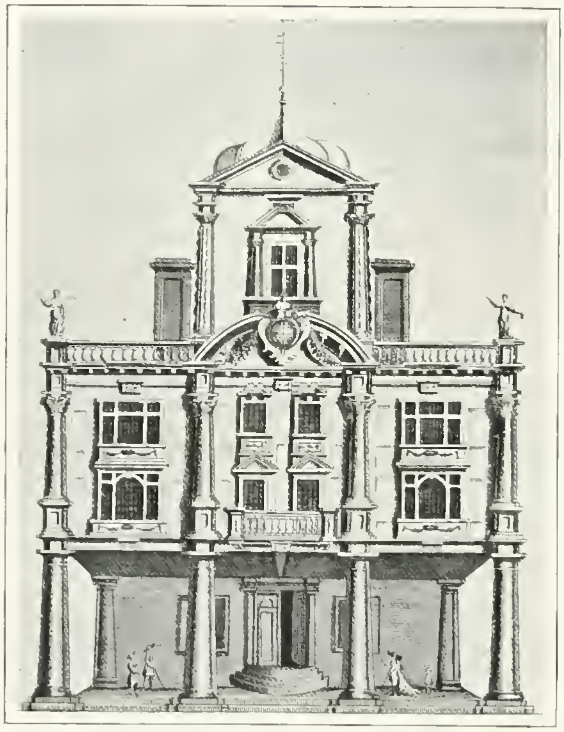
Carmelites in London.

The Friars of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel, who rank last of the four great orders of mendicant friars, are said to have received their rule from Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem, in 1205, and to have had it confirmed to them by Pope Honorius III. in 1224. It was no great while after this, in 1241, that their London house was founded for them by Sir Richard Grey, on land given by Edward I., stretching from the eastern wall of the Temple to the present Water Street on the east, and from Fleet Street on the north to the Thames on the south. The church was rebuilt in 1350 by Courtenay, Earl of Devon, and in 1420 Robert Marshall, Bishop of Hereford, enlarged it and added a steeple. At the Dissolution, when the monastery was valued at £62 7s. 3d. per annum, Henry VIII. gave his physician, Dr. Butts, the chapter-house for a residence. It was not long before the church was pulled down, and "many fair houses, lodgings for noblemen and others," as Stow says, were built in its place. Parts of the convent, however, were left standing, and presently became the Whitefriars Theatre, and the residence of the Grays, and here lived the widow of the ninth Earl of Kent with the great lawyer who was less than husband and more than friend, Selden. Every visible trace of the monastery has long since vanished, but in 1895 a groined crypt, which was believed by some to be not improbably that of the church, was discovered underneath a house in Britton's Court, almost opposite the offices of the *Daily Chronicle*.

Alsatia.

When the house of the White Friars was surrendered, the precinct was not deprived of its right of sanctuary. Under James I., indeed, it was confirmed and extended, and though the immunities legally belonging to the place extended only to debtors, it was overrun with cheats and highwaymen and perjurers and wantons, who christened their place of residence Alsatia, after Alsace, the debatable land of the French and Germans, and were ever ready to make common cause against the officers of justice. "At the cry of 'Rescue!'" as Macaulay says in the History, "bullies with swords and cudgels, and termagant hags with spits and broomsticks, poured forth by hundreds; and the intruder was fortunate if he escaped back into Fleet Street, hustled, stripped, and pumped upon." Still more graphic is the description of Alsatia which Scott gives in "The Fortunes of Nigel." "The wailing of children," he says, "the scolding of their mothers, the miserable exhibition of ragged linen hung from the windows to dry, spoke the wants and distresses of the wretched inhabitants; while the sounds of complaint were mocked and overwhelmed by the riotous shouts, oaths, profane songs, and boisterous laughter that issued from the alehouses and taverns, which, as the signs indicated, were equal in number to all the other houses; and that the full character of the place might be evident, several faded, tinselled, and painted females looked boldly at strangers from their open lattices, or more modestly seemed busied with the cracked flower-pots, filled with mignonette and rosemary, which were disposed in front of the windows, to the great risk of the passengers." In this graceless region also Shadwell found the characters who figure in his *Squire of Alsatia*. The beginning of the end came in 1697, when the right of sanctuary was cancelled by Act of Parliament, but it was not until long after this that the region ceased to be the haunt of bad characters.

Of the theatres which flourished in or on the borders of this precinct, the earliest was the Whitefriars, for which, as we have already seen, a part of the conventual buildings was adapted. It had but a short, though no doubt a merry life, bounded by the years 1586 and 1613. A few years afterwards (1629) was opened the Salisbury Court Theatre, of which we have already spoken in our notice of Salisbury Square (p. 436). Finally there was the Dorset Gardens Theatre, built on the site of the gardens of Dorset House, which was formerly, as we have seen (p. 437), the London house of the Bishops of Salisbury, and then of the Earls of Dorset, and was not rebuilt after the Fire. Designed by Wren, and opened in 1671 with Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-all*, it had but eleven years of prosperity, for on the death of Tom Killigrew in 1682 the company, known as the Duke's Servants, joined the King's Servants at Drury Lane. Afterwards it descended to the uses of a fencing and wrestling hall, and shortly after 1720, when Strype wrote, it was pulled down and its site used as a timber-yard. Then the New River Company had their offices here, next (1814) the City Gas Works were built over the site, and finally there sprang up the elegant City of London School.



THE DORSET GARDENS THEATRE.

Before noticing this and other features of the Whitefriars of to-day, let us recall one of its older memories. It was at Whitefriars that, in the reign of James I., Lord Sanquhar, who had followed the King from Scotland, wreaked his ignoble vengeance upon a fencing master of the name of Turner. Five years before, in a bout at the foils, Turner by pure mischance had injured Lord Sanquhar's eye, of which presently the sight was irretrievably destroyed. The sufferer could not forgive the unintended injury, and hired a couple of ruffians to avenge his imaginary wrong. About seven o'clock one May evening the assassins came upon him as he sat outside a Whitefriars tavern near his fencing school. They saluted him, and he civilly invited them to drink. For answer one of them fired a pistol point blank at him. The ball pierced the poor fellow's heart, and with the exclamation "Lord have mercy upon me! I am killed!" he fell to the ground a dead man.

A Whitefriars Tragedy.

One of the assassins ran into a blind alley and was captured, the other fled to Scotland. But "kings, you know, have long arms," as Sir Francis Bacon, then Solicitor-General, finely said at the trial, and the fugitive was laid by the heels "ere he was warm in his house" across the Tweed. Then Lord Sanquhar, who was strongly suspected of being the instigator of the crime, surrendered to Archbishop Abbot at Lambeth Palace, though solemnly protesting his innocence. But as the case developed he saw the uselessness of further denial, and, confronted with one of his tools and closely pressed, he admitted that the murder was of his devising. Brought to trial in the Court of the King's Bench at Westminster Hall, not as Lord Sanquhar—for he was not a peer of the English Parliament—but as plain Robert Creighton, he delivered himself of a long speech which is a curious psychological study. In form it was categorical and imperative, such as might have been composed by a lawyer or a theologian. As to its spirit, though it abounded in profuse expressions of contrition and a great parade of candour, its author was careful to admit no more than could be proved against him, and all through he abjectly appealed to the clemency of the King. From this point of view the harangue was framed not without skill. It was just such a prelection as would interest and titillate a conceited, pragmatic pedant with a voracious appetite for the coarsest flattery.

Psychology of a Crime.

Great efforts were made by Sanquhar's friends to obtain a commutation of the death sentence, and Archbishop Abbot also used his influence with the King to the same end. But James was obdurate. It has been said that he had a personal grudge against the misguided nobleman. While Lord Sanquhar was in France, so the tale goes, someone remarked in his hearing that it was no wonder his king was called a Solomon, since he was the son of David (Rizzio); and the lord failed to resent the profane witticism. The story is probably apocryphal, and in view of the jealousy with which the King's Scottish followers were regarded by his English subjects it is easy to understand why he refused to exercise his prerogative of mercy. So two days later (June 29th, 1612) the miserable man was hanged in what is now New Palace Yard, Westminster. His agents had already suffered on gibbets set up in Fleet Street over against the entrance to the precinct in which the crime was perpetrated.

Educational Institutions.

On the site of Whitefriars there has sprung up an important group of buildings which testifies to the zeal of the City authorities in the cause of education. Chief among them is the City of London School, which, as we have seen, stands on the site of the Dorset Gardens Theatre. Though a modern foundation, it utilises a bequest of John Carpenter, who was Town Clerk of London from 1417 to 1438, was one of Whittington's executors, and compiled the Liber Albus, a collection of City records and ordinances which is one of the chief treasures of the Guildhall Library. Carpenter left certain tenements "for the finding and bringing up of four poor men's children, with meat, drink, apparel, learning at the schools, in the universities, etc.," little thinking, perhaps, that the day would ever come when his bequest would yield an annual income of not far short of a thousand pounds, and would form the nucleus of an endowment for a school numbering over seven hundred boys. The school was established so recently as 1837, in Milk Street, Cheapside, with the object of supplying a useful and liberal education for the sons of the professional, commercial and trading classes. In 1882 it was transferred to its present much more spacious and dignified premises on the Victoria Embankment. The building, in the style of the French Renascence, enriched with carving and sculpture, and with a fine flight of steps leading up to the chief entrance, was built from the designs of Messrs. Emanuel and Davis, at a cost of about a hundred thousand pounds, and the site, the gift of the Corporation, was estimated to be worth a hundred thousand pounds more. The exterior is of Portland stone, relieved with shafts of red granite, and there are portrait statues of Bacon, Sir Thomas More, Shakespeare, Milton and Newton, besides allegorical figures of the Arts and Sciences. The great hall has a handsome open-timbered roof. Among distinguished old boys may be mentioned the late Sir J. R. Seeley, the Rev. E. A Abbott, D.D., afterwards head-master, the late Lord Ritchie, who before his elevation to the peerage had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P., who in 1908 became Prime Minister. A little way back from the Embankment, in Carmelite Street, is the City of London School for Girls, established by the Corporation on somewhat similar lines in 1873, and adjoining this, with its chief front in John Carpenter Street, is the Guildhall School of Music, founded in 1880, and greatly extended in 1897-98, when a large orchestral saloon was added. Already the Corporation has expended upwards of a hundred thousand pounds upon this admirable institution.

Next to the City of London School is the Perpendicular building, of red brick, with a parvised porch, which is known as Sion College, established on the site of Elsing

Sion College.

Spital in London Wall (p. 321), under the will of Dr. Thomas Whyte, a prebendary of St. Paul's and vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, and founder of the Whyte Professorship of Moral Philosophy at Oxford, who died in 1624. The foundation took the form of a guild of the clergy of London and the suburbs, with an almshouse for ten poor men and as many poor women; and to it was added by one of Whyte's executors, Dr. John Simson, rector of St. Olave's, Hart Street, the library, which has become the most important feature of the college, now numbering over a hundred thousand volumes, mostly theological. Under an Act of 1884 the almshouse has been abolished, but the number of pensioners was increased, and this part of the foundation is now under separate management. The site of the present college was acquired from the Corporation at a cost of upwards of £31,000, and the building, designed by the late Sir Arthur Blomfield, was opened in 1886 by the present King. The college still consists of incumbents of City and suburban parishes, but access to the library is as a matter of favour permitted to such students as may wish to avail themselves of its advantages.

Photo Pictorial Agency

CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL: THE LARGE HALL.

The New Journalism.

In Whitefriars are the offices of newspapers which stand prominently for what is known as the new journalism. Carmelite House, in Tallis Street, is the habitation of the *Daily Mail* (with the *Overseas Daily Mail*) and the *Evening News*, the former founded in 1896 by one whose genius for journalism is beyond question—Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, afterwards Lord Northcliffe—and having for one of its distinctive features a *feuilleton*, after the French manner; and close at hand, in Whitefriars Street, is published another paper of the same group, the *Daily Mirror*. In Tudor Street were formerly the offices of the *Daily Express*, founded by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson in 1900, as a rival of the *Daily Mail*, with its first page reserved for the most important news of the day to the exclusion of advertisements—a feature which was destined to find many imitators. The *Daily Express* has now migrated to St. Bride Street.

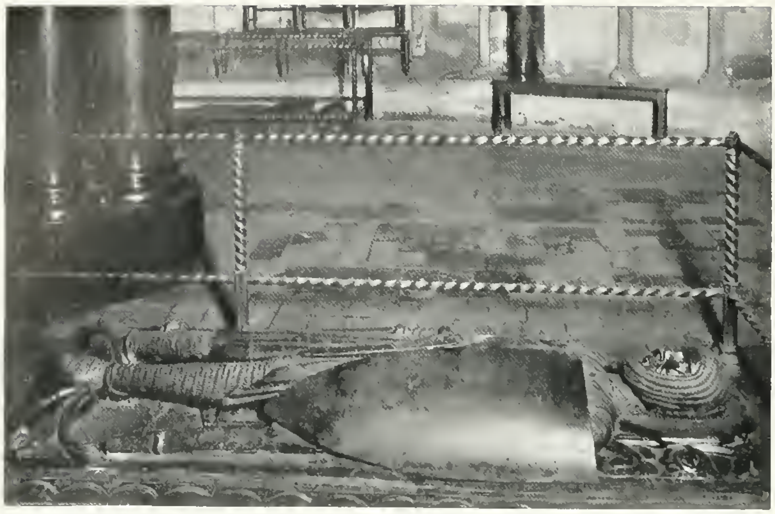
In Tudor Street also are the advertisement offices of a paper which represents with distinction the older traditions of journalism. The *Westminster Gazette*, founded by Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Newnes in 1893, when the *Pall Mall Gazette* changed proprietors and politics, and now published in Salisbury Square, has won deserved fame by the cartoons of its assistant editor, Sir F. C. Gould, keenest and wittiest of contemporary caricaturists, and by the reasoned force and conspicuous fairness with which questions of the day are treated in its columns. In this street, too, is located a corporation which guards the interests alike of the old and the new journalism—the Institute of Journalists, in a building dating from 1902, and standing at the corner of Bridewell Place. The Institute, founded as the National Association of Journalists in 1884, and incorporated in 1890, is able to claim that it took an important part in preventing the introduction into this country of seven-day newspapers, that the mitigation of the hardships of the law of libel which has been effected by recent legislation was due in part to its efforts, and that it has secured to journalists, as members of the corporation, the treatment of professional men in respect of allowances in the law courts. It numbers some three thousand members, attached to fifty districts and sub-districts, and including a widely distributed membership in India, the Colonies, and foreign countries.

Metropolitan Asylums Board.

Of late years splendid offices have sprung up along the Embankment—those of the Thames Conservancy, flanking Sion College and harmonising with it in style; of the Metropolitan Asylums Board; of the Exchequer and Audit Department; of the National Telephone Company, and of the Employers' Liability Assurance Corporation. Of the Thames Conservancy we shall speak in our chapter on "the royal river." The Metropolitan Asylums Board, which moved into new offices here in 1900, is one of the most important municipal institutions of the metropolis, created, under an Act passed in 1867, to undertake the charge of infectious hospitals for fever and smallpox and of the ambulance stations subsidiary to them, and to maintain pauper imbeciles. It now has under its control twelve fever hospitals, five imbecile asylums, schools for imbecile children and three hospitals for the treatment of smallpox patients, besides homes for defective children. It also maintains in the Thames the *Exmouth* training ship, where some six hundred workhouse waifs are always in course of transformation into sailors and soldiers, and it carries on three homes for the accommodation of children remanded from the Metropolitan police courts under that admirable statute, the Youthful Offenders Act, 1901. These remand homes are in the Harrow Road, the Pentonville Road, and at Camberwell Green. The Board is composed of fifty-five managers elected triennially by the Guardians of the Metropolitan Poor Law Unions from within or without the boards, and eighteen members nominated by the Local Government Board.

Street Names.

The City Corporation has been happy in the names it has given to the new streets that have been cut in Whitefriars. Carmelite Street is reminiscent of the monastery itself; the street that runs beside the City of London School bears the honoured name of the John Carpenter of whose concern for education that institution is reaping the fruits; the street which one of the façades of the Guildhall School of Music looks down upon is named after the great Tallis, to whom church music in England is so deeply indebted, and whose setting of "Glory to Thee, my God, this night" is as familiar in our mouths as the Old Hundredth itself.



EFFIGY OF WILLIAM MARESCHALL IN THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

CHAPTER XLII

THE TEMPLE

The Coming of the Templars—The Temple Church—Eighteenth Century "Improvements"—A Drastic "Restoration"—Monuments—Masters of the Temple—The Templars' Devices—Dissolution of the Order—Inns of Court and Inns of Chancery—Legal Scruples—The Gordon Rioters at Work—Middle Temple Hall—Fountain Court—Middle Temple Library—Inner Temple Hall and Library—Hare Court—Tanfield Court—Dr. Johnson—Goldsmith—Cowper—Charles Lamb—Samuel Rogers—The Gardens—Temple Bar and the Memorial

THAT six hundred years after the Order of Knights Templars was swept away two of the four Inns of Court should still be known as the Temple, is but one of many reminders in the story of London that Englishmen have never had the rage for renaming places which has often animated our neighbours across the Channel. It was in 1128, only two years after the order of soldier-monks was founded by Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, to protect Christian pilgrims on their way to the sacred city, that the Knights Templars settled in London. First they established themselves at Holborn, on the site of Southampton Buildings, where rather more than a century and a half ago part of their round church was unearthed. As the years sped they grew rapidly in possessions, and in 1184 they moved southwards to the bank of the Thames, where they built for themselves a vast monastery, flanked by a river terrace for military exercises and religious meditation. The next year their new church was consecrated by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, who had come to England to induce Henry II. to give help against Saladin. The history of the Order—the distinguished part it played in successive Crusades, how it waxed in wealth and pride—belongs rather to general history than to the story of London, and we need only say of it further that probably its final suppression by the Council of Vienna in 1312 was due as much to the covetousness of its enemies as to their zeal for morality and the Christian graces, as Thomas Fuller suggests when he says that they "could not get the honey unless they burnt the bees."

The Templars in London.

The Temple Church.

The Temple Church, the only tangible memorial of the Knights Templars which has survived to these days, is one of the four existing churches built in this country by Crusading knights after the model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, where a dome-shaped building still covers the traditional site of the tomb of Joseph of Arimathæa.

Moieties.

The other three churches, by the way, are at Cambridge, Northampton, and Little Maplestead in Essex. The one with which we are concerned here is much the largest and most sumptuous of the four. The Rotunda, or "the Round," its distinguishing feature, built as soon as the Templars settled beside the Thames, marks the transition from Norman to Early English; the rest of the church, added during the next half-century, is a choice example of the First Pointed or Early English. This particular combination of the two styles is exceptionally admirable, and the effect is equally good, whether one looks from the Rotunda into the choir, or from the choir into the Rotunda. After the church had passed into the hands of the lawyers who established themselves in the Temple, they were wont to meet their clients in the Rotunda, just as their brethren did in the nave of Old St. Paul's, and this part of the building is still regarded as more public than the choir, which during service is reserved for members of the two Inns and their friends. The choir, by the way, is divided between the two Inns with legal precision, the southern half being allocated to the Inner and the northern to the Middle Temple; and the raised seats in the aisles, except those allotted to the choir, are reserved for the Benchers of the respective Inns.

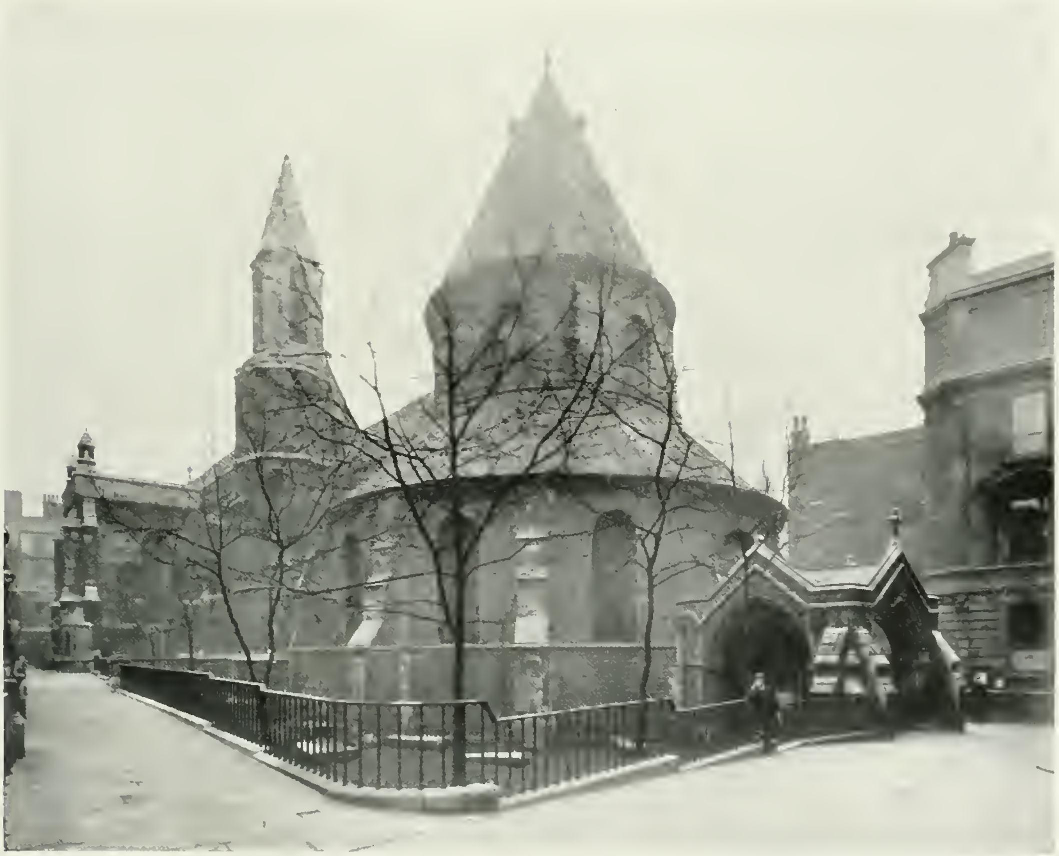


Photo Pictorial Agency.

THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

Degradation.

From the Great Fire (1666) the church had a narrow escape, but fortunately the westward progress of the flames was here stayed, though they almost licked its windows. Sixteen years afterwards it was beautified according to the taste of that age, and it passed through several such experiences, as, for example, in 1706, when, as set out in "The New View of London," it was "wholly new whitewashed, gilt, and painted within, and the pillars of the round tower wainscoted." The pointed arches connecting the Rotunda

Restoration.

with the choir were filled up with an oak screen, an organ gallery divided the building into two parts, and at the east end was reared an enormous altar-piece in the same Grecian style as the organ gallery. In 1825, under Sir Robert Smirke, began a renovation which was continued between the years 1839 and 1842, and although the "restoration," undertaken, as it was, too early in the Gothic revival, was needlessly drastic, it has left us with a structure of singular interest and beauty, not only admirable in its proportions and in its blending of styles, but with the new work now touched by the mellowing years into harmony with the old. Than the clustered columns of polished Purbeck marble, or the interlacing arches of the Rotunda, nothing could be more graceful. In 1908, when the reredos and altar were renovated and enlarged by Mr. Reginald Blomfield, A.R.A., interesting remains of the old altar were brought to light.

Knights in Stone.

Later Monuments.

On the floor of the Rotunda lie some twelfth and thirteenth century effigies of associate knights of the Order and an ornamented stone coffin. One of the effigies, on the south side, with the pillow resting on a slab enriched with marble in relief, is believed to represent William Mareschall, Earl of Pembroke, husband of a daughter of Henry I., and Regent during the minority of Henry III.; another, the earl who in Shakespeare pleads with John on behalf of Prince Arthur; a third, his son, who was killed at a tournament by a runaway horse, in fulfilment, as men said, of a curse laid upon the house because the father had seized lands belonging to a religious foundation. During the restoration many of the later monuments, because they were in a style not congruous with that of the church, were bundled into the triforium, and among them those of Edmund Plowden, the jurist (d. 1585), who is said to have been so studious that for three whole years he never went outside the Temple precinct; Richard Martin (d. 1618), a Recorder of London, who was thrashed during dinner-time in the Middle Temple Hall by Sir John Davis the poet, but to whom a greater than Sir John Davis—Ben Jonson to wit—dedicated his *Poetaster*; Howell (d. 1666), the letter-writer whom we have met in the Fleet prison and elsewhere; and Edmund Gibbon, an ancestor (*temp.* James I.) of the historian. Opening into the winding staircase that leads up to the triforium is an exiguous cell in which it is said that offenders against the discipline of the Knights Templars were immured, narrow slits in the wall enabling them to look into the church and avail themselves of the means of grace. A plain slab of black marble on the south side of the communion table marks the burial place of the learned John Selden, who lived in Whitefriars; a much more ancient monument on the other side is believed to be the tomb of a Bishop of Carlisle; and in the vestry are memorials of Eldon, Stowell, and Thurlow, the last of whom rests under the south aisle.

Masters of the Temple.

The preacher at the Temple Church is styled the Master of the Temple; and for him is provided a dignified dwelling to the north-east of the church. Among the great divines who have held the office may be named Richard Hooker, the profound but simple-natured author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity," who was appointed in 1585, and died in 1600, and Thomas Sherlock, who was Master for fifty years save one (1704-53). While he was Bishop of Salisbury, in 1748, the sees of London and Canterbury both fell vacant, and the popular expectation that he was destined for one or the other found expression in the lines—

> "At the Temple one day, Sherlock taking a boat,
> The waterman asked him, 'Which way will you float?'
> 'Which way?' says the Doctor, 'why, fool, with the stream?'
> To St. Paul's or to Lambeth was all one to him."

It was eastwards that the current carried Sherlock, but he had already declined the primacy the year before, as four years before this he had refused the see of York. In our own day the Mastership has been held with distinction by Charles John Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff, and by Alfred Ainger, most acute and sympathetic of recent writers upon "Elia," whose intimate connexion with the Temple will presently be touched upon. The Temple Church has always been noted for its admirable music as well as for the high quality of its preaching. Something has already been said in another connexion (p. 394) of the organ-building competition in the reign of Charles I. between Father Schmidt and Renatus Harris, which, after many trials, was decided in Schmidt's favour by the arbitrament of Judge Jeffreys.

Devices.

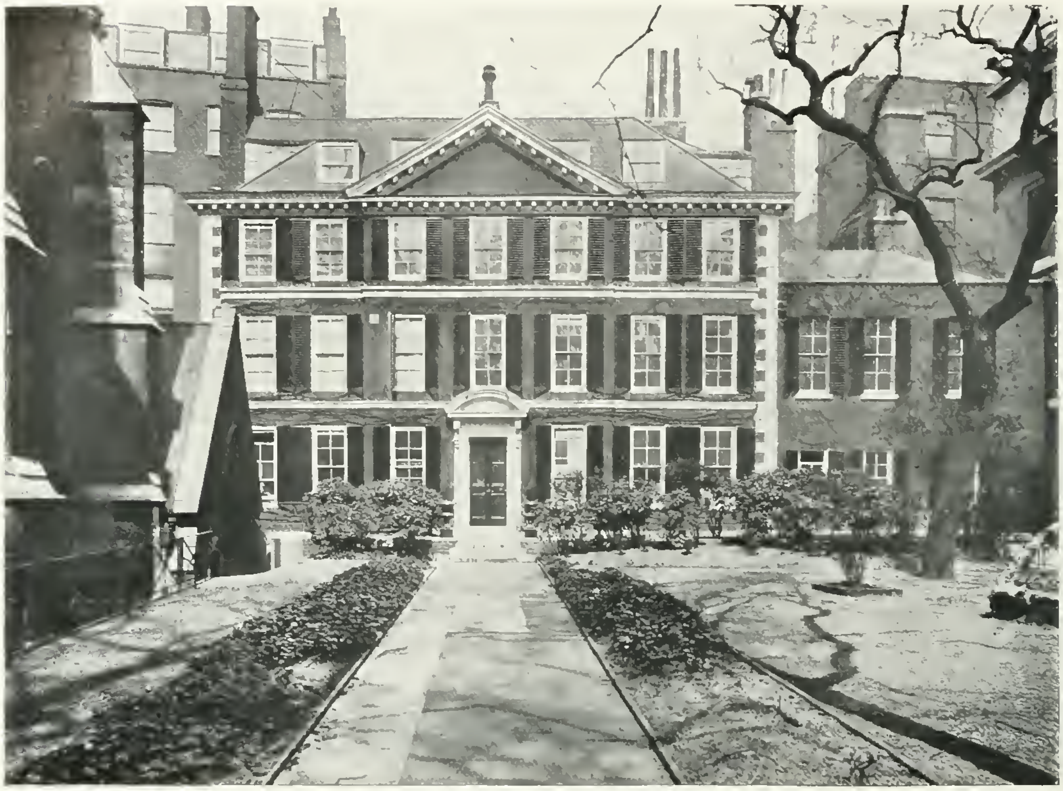
Scattered about the Temple Church, as well as about the other Temple buildings, are the devices of the Two Knights on one Horse, the emblem of the short-lived poverty of the Knights Templars, the Lamb and Flag, which they appear to have afterwards adopted, and which is now the emblem of the Middle Temple, and the Winged Horse (Pegasus), the emblem of the Inner Temple. By Hare, the author of "Walks in London," and other writers, it has been stated that the Pegasus is what is left of the original emblem of the Templars, the Two Knights on one Horse, that the Knights were worn off the shield, and that when it was restored they were taken for wings. This is one of those ingenious and attractive guesses which have every claim to credence except that of truth. The prosaic fact is that, in the fifth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, as Mr. Philip Norman states in his "London Signs and Inscriptions," the Society of the Inner Temple, at the suggestion of Gerard Leigh, one of its Benchers, an enthusiast in heraldry, adopted as an heraldic charge the Pegasus, with the motto "Volat ad æthera virtus," the suggestion being that "the knowledge which might be gained at this seat of learning would raise its possessor to the highest pinnacle of fame." In 1615, more than fifty years after the adoption of the Pegasus, it was suggested by George Buc, master of the revels, that as the authorities of the Middle Temple had neither arms nor seal, they should adopt either "two armed knights riding upon one horse, or a field argent charged with a cross gules, and on the nombril thereof a Holy Lamb." The first of these devices had been the ancient seal of

Pegasus.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

TEMPLE CHURCH: THE CHANCEL, FROM THE ROTUNDA.

the Knights Templars; the second, as we have said, they appear to have adopted in the days of their prosperity. Mr. Norman pertinently adds that from the fact that Sir George Buc suggested to the Society of the Middle Temple the two devices which had been used by the Knights Templars, it is clear that in his time the Pegasus, which the Inner Temple had already adopted, was not considered to have any connexion with the original seal of the Templars.



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THE MASTER'S HOUSE, TEMPLE.

The Order dissolved.

When the Order of the Knights Templars was dissolved Edward I. granted their property to Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and at his death, in 1323, it was transferred to the rivals of the Templars, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, by whom the larger part of it was leased at a rent of £10 to certain "apprentices of the law," who came from Thavie's Inn, Holborn, and the remainder—the Outer Temple—to the Bishop of Exeter. For ages, however, the Knights Hospitallers, as Serjeant Pulling showed,* continued to dwell in the New Temple, as it was called to distinguish it from the old monastery of the Templars in Holborn, and it remained the headquarters of the Master of that Order right down to the Dissolution. Until then the Temple and the two other Inns of Court (Gray's and Lincoln's Inns) "were held," in this author's words, "on a somewhat precarious tenure, involving various obligations and liabilities, together with rent and other charges, the real owners having not only the power to evict, but right of residence whenever required, treating the apprentices of the law more as lodgers than ordinary tenants." After the Dissolution, when the Temple reverted to the Crown, the lawyers were still but tenants of their habitation, until James I., by letters patent issued in 1608, conferred it upon the Benchers of the Inner and the Middle Temple—for long before this the Inn had separated into two, which were thus distinguished. When the fission took place is not known, but it was not later than the beginning of the sixteenth century, for from the year 1503 onwards Dugdale gives separate

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* "The Order of the Coif." By Alexander Pulling. 1897. (Clowes & Sons.)

PEGASUS (*p.* 457).

lists of the Readers and Treasurers of the Inner and Middle Temples. The Inner Temple was so called because it was situated on the eastward or City side of the Middle Temple, and the Middle Temple because it lay between the Inner Temple and the region known as the Outer Temple. Whether the Inner and the Middle Temple are within the City is a moot question, but the Outer Temple is certainly subject to the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction.

Inns of Court and of Chancery.

We have already had occasion to speak of some of the Inns of Chancery, as distinct from the four Inns of Court, by which alone is exercised the function of calling to the Bar. At first, as we learn from Serjeant Pulling's erudite pages, there was no division into greater and lesser between the inns or hostels of the apprentices to the law: all alike were known as Inns of Court. The smaller ones had comparatively humble accommodation, "but ranked equally with Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn, and neither in those two learned institutions nor in the Temple does there seem, until the sixteenth century, to have been any recognised pre-eminence or precedence . . . ; but when, in the course of time, the fortunate occupiers of the Temple and the two other great Inns flourished, we find them recognised as 'the four most famous colleges of law,' taking the exclusive title of Inns of Court, and having the lesser Inns subjected to their dominion and control." The Benchers of the Inns of Court seem, however, to have attempted very little interference with the Inns of Chancery, which gradually ceased to be merely legal institutions, and became simply the property of private associations.

A Law unto Themselves.

One curious anomaly in the constitution of the Inns of Court is that though in them is vested the control of the higher branch of the legal profession in England, and though they are the recognised guardians of the honour and independence of the English Bar, they are regulated by no prescribed legal provisions, express statute or governing charters. They are, in Serjeant Pulling's words, "practically exempted from the orders, jurisdiction, or interference of the Courts, and allowed to constitute, on all occasions of dissension and irregularity, a sort of domestic *forum*, whose conduct has in almost every known case been fully acquiesced in as lawful and right." He adds that the decisions of the Courts relating to the Inns have always been based on the presumption that in a legal sense they are voluntary societies, over which the ordinary tribunals have no such jurisdiction as they possess in the case of corporations or colleges.

Except the church and Middle Temple Hall there is little in the Temple that is older than the Great Fire. But the gate-house of the Inner Temple, of which we have spoken in an earlier chapter (p. 422), dates from 1610. That of the Middle Temple, at the head of Middle Temple Lane, a little to the

THE LAMB AND FLAG (*p.* 457).

The Legal Mind.

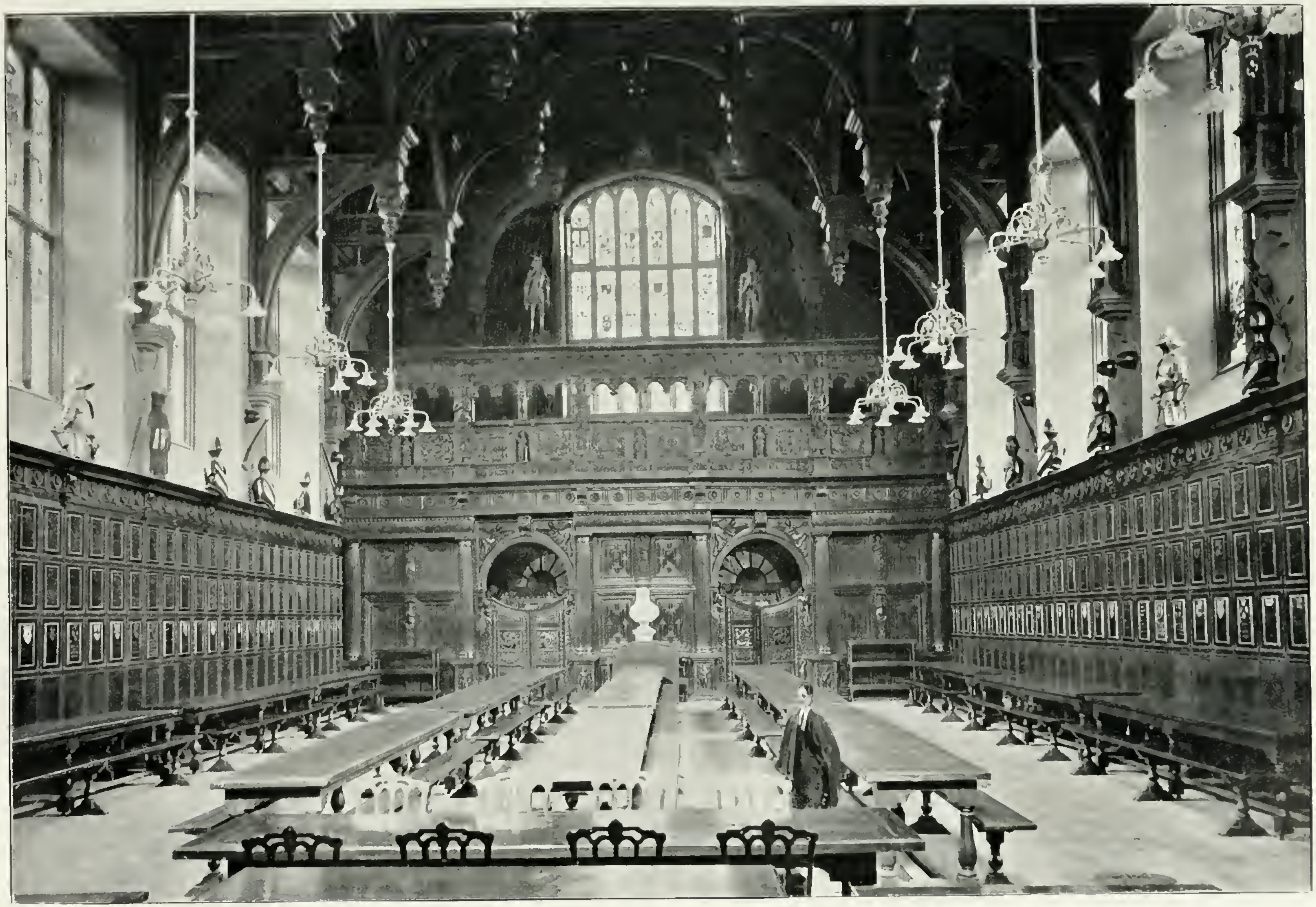
west, was built from Sir Christopher Wren's designs in 1684, when it replaced one which had been decorated by Sir Amyas Paulet, in 1516, with the arms of Cardinal Wolsey by way of appeasing that prelate, who had flung him as a prisoner into the gate-house. Though the Fire of 1666 spared the Temple Church, it wrought a good deal of havoc among the secular buildings, devouring with the chambers the title-deeds of many a broad-acred estate. In connexion with this event Clarendon has recorded a singular example of legal pedantry. The Fire happened when many of the lawyers were away from town, and those who were in residence decided not to break open the chambers of absent members and rescue their property lest they should be prosecuted for burglary! Most of the residential buildings which escaped on this occasion perished in a great fire a few years later (January, 1678-79), and with them the old cloisters and part of the Hall of the Inner Temple. The Thames was frozen over, and in the absence of water the Templars emptied their vessels of beer into the engines, and when this proved to be of no avail they had recourse to gunpowder. Among the buildings thus blown up was the Library of the Inner Temple. It was after this fire that the present quaint cloisters were built by Sir Christopher Wren.

The Gordon Rioters.

In the Gordon Riots (1780) the Temple was again in danger, but it was saved by the gallant jest of a sergeant of the Guards, leader of the armed Templars who assembled behind their gate to give the rioters a warm reception. When the gate was forced the men of the law were about to retire, but the sergeant cried out in stentorian tones, "Take care no gentleman fires from behind." They were not too frightened to laugh at the jest, and the mob, misliking the laughter and the look of the firearms, fled. For another story relating to this attack we are indebted to Lord Eldon. "We youngsters at the Temple," he says in his "Anecdote Book," "determined that we would not remain inactive during such times; so we introduced ourselves into a troop to assist the military. We armed ourselves as well as we could, and next morning we drew up in the court ready to follow out a troop of soldiers who were on guard. When, however, the soldiers had passed through the gate it was suddenly shut in our faces, and the officer in command shouted from the other side, 'Gentlemen, I am much obliged to you for your intended assistance; but I do not choose to allow my soldiers to be shot, so I have ordered you to be locked in.' And away he galloped."

Middle Temple Hall.

The architectural glory of the Temple, after the Round Church, is the Middle Temple Hall, on the west side of Middle Temple Lane, built early in Elizabeth's reign, while Plowden, the jurist, was Treasurer of the Inn. It is to be judged not by its exterior, which received its present casing of stone so recently as 1757, but by its interior, of which the carved oak roof, of the open hammer-beam type, with prominent pendants, is by universal consent one of the best works of the kind in the capital. At the head of the Hall is the daïs whereon the Benchers dine, and between their table and the body of the Hall is a smaller one reserved for the Ancients of the Inn, who attain to this distinction by seniority not of age but of call. At the lower end of the Hall is a fine Renascence screen of oak dating from 1575; the walls are enriched with armorial bearings of Knights Templars as well as with the shields of readers and lecturers of the Inn; the windows are blazoned with the arms of members of the Temple who have won their way to the House of Lords; there are portraits—mostly copies—of royalties, and busts by Behnes of Lords Eldon and Stowell. It is here that are eaten the Term dinners, to which members are still summoned by the strident notes of a horn; but splendid as are some of the feasts of which the Hall is the scene when distinguished guests are entertained, they do not vie in sumptuous magnificence with the masques and revels which were celebrated here, as well as in the old Hall of the Inner Temple, in Queen Elizabeth's day and long afterwards, down, in fact, to the reign of George II., when (1733) the last of such functions was held in the Inner Temple Hall by way of celebrating the acceptance by Mr. Talbot, a Bencher of that Inn, of the Great Seal. In Middle Temple Hall, in February, 1602, probably about six months after its first production at the Globe, Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was acted, as we learn from the diary of a barrister of the name of



HALL OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

Manningham. In the Benchers' Rooms are portraits of eminent members of the Inn, among them a full length of King Edward VII., showing his Majesty as he was when in 1861 he was elected a Bencher of the Middle Temple.

Fountain Court.

Middle Temple Hall looks out upon Fountain Court, where is the fountain which holds so renowned a place in literature. In a physical sense it is not what it was in Queen Anne's day, when Hatton spoke of it as sending its stream "to a vast and almost incredible altitude"—though the phrase certainly smacks of exaggeration! But what riches of tender association has it acquired since then! For this was the fountain which "Elia," when a boy, was wont to make rise and fall "to the astonishment of the young urchins," his contemporaries, "who, not being able to guess at its recondite machinery, were almost tempted to hail the wondrous work as magic." But sweetest of all the fountain's associations are those which link it with Ruth Pinch, who here would meet her lover, John Westlock, her face twinkling with roguish dimples. "The Temple fountain might have leaped up twenty feet"—Dickens seems to have remembered that it leaps up but half that height—"to greet the spring of hopeful maidenhood that in her person stole on, sparkling, through the dry and dusty channels of the law; the chirping sparrows, bred in Temple chinks and crannies, might have held their peace to listen to imaginary skylarks as so fresh a little creature passed; the dingy boughs, unused to droop, otherwise than in their puny growth, might have bent down in a kindred gracefulness to shed their benedictions on her graceful head. . . Anything might have happened that did not happen, and never will, for the love of Ruth." The fountain is introduced also into "Pendennis," and Miss Landon wrote some pretty lines upon it, of which we must find space for the following:—

> "Away in the distance is heard the vast sound
> From the streets of the city that compass it round,
> Like the echo of mountains or ocean's deep call;
> Yet that fountain's low singing is heard over all."

Middle Temple Library.

The Library and Common Room of the Middle Temple, in the garden overlooking the Victoria Embankment, was built from the designs of Mr. H. R. Abraham, and was opened on October 31st, 1861, by the present King, and it was on this occasion that he was called to the Bar and admitted a Bencher of the Middle Temple. In the Gothic collegiate style, it has a look of lankiness, for the Library itself is superimposed upon two stages of rooms, and the building appears to least advantage, perhaps, from the Embankment; but the interior, with its hammer-beam roof, is not without dignity. Close by, bestriding Middle Temple Lane, is a large and richly ornamented block in which the Benchers of the two Inns have their chambers—the Benchers of the Inner Temple on the east, those of the Middle Temple on the west.

Inner Temple Hall.

The old Hall of the Inner Temple, the refectory of the Knights Templars, was much injured by fire and unskilful renovation. Virtually reconstructed in a very poor style in 1816, it was rebuilt in 1870 in the Perpendicular from designs by Sidney Smirke. It has an oak roof of open work and at one end an oriel which glows with heraldic glass. The crypt of the Templars' refectory, and other subterranean features of that building, have been preserved. The Library of the Inner Temple adjoins the Hall on the east.

Hare Court.

Of the courts and rows and walks of the Temple, some are named after distinguished lawyers. Hare Court, for example, bears the name of Nicholas Hare, who was Master of the Rolls in the reign of Mary Tudor and died in 1557. The pump of which Garth contemptuously sings in "The Dispensary," and of which Charles Lamb writes, has disappeared, leaving only a tap behind. Lamb asks his friend Manning: "Do you know it? I was born near it and used to drink at that pump when I was a Rechabite of six years old. Its water," he adds, "is excellent cold, with brandy, and not very insipid without." But though three sides of the court have been rebuilt since "Elia's" day, it still possesses the three trees which he speaks of as standing beside the pump. By Plowden Buildings, Middle Temple, we are reminded again of the great jurist who is buried in the Temple Church; Harcourt Buildings, Inner Temple, commemorate Simon, first Viscount Harcourt, the Tory Lord Chancellor who was the friend of Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift; Tanfield Court, also in the Inner Temple, overlooked by the Master's house, gets its name from Chief Baron Tanfield, who lived here in the reign of James I., before which time the place was known as Bradshaw's Rents, after the Henry Bradshaw who was Treasurer in the reign of Henry VIII. In February, 1732, this court was the scene of a triple murder committed by Sarah Malcolm, a young laundress, who strangled an old lady named Duncomb and her servant, and cut the throat of a young girl. In Newgate £53 of Mrs. Duncomb's money was found hidden in Malcolm's hair. She was hanged in Fleet Street, opposite Mitre Court, after she had sat to Hogarth for a sketch, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Sepulchre's, Holborn, but was disinterred, and the skeleton was kept, as it still may be, in the Botanic Garden, Cambridge.

Tanfield Court.

Johnson in the Temple.

Other parts of the Temple are named after the men of letters who have lived and worked in its quiet and seclusion, such as Goldsmith Building, in the Middle, and Dr. Johnson's Buildings, in the Inner, Temple. The latter were reared on the site of the house in Inner Temple Lane in which Johnson lived from 1760 until in 1765 he removed to the court in Fleet Street which already bore his name (p. 443). It was at Inner Temple Lane that he had his first call from Boswell (May 24th, 1763). "He received me very courteously," says Boswell, describing the great event; "but it must be confessed that his apartments, furniture, and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a

Photo Mr. A. R. Rollings.

LIBRARY OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

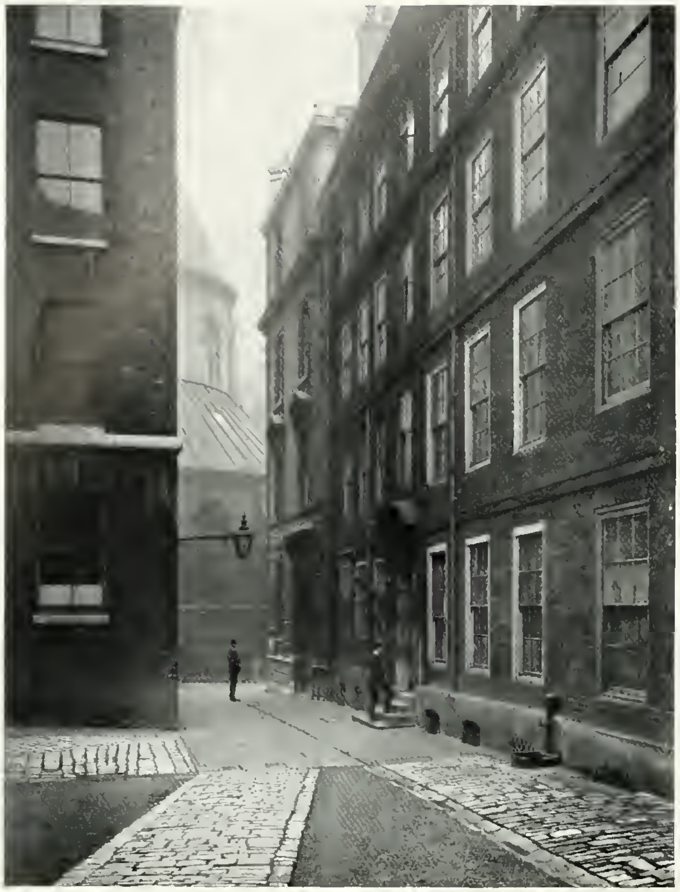


Photo. Pictorial Agency.

HARE COURT, TEMPLE.

little old shrivelled, unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt neck and the knees of his breeches were loose, his black worsted stockings ill drawn up, and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers." A not less graphic picture of the slovenly giant in his den is drawn by Ozias Humphrey, R.A., in a letter which he wrote in September, 1764. "We passed through three very dirty rooms to a little one that looked like an old counting-house, where this great man was sat at breakfast. The furniture of this room was a very large deal writing-desk, an old walnut-tree table, and five ragged chairs of different sets. I was very much struck with Mr. Johnson's appearance, and could hardly help thinking him a madman for some time as he sat waving over his breakfast like a lunatic. He is a very large man, and was dressed in a dirty brown coat and waistcoat, with breeches that were brown also (although they had been crimson), and an old black wig; his shirt collar and sleeves were unbuttoned; his stockings were down about his feet, which had on them, by way of slippers, an old pair of shoes. . . We had been some time with him before he began to talk, but at length he began, and faith, to some purpose; everything he says is as correct as a second edition; it is almost impossible to argue with him, he is so sententious and so knowing."

Oliver Goldsmith's connexion with the Temple began early in 1764, when he came to Garden Court, Middle Temple, from Wine Office Court, to humble rooms on the staircase of the Library. In the following year, being in a state of temporary prosperity, he removed to better rooms in the same court, in a house which is no longer to be seen. Then, having cleared £500 by *The Good Natured Man*, he gave £400 for the lease of three rooms at No. 2, Brick Court, furnished them most sumptuously, arrayed himself in a suit of Tyrian bloom, with silk breeches, gave dinners to his most aristocratic acquaintances and suppers to young folk of both sexes, whose revellings nearly drove Blackstone, then at work upon his Commentaries in rooms on the first floor, out of his mind. So he scattered abroad his riches until he was once again deep in debt, as he was when in 1774 (April 4th), in his forty-fifth year, he drew his last breath in these rooms in Brick Court, of which he was then anxious to sell the lease. "He died of a fever," wrote Johnson to Boswell, "made, I am afraid, more violent by uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed no less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?" he asks. Happily this house, associated not only with one of the most lovable figures in English literature and with Blackstone, but with Thackeray, who had rooms here (though not Goldsmith's) in 1855, and with W. Mackworth Praed, who died in it in 1839, is still standing. "I have been many a time," writes Thackeray in the "English Humourists," "in the chambers in the Temple which were his, and passed up the staircase which Johnson, and Burke, and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith—the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door." The funeral was superintended by Burke and Reynolds, and at five o'clock on Saturday, the 9th of April, the poet was laid to rest in the Temple Churchyard, in a grave of which, unfortunately, the site was not marked. The plain stone on the north side of the church, close to the Master's house, inscribed "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith," was not placed there until 1860, when it had become impossible clearly to identify the grave.

The "Stricken Deer."

With Cowper also the Temple is linked. In 1752 he took chambers in the Middle Temple, and was called to the Bar in 1754, but in 1759 he bought a set of chambers in the Inner Temple, and there he lived and worked until in 1763, thrown off his balance by an examination which he had to pass in order to qualify for the appointment of Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords, he attempted suicide. He bought laudanum, but by accident, or in a sudden revulsion, threw it out of the window. Then he tried to drown himself in the Thames (p. 257), but again was baffled. At last, here in his chambers in the Temple, he hanged himself with his garter. As he was so suspended he distinctly heard a voice say three times "'Tis over!" "When I came to myself again," he writes in a passage of singular psychological interest, "I thought I was in hell; the sound of my own dreadful groans was all that I heard, and a feeling like that produced by a flash of lightning just beginning to seize upon me passed over my whole body. In a few seconds I found myself fallen on my face to the floor. In about half a minute I recovered my feet, and reeling and struggling, stumbled into bed again." This was the beginning of an attack of acute insanity, and for a time the poet had to be detained in a private asylum at St. Albans.

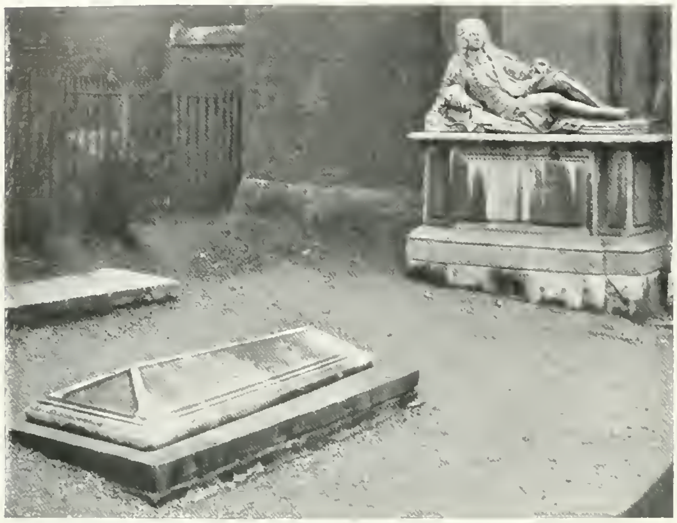
"Elia."

But the name which on the literary side is the Temple's chief glory is that of Charles Lamb, who resembled William Cowper in a melancholy liability to mental alienation, as well as in some other things. "Elia" not only spent three-and-twenty years of his life in the Temple, but was born within the precinct, and the numerous references to it in his essays and letters invest it with a tender charm such as it borrows from no other source. He was born (February 18th, 1775) at No. 2, Crown Office Row, now separated from the Thames by a smooth, trim lawn. The house is still standing, but the two other Temple houses in which he lived in after years with his sister Mary have both vanished. The first of them, to which they came in 1801, was No. 16, Mitre Court Buildings. "I live at No. 16, Mitre Court Buildings, a pistol

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

WHERE GOLDSMITH DIED: NO. 2, BRICK COURT.

shot off Baron Maseres,"* he wrote to his friend Manning. "You must introduce me to the Baron. I think we should suit one another mainly. He lives on the ground floor for convenience of the gout. I prefer the attic storey for the air . . . My bed faces the river, so as by perking up upon my haunches, and supporting my carcase with my elbows, without much wrying my neck I can see the white sails glide by the bottom of the King's Bench Walk as I lie in my bed."



GOLDSMITH'S "TOMB" IN THE TEMPLE.

From Mitre Court Buildings Lamb moved, in 1809, to No. 4, Inner Temple Lane. To Coleridge he wrote in that year:—"I have been turned out of my chambers in the Temple by a landlord who wanted them for himself; but I have got others at No. 4, Inner Temple Lane, far more commodious and roomy. I have two rooms on the third floor, and five rooms above, with an inner staircase to myself, and all new painted, etc., for £30 a year. The rooms are delicious, and the best look backwards into Hare Court, where there is a pump always going; just now it is dry. Hare Court's trees come in at the window, so that it's like living in a garden." It was here, says Mr. Martin,† that Mary made the memorable find of an empty adjoining garret of four untenanted, unowned rooms. Of these they took possession by degrees, and to them Charles could escape from friends who had more leisure than himself. Here he was able to do his literary work undisturbed, "as much alone," as he himself said, as if he were "in a lodging in the midst of Salisbury Plain." Whom these chambers belonged to they never knew.

"Here I hope to set up my rest," Lamb wrote to Manning, "and not quit till Mr. Powell, the undertaker, gives me notice that I may have possession of my last lodging. He lets lodging for single gentlemen." But this was not to be, for in the autumn of 1817 he and Mary took lodgings in Russell Street, Covent Garden. "I thought we could never have been torn up from the Temple," he wrote to Dorothy Wordsworth in November of that year. "Indeed it was an ugly wrench, but like a tooth, now 'tis out, and I am easy! We can never strike root so deep," he adds, "in any other ground."

Just before Lamb came to the Temple, in 1801, Samuel Rogers left it, after a residence in it of five years. "When I lived in the Temple," he relates rather querulously, "Mackintosh and Richard Sharp used to come to my chambers and stay there for hours, talking metaphysics. One day they were so intent on their 'first cause,' 'spirit,' and 'matter,' that they were unconscious of my having left them, paid a visit, and returned. I was a little angry at this; and to show my indifference about them, I sat down and wrote letters without taking any notice of them."

The Gardens. We must not leave the Temple without recalling that it was here, if we may take our history from *Henry VI.* (Part I., Act ii. Sc. 4), that the red and white roses were plucked which became the badges of the rival houses of Lancaster and York. In these days the Gardens are the scene of the magnificent summer show of the Royal Horticultural Society; and on summer evenings they are generally thrown open to the children of the neighbourhood, who flock to them to frolic on the soft green grass. In the western part of the gardens, belonging to

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* A Baron of the Exchequer, mathematician as well as lawyer.

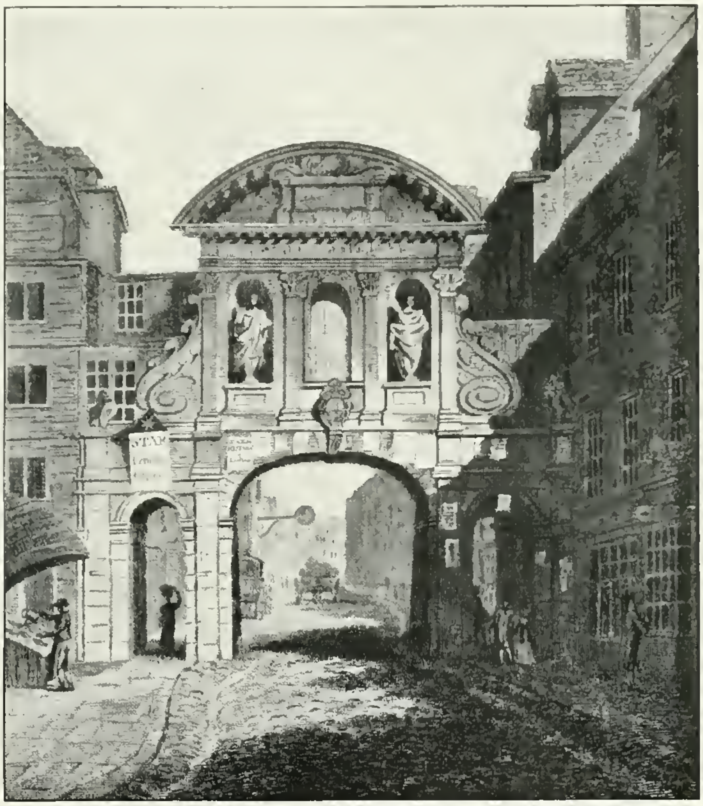
† "In the Footprints of Charles Lamb." By B. E. Martin. 1891.

Photo: Pictorial Agency

CHILDREN AT PLAY IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS

the Middle Temple, is one of those sun-dials which still survive in the Temple and contribute to its air of leisure and seclusion. One in Pump Court, by the way, bears the the legend, "Shadows we are, and like shadows we depart," one of the happiest of all sun-dial inscriptions. Until 1828 an old brick house at the east end of Inner Temple Terrace displayed a sun-dial which bore the injunction, "Begone about your business," said to have been addressed by a crusty old Bencher to a boy who came from the dial-makers for instructions, and who supposed that this was intended to be the inscription.

The Temple precinct is still shut off from the rest of the world by walls and rails, and at ten of the clock every night the various gates are closed. After that hour, therefore, members have to knock for admission. In the wall which separates the Temple gardens from the Victoria Embankment has been inserted, at the spot where the City of Westminster begins and the City of London ends, a tablet which records Queen Victoria's last visit to the latter City, in the last year of the nineteenth century.


TEMPLE BAR IN 1800, LOOKING DOWN FLEET STREET.

Temple Bar.

Until 1878 the City boundary on the north side of the Temple was marked by Temple Bar, the most interesting of all the London gates and bars, if for no other reason because it is the only one which has survived. The first Temple Bar is mentioned as early as the first year of the fourteenth century, in a grant of land "beyond the bar of the New Temple," and this reference suggests that it may have been put up by the Knights Templars themselves. At first it was nothing more than an affair, in Strype's words, of "posts, rails, and a chain," but afterwards—when we do not know, but at least as early as the middle of the sixteenth century—the street was bestridden by "a house of timber," with "a narrow gateway and an entry on the south side of it under the house." This Temple Bar, marking the boundary of the liberty of the City westward of Ludgate, suffered in the Great Fire, and was succeeded in 1670-72 by a shapely gateway of Sir Christopher Wren's designing. Built of Portland stone, its front facing the Strand bore statues of Charles I. and Charles II., while from the other front James I. and Queen Elizabeth gazed Citywards. But in times of civil commotion Temple Bar bore ghastlier decorations, in the form of heads or other mutilated remains of unsuccessful rebels. It was in 1684 that Wren's Temple Bar was first put to this use, when Sir Thomas Armstrong was hanged and dismembered at Tyburn in connexion with the Rye House plot; the last heads to be spiked on the Bar were those of Townley and Fletcher, for their part in the '45. They were executed in 1746, and here their heads remained mouldering until 1772, when they were blown down. These were the heads which figure in the story that Johnson told in April, 1773, at a meeting of the literary club in Gerrard Street, Soho. "I remember," he said, "once being with

Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. Whilst we stood at Poets' Corner I said to him—

> "'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur illis.'"

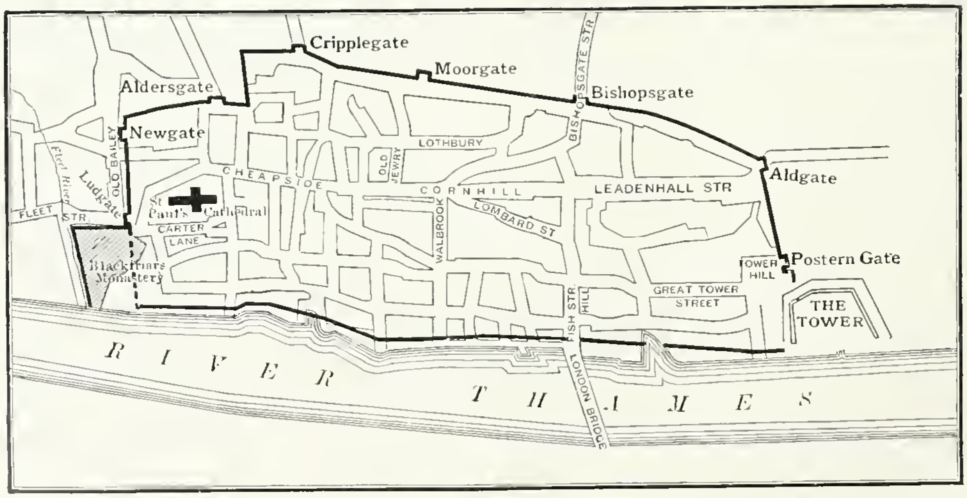
When we got to Temple Bar he stopped me, and pointing to the heads upon it, slily whispered—

> "'Forsitan et nostrum miscebitur *istis*.'"

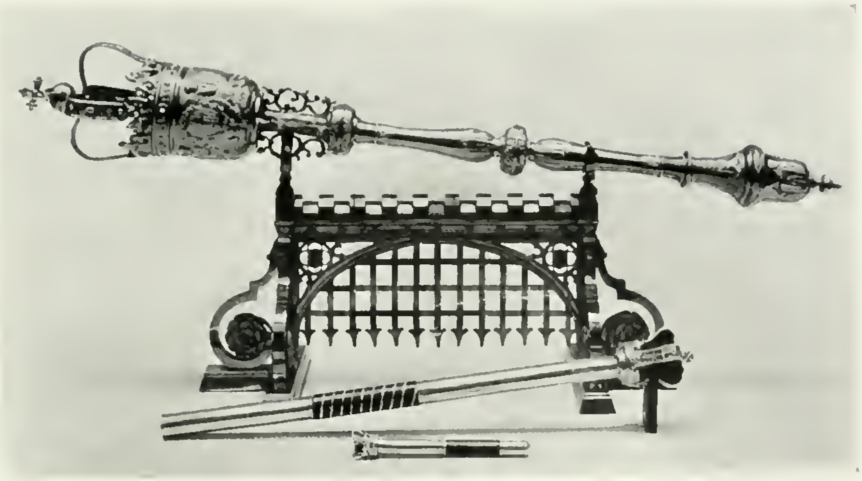
Until 1874 Temple Bar served another purpose than that of blocking the traffic between the City and the Strand, for in it were preserved the old ledgers of Child's Bank (p. 423), which were only stored elsewhere when the arch had broken down under their weight. Its inevitable removal, as an intolerable obstruction to traffic, followed four years later, and though it is not to be found in the City, as it should be, it may be seen dignifying one of the entrances to Theobalds Park, Waltham Cross, where it was rebuilt by the late Sir Henry Meux at the end of 1888, after the stones of which it is composed had been lying forlorn in a builder's yard for close upon eleven years.

Temple Bar Memorial.

Two years after Wren's shapely erection was taken down the Corporation reared upon the site, at a cost of over £10,000, the Temple Bar Memorial, designed by the late Sir Horace Jones, and unveiled by the late Prince Leopold on the 8th of September, 1880, but not completed as to its decorations until the end of 1882. For the prancing bronze dragon on the pedestal, the mark of much cheap and hasty criticism, the late C. B. Birch, A.R.A., was responsible. As one of the supporters of the City arms, it is surely not out of place on the site of the bar which shuts off the City from Westminster. Even to this day the Sovereign on State occasions only enters the City at this point with the permission of the Lord Mayor, indicated by his handing to the monarch the City sword. Among the decorations of the Memorial are low-reliefs of the first and last Temple Bar, of Queen Victoria's first entrance into the City through Temple Bar in 1837 on her way to the Guildhall banquet, and of the procession to St. Paul's on the day of thanksgiving for the Prince of Wales's recovery from illness in 1872, the last occasion on which royalty passed in State through Temple Bar.


Cripplegate
Moorgate
Bishopsgate
Aldersgate
Newgate
Aldgate
Postern Gate
BISHOPSGATE STR
OLD BAILEY
Fleet River
Ludgate
FLEET STR
CHEAPSIDE
OLD JEWRY
LOTHBURY
CORNHILL
LEADENHALL STR
LOMBARD ST
WALBROOK
St Paul's Cathedral
CARTER LANE
Blackfriars Monastery
TOWER HILL
GREAT TOWER STREET
THE TOWER
FISH STR. HILL
LONDON BRIDGE
RIVER THAMES

PLAN OF THE OLD CITY WALL (WITH MODERN NAMES), SHOWING THE EXTENSION TO INCLUDE THE BLACKFRIARS MONASTERY.



MACE AND STAVES OF THE OLD COURT OF BURGESSES.

Book II.—WESTMINSTER AND WEST LONDON

CHAPTER XLIII

THE CITY OF WESTMINSTER

The Bishopric of Westminster—Once more a City—Thorney—A Roman Settlement—Where the River was Crossed—Origin of the Name—The Manor—Its Extent—"City and Liberty"—The Eleven Parishes—The Court of Burgesses

A City by Courtesy.

IN the reign of Henry VIII. Westminster was, for a brief period, a city. When the King dissolved the monastery of St. Peter he erected in its place a bishopric, with a dean and twelve prebendaries, and allotted the whole county of Middlesex, except Fulham, as its diocese. But soon its glory departed, for when its first bishop, Thomas Thirleby, was translated to Norwich in 1550, Edward VI. dissolved the bishopric, and though Westminster continued to be styled a city, it was only so called by courtesy: it had no municipal authority, and no corporate unity. So things remained until the end of the nineteenth century. By the London Local Government Act of 1899, Westminster became one of the municipal boroughs of the County of London, and in the following year it was created a city by royal charter. And who will deny its ample title to the distinction? Not to speak of its past glories—its royal palaces of Westminster and Whitehall—or of the venerable abbey which more even than the cathedral of Canterbury is the church of the nation, it has within its boundaries St. James's Palace and Buckingham Palace, the Houses of Parliament and the offices of the Government, the Royal Palace of Justice, the splendid Roman Catholic Cathedral of Westminster, four of the royal parks, a multitude of mansions, and the chief clubs. In extent, it covers an area of almost four square miles, against the one square mile of the adjoining City of London, it is made up of eleven parishes, and it has a population of not far short of two hundred thousand. No longer, then, can it be said of Westminster, as it could be said when the late Sir Walter Besant wrote,* that it is a city without citizens.

A City by Royal Charter.

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* "Westminster." By Walter Besant, M.A., F.S.A. 1895. (Chatto & Windus.)

The origins of this city which at last has citizens, and plenty of them, are involved in hopeless obscurity. Its extreme antiquity is almost the only thing one can be quite sure about. It may possibly be more ancient, it is certainly not much less ancient than the City of London itself. Whensoever it was founded, its site was Thorney, the Isle of Brambles, some 470 yards long and 370 yards broad, washed on the east side* by the Thames, on the west by a kind of moat along the line of Princes and Delahay Streets, on the north by a stream that ran down what came to be known as Gardener's Lane, on the south by a rivulet that followed the descent of the present College Street. That there was a Roman settlement here can hardly be doubted. For this belief there was nothing but tradition until 1869; but in that year there was dug up, in the north Green of the Abbey, near the door of the Chapter House, the fine Roman sarcophagus, inscribed with the name of Valerius Amandinus, which is now to be seen in the vestibule of the Chapter-house of the Abbey. And since then, in various other parts of what was the Isle of Brambles, fragments of Roman buildings have come to light.

LOVING CUP OF THE COURT OF BURGESSES.

Nor can it be doubted that it was at this point that the river was crossed by travellers along Watling Street between Dover in the south-east, and Chester in the north-west, until London Bridge was built, when the northern Watling Street was diverted at the bottom of what we now call the Edgware Road, and carried along the present Oxford Street through the City to the bridge. How in those earlier days the river at Westminster was crossed, whether by ford or by ferry, is not quite so clear. Mr. Loftie concludes that the river was forded, but frankly says that we have no records to fall back upon, no indications but chiefly obliterated geographical features and chiefly obsolete local names. Sir Walter Besant is very bold. He has no doubt whatever about this fording of the river, and he pictures the traveller southward as "plunging into the shallow waters" when he reached the edge of the swamp where now Buckingham Palace stands, and, guided by stakes, reaching the Isle of Thorns. "Here if the tide served he again trusted himself to the guidance of stakes; and so, breast high it may be, waded through the river till he reached the opposite shore." Sir Walter's enthusiasm for his theories was one of the most engaging of his characteristics, but it is not easy to feel quite so sure of the readiness of travellers, even in those robust days, to plunge into broad rivers in this high-spirited fashion. The breadth and shallowness of the river at this point, widening as it did into an immense lagoon, which on the north side covered the land long afterwards known as St. James's Park, Tothill Fields, the Five Fields, Victoria, Earl's Court, and part of Chelsea, and on the south side extended from Rotherhithe, over Bermondsey, Southwark, Lambeth, and Vauxhall, to Battersea, do indeed favour the belief that the river was forded here. Yet there certainly was a ferry at Westminster in the Middle Ages, and the memory of it is still preserved in Horseferry Road. This, however, was a little to the south of the Island of Thorns, and it may possibly be the fact, as Mr. Lethaby suggests in his "London Before the Conquest," that after the Palace of Westminster was built, the ferry, if ferry there was at Thorney, was shifted to the site of the present Horseferry Road.

In very early days the Isle of Brambles

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* It should be borne in mind that here the river runs north and south, instead of east and west.

Canute?

was the site both of an abbey and of a royal palace, but which came first, and at what date either was founded, will probably never be known. Tradition has it that Canute built a residence here, and Sir Walter Besant had no doubt that tradition, which has so much to answer for, is in this instance a true witness. His short and easy method of settling such a question he ingenuously discloses in a couple of sentences. "Since neither tradition nor history speaks to the contrary," he writes, "we may suppose that Cnut was the first to build some kind of palace or residence in this place. His buildings are said to have been burned in the time of Edward [the Confessor]; *therefore he must have built something.*" * By the end of the paragraph we are carried far indeed from the modest "we may suppose" of the first sentence: "the beginner of the old Palace," we are roundly told, "was the great King Cnut the Dane." Enviable indeed is this faculty of enthusiastic credence. For my part I must be content with saying that if the great King Canute the Dane really had a palace at Thorney, and if he rebuked the servile flattery of his courtiers by showing them that the rising tide was not obedient to his commands, it may well have been here that the parable was acted, as some of the chronicles say.

The Name.

Even of the name of Westminster the origin is not free from doubt, but we may take it that when the monastery of St. Peter was founded here, it was called the West Minster as indicating that it lay to the west of the cathedral of St. Paul, or to the west of the City to which that cathedral belonged, and that this name, supplanting that of Thorney, was gradually extended so as to cover the palace—assuming that the monastery preceded the palace—and the community that grew up around.

The Manor.

The creation of the Manor of Westminster has been traced to Offa, the King of Mercia who made the great dyke from the mouth of the Wye to the mouth of the Dee, and the grant appears to have been confirmed to the Abbey about the middle of the tenth century by a charter of King Edgar, but the only copy of this document which has survived, preserved in the British Museum, would appear to have been falsified. The early charters of the Abbey as a whole, indeed, are to be regarded with suspicion, and some of the best authorities question the genuineness of all that are earlier than the reign of Henry I.* The original manor appears to have been, roughly speaking, about half the size of the present City of Westminster. It began farther east than the City of Westminster as we now know it, for it included so much of the City of London as lies between Farringdon Street and Temple Bar (*see* the plan below). But on the western side it was bounded by a line which, beginning a little to the west of

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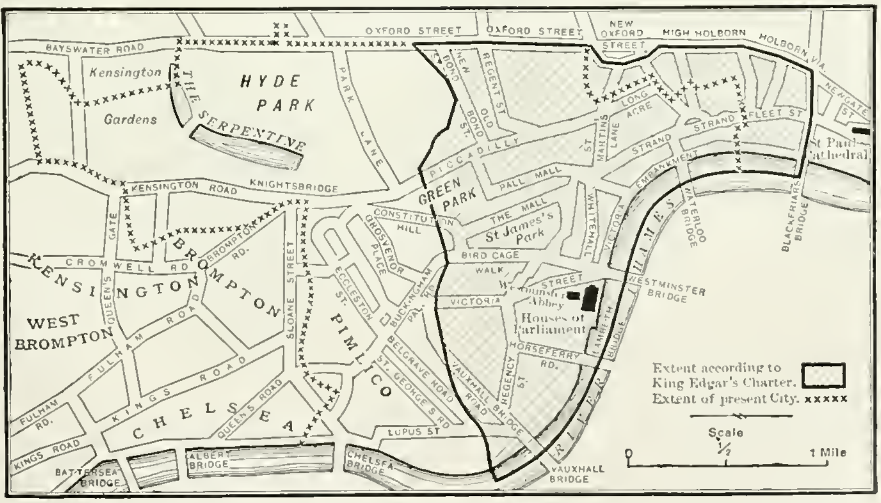
* The italics are not Sir Walter's.

* *See* "Westminster Abbey and the King's Craftsmen." By W. R. Lethaby. 1906. (Duckworth & Co.)


BAYSWATER ROAD
OXFORD STREET
OXFORD STREET
NEW OXFORD STREET
HIGH HOLBORN
HOLBORN VIA
NEWGATE ST
Kensington Gardens
HYDE PARK
THE SERPENTINE
PARK LANE
NEW BOND ST
OLD BOND ST
REGENT ST
ST MARTINS LANE
LONG ACRE
STRAND
FLEET ST
St Paul's Cathedral
PICCADILLY
GREEN PARK
PALL MALL
KENSINGTON ROAD
KNIGHTSBRIDGE
CONSTITUTION HILL
GROSVENOR PLACE
THE MALL
St James's Park
BIRD CAGE WALK
WHITEHALL
VICTORIA EMBANKMENT
THAMES
WATERLOO BRIDGE
BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE
GATE
CROMWELL RD
BROMPTON RD
BROMPTON
KENSINGTON
QUEEN'S GATE
SLOANE STREET
ECCLESTON ST
BUCKINGHAM PAL. RD
VICTORIA STREET
Westminster Abbey
Houses of Parliament
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE
LAMBETH BRIDGE
HORSEFERRY RD.
REGENCY ST
WEST BROMPTON
FULHAM RD.
KINGS ROAD
CHELSEA
QUEEN'S ROAD
PIMLICO
BELGRAVE ROAD
ST GEORGE'S RD
VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD
LUPUS ST
RIVER
BATTERSEA BRIDGE
ALBERT BRIDGE
CHELSEA BRIDGE
VAUXHALL BRIDGE
Extent according to King Edgar's Charter.
Extent of present City. xxxxx
Scale
0
½
1 Mile

PLAN OF THE ANCIENT MANOR AND OF THE MODERN CITY OF WESTMINSTER.

the present New Bond Street, ran almost due south to the Thames a little to the west of the Vauxhall Bridge Road. In course of time disputes as to jurisdiction arose between the Abbot of Westminster and the Bishop of London, and in the reign of Henry III. they were referred to the arbitrament of the Archbishop of Canterbury and other great ecclesiastics, who in 1222 issued a decretal exempting abbey and manor from the Bishop's jurisdiction, but compensating him by cutting off from the manor a considerable slice on the London side, depriving it of those portions which are now included in the City of London and the borough of Holborn, as well as of the liberty of the Rolls, the precinct of the Savoy, and the parishes of St. Clement Danes and St. Mary-le-Strand. Now, therefore, the eastern boundary of the manor of Westminster ran about as far west of Temple Bar as up to this time it had run east of that point. At the same time the manor of Paddington was declared to belong to Westminster.

The parishes of St. Clement Danes and St. Mary-le-Strand, except the liberty and Duchy of Lancaster, were restored to the manor of Westminster by charter of Richard III. dated 1393. But it was in 1604, in the reign of James I., that it received the great extension westwards which made it practically conterminous with the area of the present City of Westminster. The liberty of the Rolls and the precinct of the Savoy, however, were still withheld from it, and these it only recovered when the London Government Act of 1899 was passed.

But before the manor had been thus extended by James I., the Abbey had been surrendered to Henry VIII., who first erected it into a college of secular canons and then in 1540 made it a bishop's stool. The bishopric, as we have seen, soon lapsed, and then, in 1560, Queen Elizabeth made the Abbey once more collegiate; and now the confines of the Abbey constitute the civil parish of the "close of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter."

City and Liberty.

What are we to understand by the "City and Liberty of Westminster," the phrase by which it has been usual to define Westminster? According to Sayer, whose definition is adopted by Mr. John Hunt, the learned Town Clerk of Westminster, the city has been regarded as "the inhabited portion of the manor immediately around the abbey, while the liberty was the uninhabited or sparsely inhabited portion of the manor which lay outside the city." Thus in local Acts the parishes of St. Margaret and St. John have usually been referred to as within the city, and the other parishes as within the liberty.

The parishes of St. Margaret and St. John were for civil purposes united in 1901, so reducing the number of parishes within the city from twelve to eleven, the other ten being—

The Liberty of the Rolls.
St. Anne.
St. Clement Danes.
St. George, Hanover Square.
St. James.
St. Martin-in-the-Fields.
St. Mary-le-Strand.
St. Paul, Covent Garden.
Precinct of the Savoy.
Close of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter.

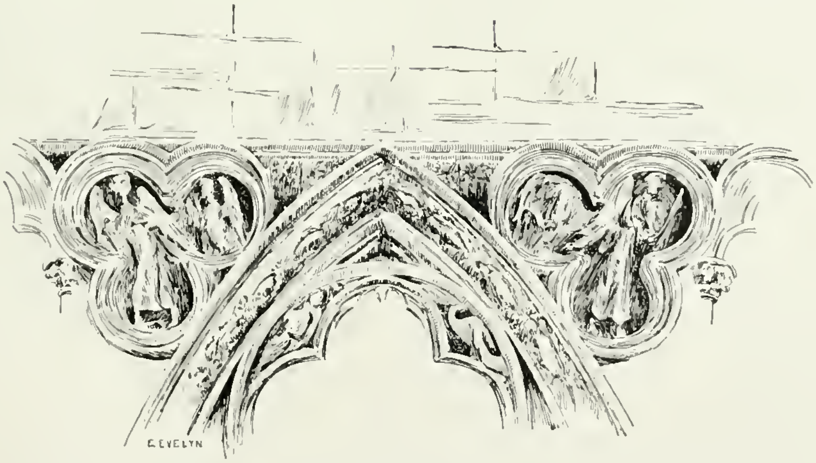
Court of Burgesses.

Except the close, which was governed by the Dean and Chapter, the local affairs of these parishes at the time the metropolitan boroughs were created were managed by vestries, six of which were grouped into the Strand District Board of Works. All of these authorities were of course abolished, and their duties transferred to the Borough Council, which the next year, as we have seen, was elevated to the dignity of a City Council. For some years before this the great city of Westminster had lost such corporate unity as it derived from its undivided representation in Parliament. From the reign of Edward VI., until 1884, it had returned two members to Parliament, but by the Redistribution Act of 1885 the ancient Parliamentary borough was split up into three single-member constituencies —Westminster (that is, the close and the parish of St. Margaret and St. John), St. George's, Hanover Square, and the Strand. One institution which gave it a semblance of unity it still indeed kept, but that had long degenerated into a mere legal fiction. This institution, the Court of Burgesses, was set up in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and consisted of sixteen burgesses, and as many assistant-burgesses, representing sixteen wards, and appointed by the Dean of Westminster, either directly, or indirectly through his nominee, the High

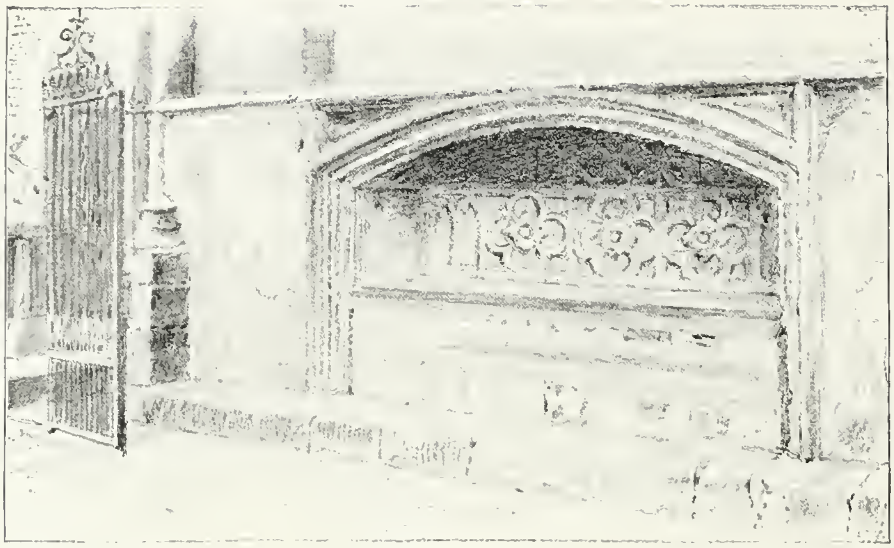
Steward, or through that functionary's deputy. It was neither a highway, nor a sewers, nor a rating authority, and its functions were rather magisterial than administrative. The absence from it of any representative element, consisting as it did of an ecclesiastical dignitary nominated by the Crown and of persons appointed by him or by his nominees, deprived it of authority, and gradually it ceased to fulfil any but ceremonial functions, carried out under the supervision of an official who was styled the Town Clerk of the City of Westminster. The court was at last abolished under the powers of the Local Government Act of 1899, and its powers and liabilities and properties were transferred to the City Council. Its mace, loving cup, High Constable's staff, and a snuff-box were handed over to the City Council in 1901. The loving cup, an ancient piece of plate presented to the Court in 1588 by Maurice Pickering, one of the burgesses, and Joan his wife, was used for the first time by its new owners on the 29th of May, 1902, when the St. Martin's Town Hall, at the junction of the Charing Cross Road and St. Martin's Lane, which had been opened in 1891, was re-opened as the Westminster City Hall, after enlargement and adaptation.

A Curious Relic.

The famous tobacco-box of the Past Overseers' Society of St. Margaret's parish has also passed into the charge of the City Council. The nucleus of it was an oval-shaped box made of common horn, and small enough to be carried in the pocket, bought by a Mr. Monck, one of the overseers of the poor, for the sum of fourpence in the village of Charlton, near Woolwich, and in 1713 presented by him to the Society of Past Overseers, who seven years later ornamented the lid with a silver rim in commemoration of the donor. Passed on from one senior overseer to another, it was variously enriched and embellished at different periods, and was then provided by successive custodians with cases of silver, lined with crimson and engraved with emblematical and historical subjects, portraits and inscriptions. In 1878 it was furnished with an outer case of panelled oak, three feet in height, and after this further plates were added commemorating such events as the laying of the foundation-stone of the Town Hall in Caxton Street—now Caxton Hall—by the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts in 1882, while in 1887, the year of the first Jubilee, the outermost case was adorned with a silver statuette of Queen Victoria.



HEAD OF DOORWAY OF THE CHAPTER-HOUSE, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



"SEBERT'S TOMB."

CHAPTER XLIV

WESTMINSTER ABBEY: TO THE DISSOLUTION

King Sebert—St. Peter and the Fisherman—Edward the Confessor—Another Apparition of St. Peter—The Confessor's Abbey Finished—The First Royal Burial and the First Hallowing—A Panic at the Conqueror's Coronation—Canterbury and York at Variance—Henry III. begins to Rebuild—A New Shrine for the Confessor—A Gift from the East—Sanctuary Violated—Henry IV.'s Death "at Jerusalem"—Henry V.'s Interest in the Abbey—Henry VII. and His Chapel—Abbot Islip—Surrender—Spoliation—Abbot Feckenham—Relics

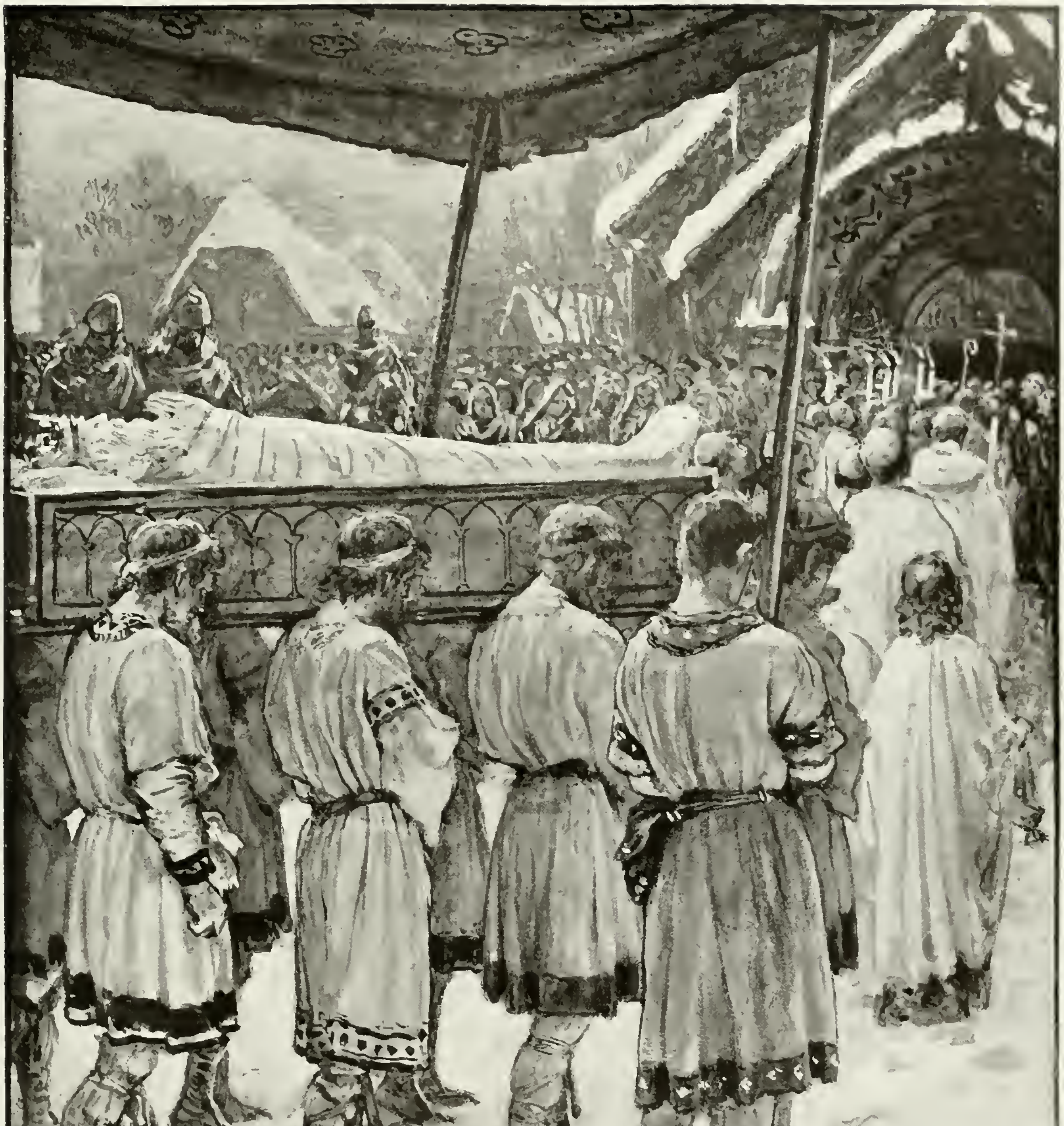
A Heathen Temple.

King Sebert.

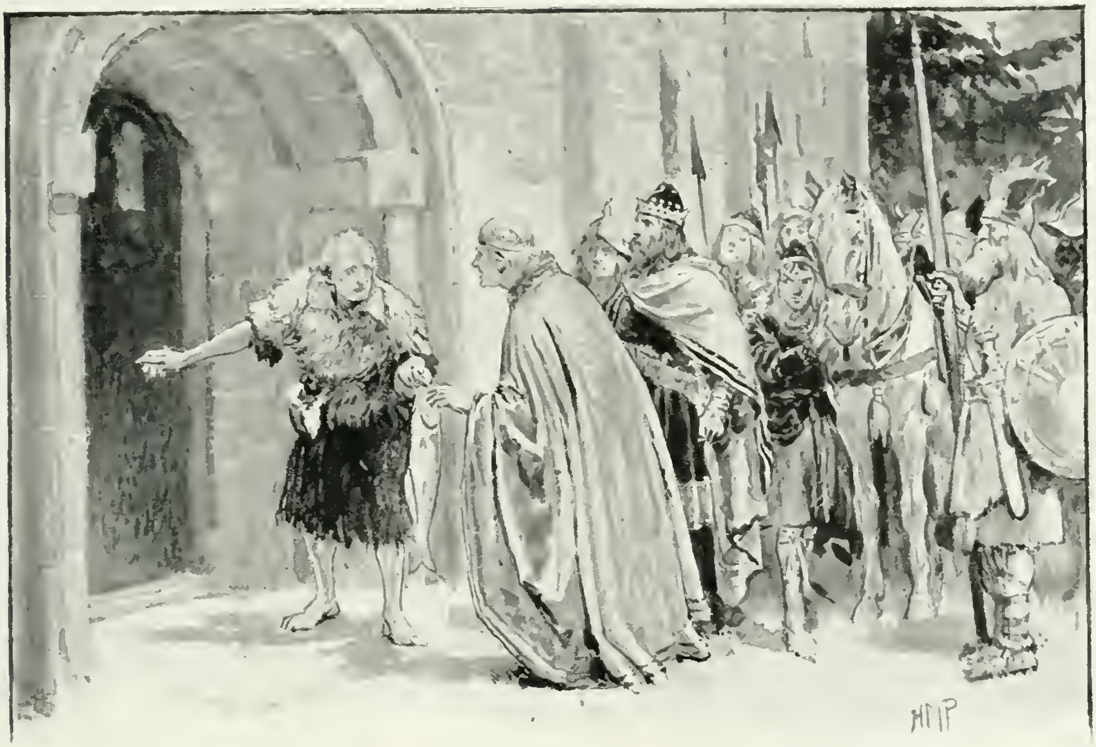
THE chroniclers of the Abbey of St. Peter, which was to become the British Valhalla, gave themselves a good start by going back to a British king of the second century, Lucius by name, who, they say, here built a Christian church on the site of a heathen temple, just as the first St. Paul's, according to another legend, supplanted a Roman temple. When the Norman monks, in the eleventh century, brought their imaginations to bear upon the origin of the monastery they traced it back to the seventh century, to that King Sebert who had to do with the foundation of St. Paul's. Even this we cannot accept, unless we are content to believe without evidence. True, they show to this day a tomb to which the names of Sebert and his Queen, Ethelgovda, are attached, but there is not the smallest scrap of evidence that this sepulchre, great as its antiquity undoubtedly is, contains the bones of the Saxon king and queen, and it has been suggested that it is really the tomb of a London citizen of Edward the Confessor's day which long afterwards—early in the fourteenth century—was removed into the Abbey that it might serve as proof of what we may perhaps call the Sebertian theory.

The Legend of St. Peter.

We have no right, then, to believe that the Sebert of St. Paul's had anything to do with the foundation of St. Peter's. But we need not ignore the legend which Sulcardus, a Westminster monk of the eleventh century, records of the consecration by St. Peter himself of the church of which the Saxon king is thus made the pious founder. The church, we are told, was ready in the year 616 for the dedication ceremony, which was to be performed by that Mellitus who was Bishop of London when the first cathedral of St. Paul was built. The night before the



FUNERAL OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.
From a Drawing by H. M. Paget.



EDRIC WITH THE SALMON.
From a Drawing by H. M. Paget.

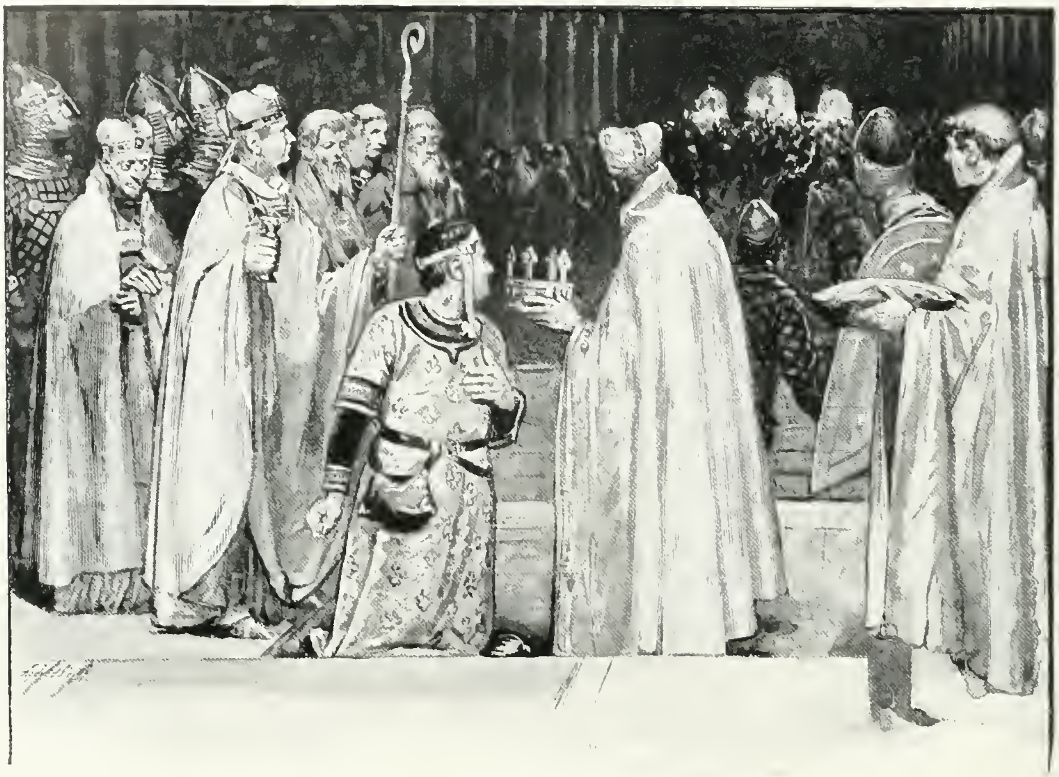
great day was wild and stormy, but through the howling of the wind Edric, the fisherman, who had for hours been vainly casting his nets from the Isle of Brambles, heard a voice, and, crossing the turbulent waters to the shore, he found there one in foreign garb who offered him rich guerdon if he would ferry him across to Thorney. To Thorney, accordingly, Edric rowed him, and as he waited to take the stranger back, lo! the windows of the new church were flooded with radiance, and the air was filled with music as of a celestial choir. Then Edric saw, as Jacob had seen at Bethel, a ladder which stretched from earth to heaven, and as he gazed upon the angels, who were ascending and descending, the stranger reappeared and revealed himself as St. Peter, who had left the heavens in order with his own hands to consecrate the church. Then he bade him cast his nets again, and doing so Edric found them heavy with salmon, and was charged to take one of the fish to the Bishop when on the morrow he should come to perform the rite of consecration, with the message that St. Peter had already dedicated the church and would often resort to it. And in future he was always to take a tithe of his fish to the Abbot. When the Bishop and the King came to Thorney the next morning they found Edric awaiting them salmon in hand, and having presented the offering to the Bishop he took them into the church and told them his story, which was confirmed by crosses on the wall, by the presence of holy water, by the Greek alphabet traced upon the sand, by marks of the oil of anointing, and by remains of the candles whose light had streamed through the windows.

Good service the legend did the monks of Westminster, for, as Mrs. Murray Smith (E. T. Bradley), a daughter of the late Dean, records in the "Annals of Westminster Abbey," it was "so credulously believed in later days that the Abbot was able to exact his tithe of salmon every year long after the Confessor's historic church had swept away all traces of an earlier foundation."

Sebert's monastery, we are asked to believe, was ruined by the Danes and was refounded in the tenth century by St. Dunstan, who brought hither twelve Benedictine monks from Glastonbury and succeeded in getting a charter from King Edgar. Even this is not certain, for the genuineness of the charter, as we have seen, is not above suspicion, and all that we can feel sure of is that a monastery, probably of inconsiderable extent, had existed on the Isle of Thorns for some time before Edward the Confessor succeeded to the crown in 1042. While in exile in Normandy, whither he had been driven by the Danes, Edward had vowed to go on pilgrimage to Rome should he ever come to possess the English kingdom, and as soon as he felt secure on his throne he bethought him of his vow. But the Witan would not hear of his leaving the country, and being absolved from his vow by the Pope, and bidden to found or restore a monastery dedicated to St. Peter, he turned his attentions to the little house on Thorney. Why he did so we have another legend to tell us. Just as St. Bartholomew appeared to Rahere and indicated Smithfield as the site of the religious house which Rahere was intending to found, so to an old monk of Worcester there appeared St. Peter, "bright and beautiful as a clerk." "I have a place in the west of London," the apostle told him, "which I myself chose, and which I love. This, formerly, I consecrated with my own hands, honoured it with my presence, and made it illustrious by divine miracles. The name of the place is Thorney, which once, for the sins of this people, being given to the fury of the barbarians, from being rich is become poor; from being stately, low; and from honour is become contemptible. This let the King, by my command, repair and make it a house of monks, adorn it with stately towers, and endow it with large revenues. There shall be no less than the house of God and the gate of heaven."

The Confessor.

St. Peter again.



CORONATION OF THE CONQUEROR (*p.* 477).

From whatever cause, Edward, about the middle of the eleventh century, began the work of rebuilding on a larger scale the monastery and its church, in that Norman style that he had learnt to admire during his years of exile. His chief concern was to see the

The Confessor's Abbey.

church completed before he was gathered to his fathers. But Fate had ordained that he should take no part in its consecration. It was ready for the ceremony by the end of December, 1065, but when the appointed time, Innocents' Day, the 28th of December, came, he was too ill to leave his bed, and his wife, the Lady Editha—the time had not yet come when the King's consort was styled a queen—had to take his place. For well nigh a week after the consecration Edward lay speechless and unconscious, but roused himself on the sixth day, and having committed his kingdom to his brother-in-law, Harold, and his body to Abbot Edwyn, to be interred in the new minster, he breathed his last on the 5th of January, 1066.

The First Royal Funeral.

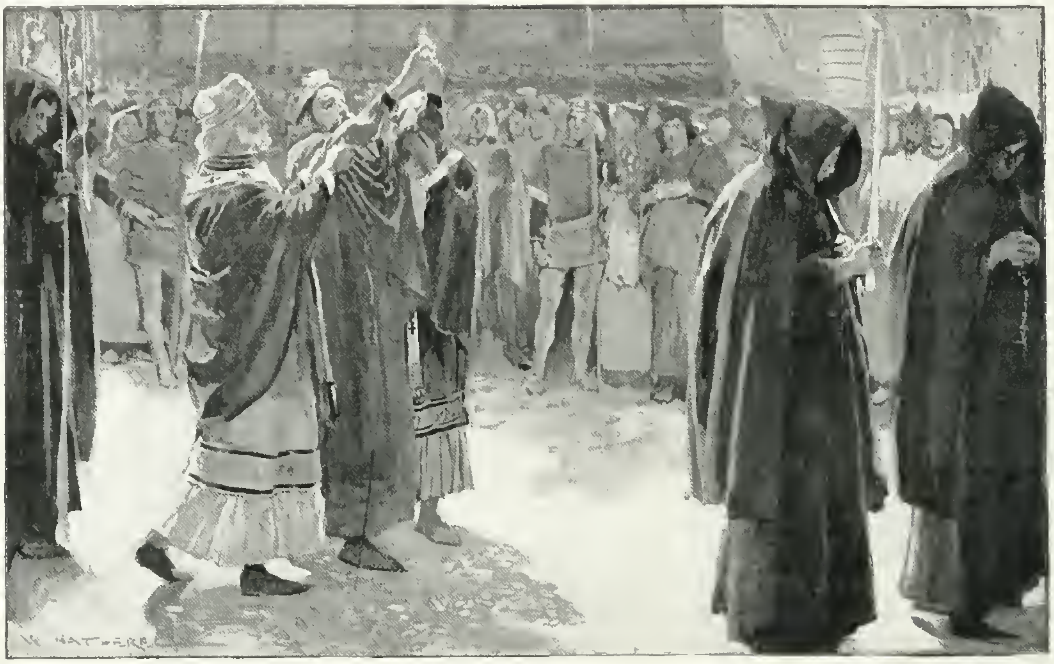
Edward the Confessor's Abbey was no doubt the largest and most elaborate church which up to that time had been built in Britain. Cruciform in plan, with an apsidal termination, it had a central tower above the transept rising into small turrets which were capped by cupolas of wood and lead, and at the western end were two smaller towers, which, however, were probably not finished at the time the church was consecrated, for the building of the nave went on long after Edward's death. The King's interment took place on the day succeeding his death, for Harold, who had immediately prevailed upon the Witan to recognise him as Edward's successor, could not legally be crowned until his predecessor was buried. So on the 6th of January Edward was laid upon a bier in royal state, arrayed in a robe which the Lady Editha and her maidens had worked for him. "His beard white as a lily," to quote from Mrs. Murray Smith, "his cheeks fresh as a rose, he was carried on the shoulders of eight of his liege men, in the cold dawn of a January morning, to his new minster, and laid before the high altar. Boys swinging bells and censers, priests bearing lighted tapers, followed by a crowd of ecclesiastics and monks, formed the procession up the dark Norman choir, which was lit by flaring torches and thronged with mourning people. . . . On that morning, and for three hundred days after, funeral masses continued to be said for the dead king's soul, and the poor flocked to his grave to receive the alms left them by his bounty, while tales of miraculous cures soon began to be bruited abroad."

The First Hallowing.

The Conqueror.

Harold's coronation followed almost before the echoes of the burial service had died away, and so an interval of but a few hours separated the first of the many royal funerals from the first of the many coronations of which the minster in the West was to be the scene. The second coronation, that of Harold's supplanter, took place before a year had gone by—on Christmas Day, 1066. It was the most dramatic of all the coronations which either Edward's Abbey or its successor has ever witnessed. When the haughty Norman had taken his place beside Edward's grave the multitude who thronged the church were asked, both in Saxon and in Norman-French, if they would have him for their king, and so enthusiastic were the assenting shouts and huzzas that the clamour was misunderstood by the Norman soldiery on guard outside. Thinking that their duke was being attacked, some rushed in to rescue him, others flung lighted torches upon the wooden buildings around the church and began to loot them. Then both Saxons and Normans poured out of the church, leaving William with only the Archbishop, Aldred, and some terrified priests of both nations. Greatly agitated, and it is said trembling with fear, William, nevertheless, bade that the ceremony should proceed, and the Archbishop administered to him the ordinary coronation oath of the Anglo-Saxon rite, the Norman adding his own solemn promise that he would treat the English people as well as the best of their kings had done. But as soon as the new crown, which he had had specially made, so that he might not wear the diadem of his Anglo-Saxon predecessors, had been set upon his head, the ceremony came to an abrupt end, with no celebration of Mass.

Inauspicious as was this crowning, it did not deprive the Abbey of the Conqueror's favour. He confirmed to it the Confessor's grants, and though he induced or compelled Abbot Edwyn to transfer to him Windsor, which had been one of Edward's gifts, he compensated Westminster with a grant of lands in Surrey and Essex. Moreover, he gave a rich pall as covering for the Confessor's plain tombstone, presented a cloth and caskets of gold for the altar, and, according to Matthew of Westminster, attended Mass "most diligently, and with the simplicity of a child, would never permit himself to be hindered from so doing by the most urgent or perplexing business, and while so engaged he did never cease to bend his knees and pray devoutly." Nor did he refuse to allow the Lady Editha, when in 1073, after eight years of widowhood, she died, at Winchester, to be laid beside her husband.



HENRY II. BEARING THE CRYSTAL PHIAL TO THE ABBEY (*p.* 480).

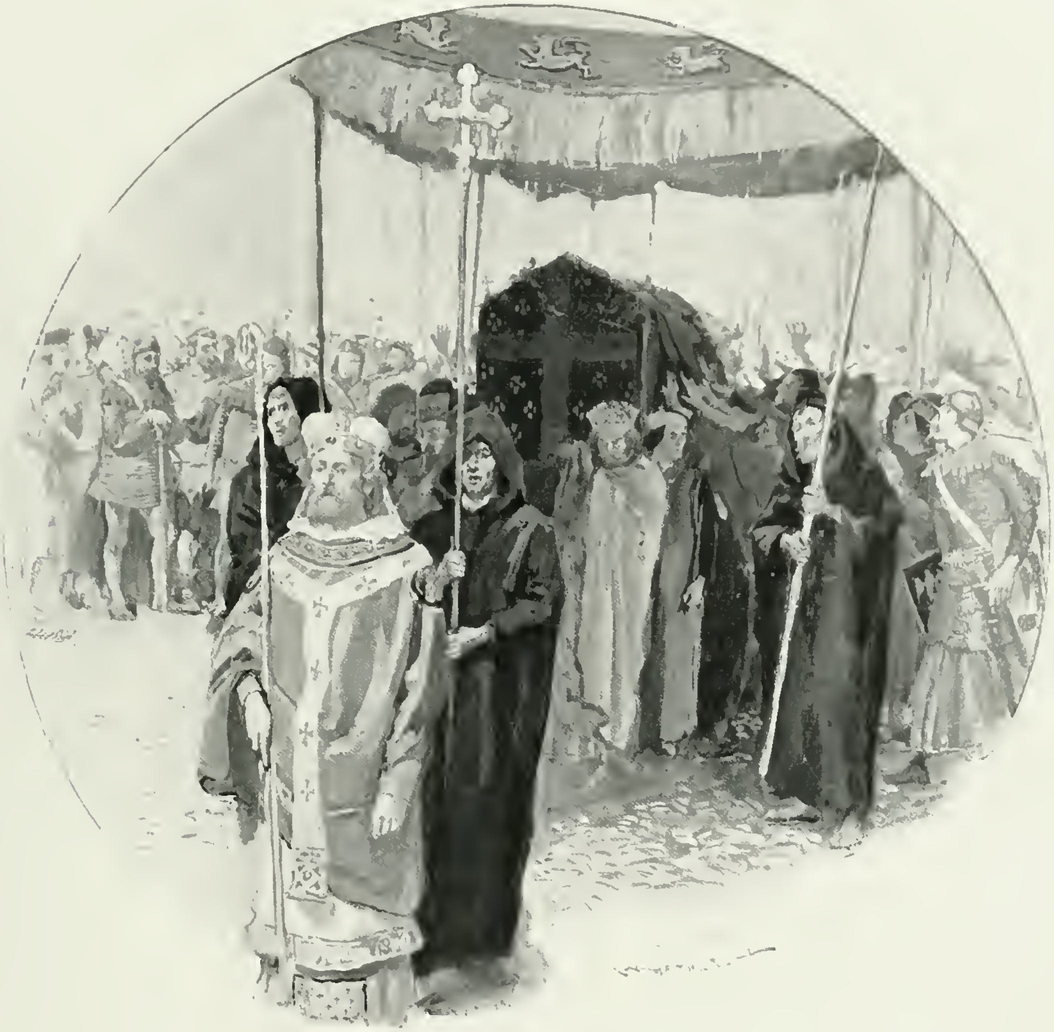
From a Drawing by W. Hatherell, R.I.

Rival Archbishops.

There was tumult again, though not in the Abbey itself, at the crowning of Richard of the Lion-heart in 1189, which was made the occasion of a massacre of the Jews that did not end at Westminster or the neighbouring City of London, but spread to the provinces. A few years before this, in 1176, at a synod of bishops held in St. Catherine's Chapel, one of the chapels of the Abbey, from lack of a common foe the very militant Churchmen fell out among themselves. The conflict sprang from the rival claims of their Graces of Canterbury and York to precedence. Richard of Canterbury, arriving first, had seated himself in the place of honour, at the Legate's right hand, when, in Thomas Fuller's words, "in springs Roger of York, and finding Canterburie so seated, fairly sits him down in Canterburie's lap (a baby too big to be dandled thereon)." Instantly the bishops of the southern province, with their servants, made for him, dragged him off and hammered him with fists and sticks, his rival striving vainly to shield him from their violence. Roger was forced to flee, and as he fled there rang in his ears such taunts as, "Go, traitor, that did betray that holy man Thomas; go, get thee hence, thy hands yet stink of blood." The King (Henry II.) was hearing Mass in the Abbey itself when Roger, with torn vestments, appeared before him hotly demanding redress; but when Henry was informed of what had happened he only laughed in the outraged archiepiscopal face.

The Abbey's Second Founder.

The Abbey in which these and many other notable events occurred remained almost unchanged for about two centuries after its founder's death. With Henry III., who succeeded to the throne in 1216, and was crowned for the second time in 1220, on Whit-Sunday, when the land was more settled than it had been at his accession, a new era began. Of him, indeed, we may speak as the Abbey's second founder, for he it was who began that reconstruction of the fabric which has given to us the Abbey as we know it to-day. But it was from no lack of reverence for the Confessor-king that he determined to rebuild the eastern part of Edward's Norman church, with the Chapter-house and the belfry, in the Pointed style, but rather to provide for the sainted remains a more magnificent resting-place, and to satisfy the promptings of the artist within him. He began by building a Lady Chapel to the east of the Norman apse; then, in 1241, he ordered the construction of a sumptuous shrine for Edward's coffin, to replace the simpler one which had been provided by Henry II.; finally the work of pulling down the Norman choir itself was entered upon, the monks, while the new choir was being built, holding their services in the Lady Chapel and in the nave. The building of the new choir occupied about four and twenty years, and Henry III. lived to see it opened, and although he was in constant need of money and had more than once to pawn the precious stones with which St. Edward's shrine was enriched, he yet contrived, such was the enthusiasm with which he prosecuted his great enterprise, to raise enough funds to pay the enormous cost of the building. With his passion for building, the King may very well have influenced the design, but the architect of the present abbey, as Mr. Lethaby shows, was his "mason," Master Henry of Westminster, who superintended the work until the year 1253. It was carried on after him



TRANSLATION OF THE CONFESSOR'S BODY TO THE NEW SHRINE (*p.* 480).
From a Drawing by W. Hatherell, R.I.

The New Choir.

by Master John of Gloucester (1253-62), and by Master Robert of Beverley (1262-80), but by the time Master Henry's name disappears from the accounts the work was so far advanced that he is to be regarded as the architect of the building as a whole.

The Confessor's New Shrine.

One of the greatest ceremonies at the Abbey in Henry's reign was the translation of the Confessor's body to the new shrine, begun, as we have seen, in 1241, and still not finished in 1269, when the translation took place. It was elevated behind the high altar on a mound of earth believed to have been brought from the Holy Land; and the basement consisted of Purbeck marble, porphyry, and glass mosaic fashioned by Italian workmen brought over by Abbot Ware, while the shrine itself, the work of English goldsmiths, was of pure gold set with jewels. It was further embellished with many gold and silver statues, one of which, a silver image of the Virgin and Child, glowing with rubies, emeralds and garnets, and valued at £200, was the gift of Henry's Queen. When at last the shrine was ready, though still, as we have said, not quite completed—it was further enriched indeed by the gifts of later monarchs—the Confessor's body was borne into the new choir from Westminster Palace by the King himself, his brother Richard King of the Romans, his sons Edward (afterwards King Edward I.) and Edmund (Crouchback), and as many nobles as could get near enough to touch the sacred burden, in presence of a vast concourse of clergy, nobility, and citizens. The chroniclers say that at sight of the coffin thus borne aloft two men from Ireland who were possessed of devils were cured. The day appointed for the translation was the feast of Edward's canonisation, October 13th (1269), the hundredth anniversary of the transference of the remains to the earlier shrine, provided by Henry II.

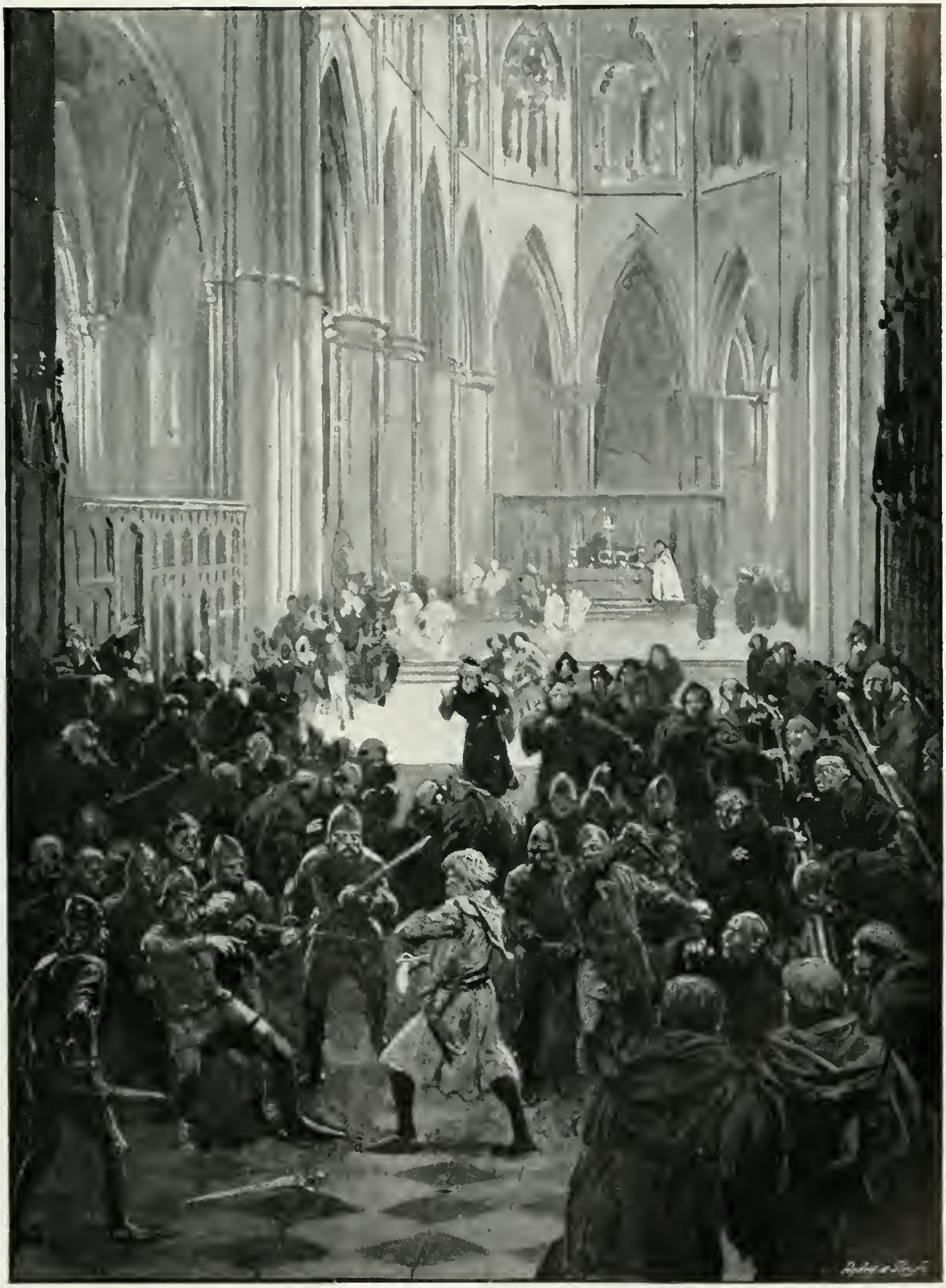
A Gift from Jerusalem.

Another ceremony in which the Abbey's second founder took part was the reception of a most precious gift from the Knights Templars and Knights Hospitallers. Hearing of the King's offerings to Edward's shrine, they sent him a crystal phial containing, so the Patriarch of Jerusalem attested, some of the Saviour's blood. On St. Edward's Day, 1247, having spent the night in prayer and fasting, the King, humbly dressed in a cloak without a hood, with a long procession of clergy and nobles, went on foot to St. Paul's and there received the phial, which he himself bore to St. Peter's Abbey, carrying it with both hands when he came to a rugged part of the road and keeping his eyes steadfastly fixed either on heaven or on the vessel itself. Then he made the circuit of the church and the palace, including his own chambers, and finally, as Matthew of Westminster relates, solemnly offered the gift "to God, the church of St. Peter at Westminster, to his beloved Edward, and the holy brethren who at that place minister to God and the saints."

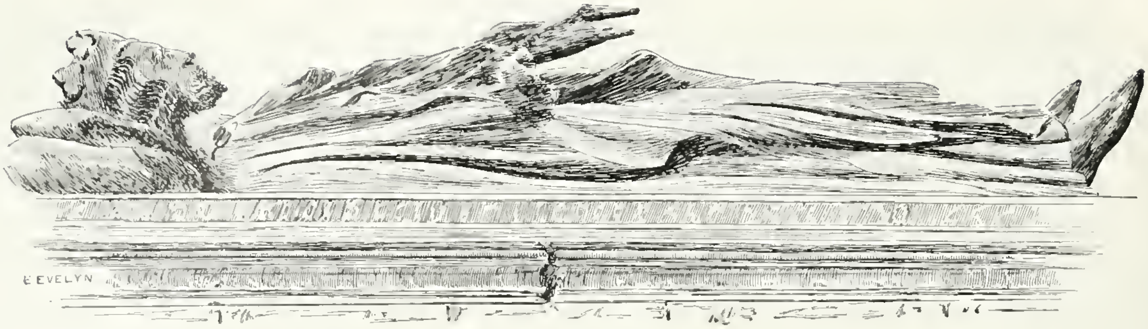
The Abbey indeed was the constant witness of Henry's piety. He was never tired of hearing masses; as the priest elevated the host the King would hold his hand and kiss it; and at Christmas he took part in the Abbey festivals wearing his crown—a custom which was discontinued by his son Edward. And since his association with Westminster Abbey is so intimate, we may quote the description of his personal appearance given by his contemporary, Matthew of Westminster, who tells us that he was "of middling stature, and compact in body. The eyelid of one eye hung down so as to hide some of the dark part of the eyeball. He possessed robust strength, and was inconsiderate in his acts, but as they generally came to fortunate and happy results, many thought he was designated by the prophet Merlin when speaking of the lynx as penetrating everything with his eye."

The work of rebuilding the remainder of the Abbey, including the nave, was continued after his death, though slowly, and it went on in the reigns of his successors until the Dissolution, and even then was not finished, as indeed it is not to this day. In 1298, as Mr. Lethaby shows, a great fire at Westminster Palace spread to the monastic buildings, the dormitory, refectory, infirmary, cellars, and the Abbot's hall being either destroyed or damaged, so that they had to be rebuilt—works which were carried out during the fourteenth century.

In the reign of the unfortunate Richard II. (1377-99), who had undertaken the completion of the new nave, sanctuary was violated three different times, and on one of the occasions, in 1378, the sacred floor was



ROBERT DE HAULE AT BAY (*p.* 482).



TOMB OF HENRY V

A Shedding of Blood.

stained with the blood of one of the fugitives. At the Black Prince's victory at Najara in 1367 two squires, Frank de Haule and John Schakell, captured a Castilian noble, the Count of Denia, and brought him to England. Presently he was allowed to return to Spain to raise his ransom, leaving as hostage his son, who, his father dying before the ransom was forthcoming, remained in captivity. Then de Haule, one of the captors, died, bequeathing his interest in the captive to his son Robert. When John of Gaunt laid claim to the Castilian throne in right of his wife Constance, he wished to conciliate Spain by restoring to his home the young Count, but de Haule and Schakell refused to surrender him, and for their default were committed to the Tower. Thence they fled to the Abbey for sanctuary, but were pursued by Sir Ralph Ferrers and the Constable of the Tower, by order of the Duke, and probably with the approval of Richard, who was but a boy of twelve. The pursuers, numbering some fifty men in armour, including some of the King's servants, arrived at the Abbey (August 11th) while Mass was being celebrated, and according to one account, the deacon had just uttered the words of the Gospel of the day—" If the good man of the house had known what time the thief would come "—when the rude clank of arms was heard. " First seizing Schakell," says Holinshed, " they used the matter so with him that they drew him forth of the church and led him straight to the Tower. But when they came to Robert de Haule and fell in reasoning with him, he would not suffer them to come within his reach, and, perceiving they meant to take him by force, he drew out a falchion, or short sword, which he had girt to him, and therewith laid so freely about him, traversing twice round about the monks' choir, that till they had beset him on each side they could do him no hurt. Howbeit, at length, when they had got him at that advantage, one of them clove his head to the very brains, and another thrust him through the body behind with a sword, and so they murdered him among them ; they slew also one of the monks that would have saved the esquire's life."

At this sacrilegious deed there was, of course, a great hubbub. Ferrers and the Constable of the Tower were excommunicated, were heavily fined, and had to do penance ; Parliament, which held its meetings in the Chapter-house, was suspended so that it might not have to assemble in the polluted precincts, the Abbey itself was shut up for four months and not reopened until it had been plentifully purified and censed, and Abbot Litlington, who was probably an eye-witness of the crime, went on cursing the deed and its doers with great vigour, as did the Bishop of London, who repeated the sentence of excommunication thrice a week at the cross of St. Paul's, and both Abbot and Bishop ignored John of Gaunt's summons to appear before him to answer for their presumption. The angry duke declared that he would gladly go to London to fetch " that disobedient prelate in despite of those ribaulds the Londoners," but he thought better of it. Schakell had, however, to give up his captive, and it then turned out that the Count was none other than the groom who had waited upon him in the Tower as a hired servant. The squire had won his captive's affection, and the young nobleman chose rather to act as his body servant than declare his identity and so terminate his long exile. As for de Haule, he was buried where he fell, just before the

Prior's stall, in these days the sub-Dean's, but his remains were afterwards removed to the south transept, where they still lie.

Henry IV.

After his mysterious death at Pontefract the unfortunate Richard was at first buried at Langley, but later he found sepulture in the Abbey. His supplanter, Henry IV., though he was not buried in the Abbey, died there. Old before his time and weighed down with the burden of ill deeds, he determined at the age of forty-six to make pilgrimage to Jerusalem; but in the winter of that year (1412), as he knelt before St. Edward's shrine, he had a seizure, and died, according to the chroniclers, in the Abbot's drawing-room, the Jerusalem Chamber, which Abbot Litlington had built not many years before, while Richard was on the throne. When he recovered consciousness, according to the story which Shakespeare has made familiar, he asked whether the room in which he was lying had any special name, and being told that it was styled the Jerusalem Chamber, exclaimed, "Praise be to the Father of Heaven, for now I know I shall die in this chamber according to the prophecy of me before said that he should die in Jerusalem." And so, says Fabyan, "he made himself ready, and died shortly after (March 20th, 1413)." He was buried near the shrine of St. Thomas in Canterbury Cathedral, and many suspected that he chose the cathedral rather than the abbey for his resting place because he shrank from being laid near the tomb of his victim.

Henry V.

The coronation of Henry V. was celebrated in a snowstorm on the Sunday before Easter (April 9th, 1413). He gave proof of his piety by having the remains of his cousin, Richard II., brought from Langley and solemnly interred in the Abbey, and providing that tapers "should burn day and night about his grave while the world endureth." His interest in the Abbey he showed by a gift, at the beginning of his reign, of £66 13s. 4d., and he continued to find money both from his privy purse and from the treasury so that the rebuilding of the nave might be prosecuted. Within these walls thanksgiving was made for Agincourt; here with great pomp his French queen, Katharine, was crowned; and when his too short reign was ended (1422) he here received the most glorious burial ever up to that time accorded to an English monarch. On the coffin was laid a figure of the hero-king made of leather, and clad in the royal robes, the face painted into the similitude of his own; and his three chargers, draped in black and bearing his arms and accoutrements, were led by his knights up the nave to the high altar. Henry had himself decreed that he should be laid to rest at the extreme east of St. Edward's Chapel, and that a magnificent chantry should be reared above his tomb. Chantry and tomb were at once begun, and were structurally finished by 1431, though there still remained much to be done in the way of decoration.

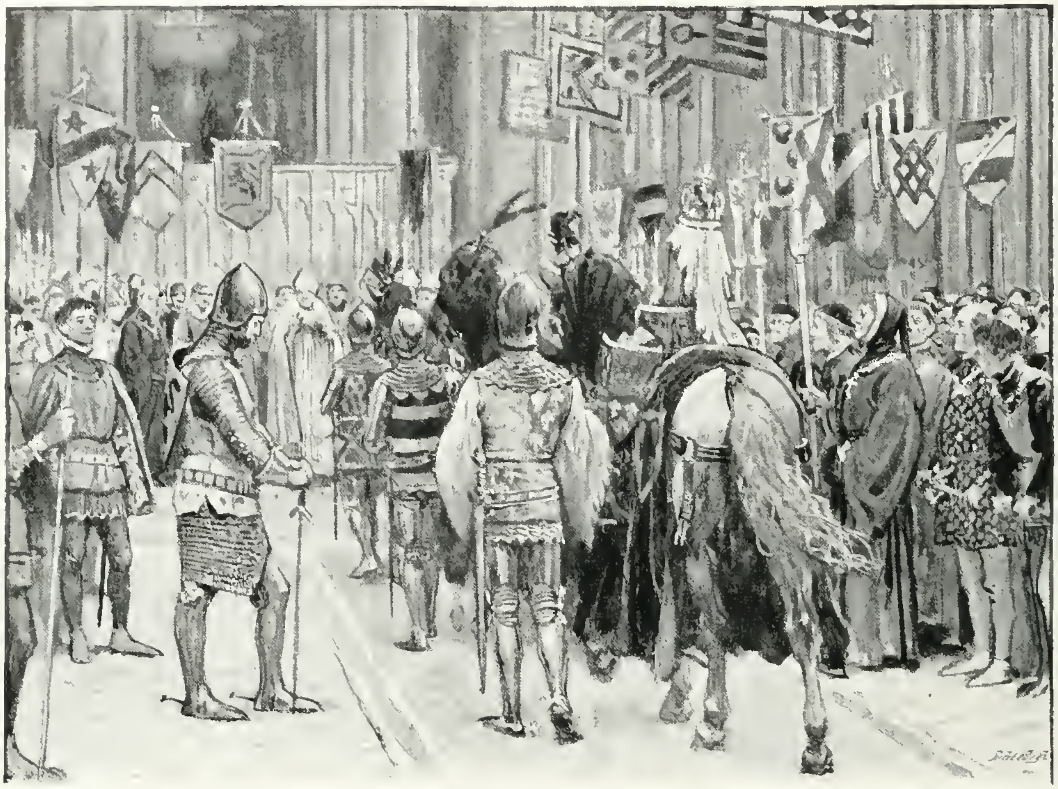
His Glorious Burial.

The Third Builder.

Passing over the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., as well as that of Richard III., whose chief association with the Abbey was his threat to drag the widowed Queen and her children from sanctuary, we come to the King who may well be bracketed with Edward the Confessor and Henry III. as one of the three builders of the church. To Henry VII. the Abbey owes the magnificent Lady Chapel which bears his name, the "wonder of the world" Leland calls it, and, though the phrase is not to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, the structure, in its richness of decoration, has in this country, among Gothic buildings, but one rival, King's College, Cambridge. Henry's aim was to enlist the favour of the Virgin, in whom he professed "most singulier trust and confidence," and to secure that masses should be said, and alms distributed for the welfare of his soul, "perpetually for ever, while the world shall endure." To make way for it the Lady Chapel which the third Henry had built nearly three hundred years before was pulled down, although it was in perfect condition, and with this went a chantry chapel built by Elizabeth Woodville, Edward IV.'s wife, and some old houses at the east end of the Abbey, among them the one in which Chaucer had spent the last year of his life exactly a century before. The poet, by the way, after having been for some time in needy circumstances, had received an extra pension of £36 13s. 4d. at the accession of Henry IV., and on Christmas Eve, 1399, he took a lease for fifty-three years of a house in the garden of the Lady Chapel, but did not live long to dwell in it, for he died towards the end of the following year, probably on the 25th of October.

The design for Henry VII.'s new chapel is credited by Speed to the King himself, but upon no conclusive evidence, and more than to anyone else the glory would seem to belong to Bolton, the Prior of St. Bartholomew's, who had much to do with the later phases of the church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great,* and who was master of the works at the Abbey during the greater part of the time that the chapel was building, and to Abbot Islip, who was the head of the monastery up to 1533, and is known among the abbots as "the great builder." Henry not only defrayed the cost of the chapel, but liberally endowed it, and only nine days before his death he handed a sum of £5,000 to Abbot Islip. For the repose of his soul the King certainly made the most abundant provision. Ten thousand masses were to be said within a month of his death, in the monastery and in London and the neighbourhood. He also bequeathed 500 marks for the rebuilding of the nave, which was still going forward under Islip's direction, and was now not far from completion, for about this time the finishing touches were put to the vaulting and the great west window was inserted. To Henry it was not vouchsafed to see the completion of his beautiful chapel; when he breathed his last at Richmond (April 21st, 1509) the structure itself was only finished as far as the vaulting, and the sumptuous tomb which was to enshrine his poor remains had not even been begun. Not until his son, the eighth Henry, had been ten years on the throne were chapel and tomb finished. But though he was denied this reward, there was accorded to him one of the most magnificent and impressive funerals ever vouchsafed to mortal man.

Henry VII.'s Chapel.



FUNERAL OF HENRY V.

Under Islip, "the great builder," the west end of the nave was finished except that the gable was only weather boarded and that the two towers were only carried up to the roof. He also designed a lofty central bell tower,

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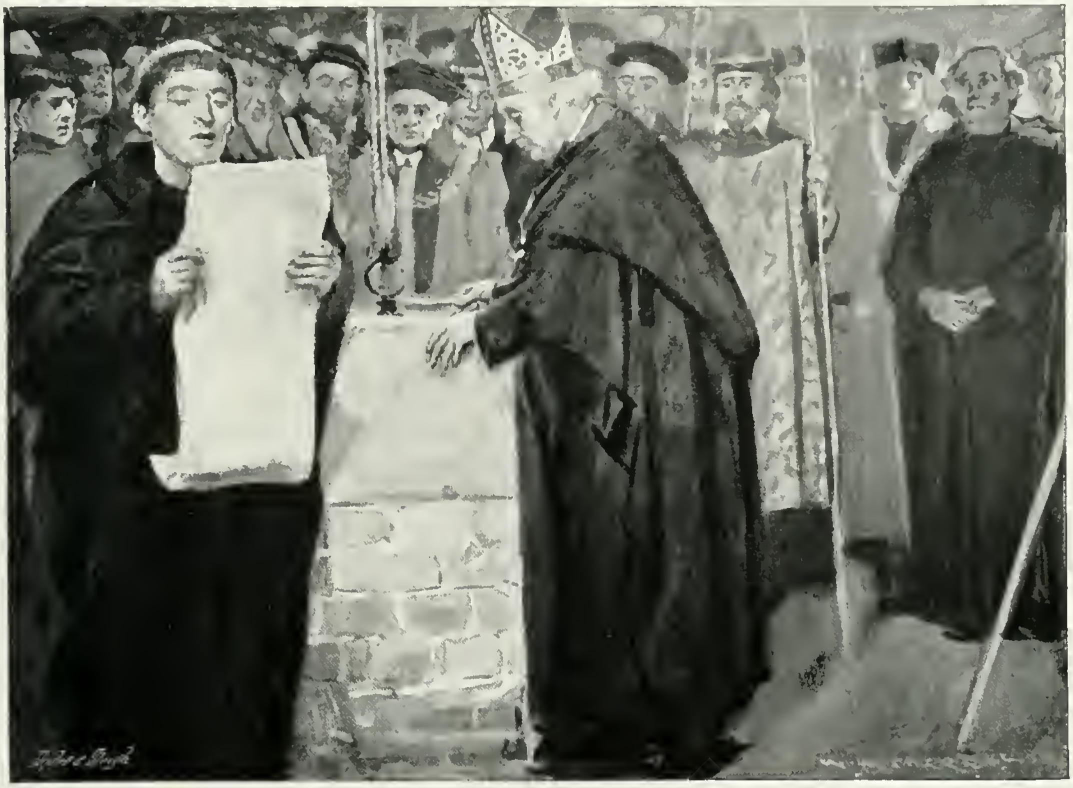
* See *ante*, p. 357.

Abbot Islip.

The Abbey Surrendered.

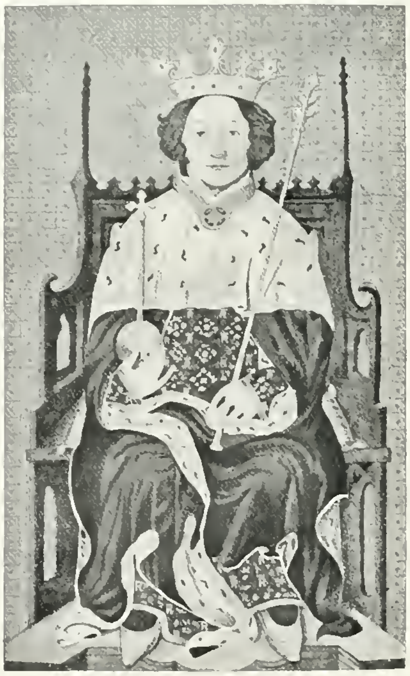
but the pillars were found to be not sufficiently stable to support it. Dying in 1533, Islip was succeeded by the last of the abbots of the old foundation, Abbot Boston. Him Henry VIII. compelled to exchange some of the most valuable of the Abbey's estates, among them those now known as St. James's and Hyde Parks, for lands further afield, and yielding a much poorer revenue; the Abbey church itself was despoiled of some of its most precious treasures; and at last, in 1540 (January 16th), Boston and his twenty-four monks had to sign a "voluntary" deed surrendering the monastery and all its possessions to the King. Their accommodating temper did not go unrewarded. The Abbey's wealth was enormous, its income amounting to something like £70,000 of present-day money, and Henry, rapacious as he was, could well afford to treat them handsomely. The monastery having been erected into a see, with Thomas Thirleby, Dean of the Chapel Royal, as Bishop, and the Abbot's house for his palace, Boston was appointed the first Dean, under his family name of Benson, some of the monks were converted into the canons of the new chapter, and others of them were pensioned. For the great refectory, on the south side of the cloisters, there was now no use, and it was pulled down and the site given to one of the prebendaries, who built upon it a residence where now stands Ashburnham House. Others of the Abbey buildings were also destroyed, but the Chapter-house continued to be the meeting-place of Parliament until 1547, when it became a record-house. When, in the same year, Henry died, he was buried not in the church which he had treated so grievously, but at Windsor, where Jane Seymour, the mother of his heir, awaited him.


ABBOT ISLIP LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL.
From a Drawing by W. Hatherell, R.I.

Spoliation.

Already, even before the monastery was formally dissolved, St. Edward's shrine had been despoiled and mutilated, and the monks, it is said, secretly buried the Confessor's bones to secure them from sacrilegious treatment. Under Edward VI. the church was further despoiled by the Protector Somerset, who used many tons of the Caen stone from the monastic buildings for the erection of his palace in the Strand. It is said that Dean Benson had the grace to die of remorse for his complaisance towards the Protector's demands, but Mrs. Murray Smith is not inclined to credit him with any such emotion, or with any great concern except "the possession or enjoyment of a large income." At this time it was that the expression "robbing Peter to pay Paul" became proverbial, the proceeds of the sale of some of the Abbey lands being appropriated to the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral.

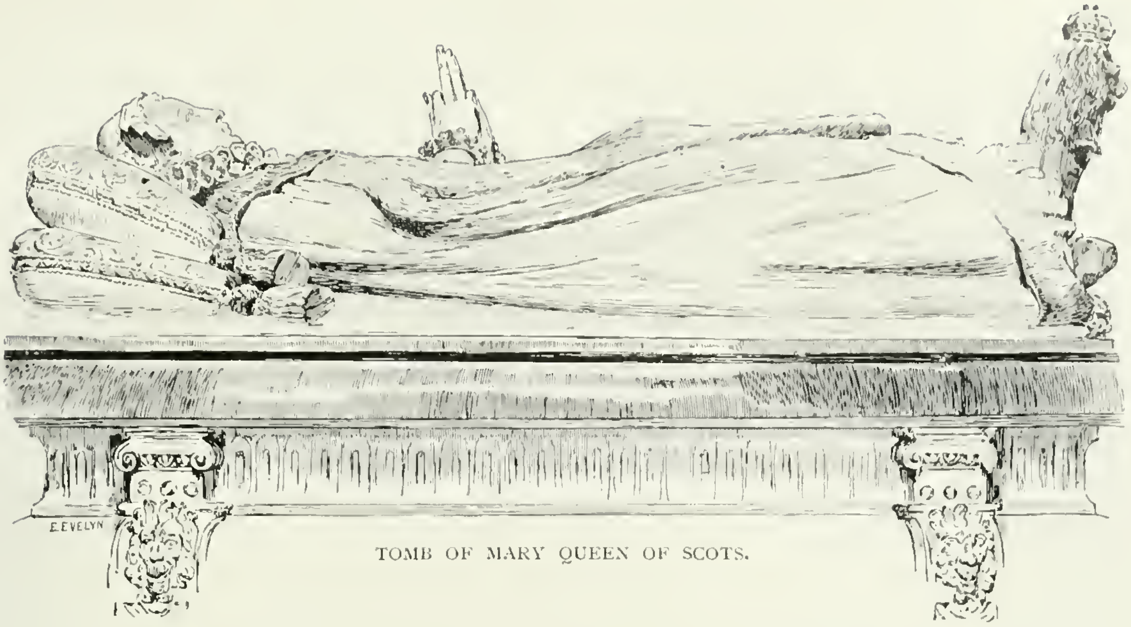
As we saw in the last chapter, the see of Westminster had but a short life, Thirleby being its last, as he was its first, bishop. When he was transferred to Norwich (March, 1550), the new diocese was merged in that of London, and until Edward's death, three years later, the Abbey lost its independence, being reduced by Act of Parliament to the status of a cathedral in the diocese of London. Under Mary, however, its independence was restored, and with its independence the monastic rule. John Feckenham, "a short man of a round visage, affable and pleasant," eloquent and erudite and tolerant, became abbot, with fourteen monks under him, the old ritual was re-established, and so much as was left of St. Edward's tomb was once more set up. But with Mary's death (November 17th, 1558) the restoration came to an end. Feckenham, however, was not at once dispossessed. Elizabeth appears to have been well affected towards him, and would no doubt have been ready to keep him at Westminster as Dean had he been as compliant in one direction as Abbot Boston had been in the other. Made of sterner stuff, he fought vigorously, though not intemperately, for the old ways. But in a few months the end came, the monastery being again, and this time finally, dissolved on the 12th of July, 1559. Feckenham, refusing to take the oath of supremacy, was arrested, and the remaining five-and-twenty years of his life were spent in captivity, either in the Tower or in the Marshalsea prison, or at the houses of bishops who strove vainly, and not always gently, to convert him. Fuller pregnantly says of him that, like an axle-tree, he stood "firm and fixed in his own judgement, whilst the times, like the wheels, turned backwards and forwards round about him," and, praising his charity, remarks that "flies flock not thicker about spilt honey than beggars constantly crowded about him."



THE ABBEY PORTRAIT OF RICHARD II.

Relics.

Before he was sent to the Tower Feckenham was careful to put into careful keeping that "relic of the true Cross" which for centuries had been one of the Abbey's most precious treasures. According to the late Edward Walford, writing in "Old and New London," it was carefully preserved, and in 1822 was found in a box along with some antique vestments at the house of a Roman Catholic gentleman in Holborn, a Mr. Langdale, and, having been duly authenticated, was removed to the Benedictine College of St. Gregory at Downside, near Bath. Walford adds that the relic is minutely described in the Chevalier Fleury's work on "Relics of the True Cross." Other relics on which the Abbey set store were the veil and some of the milk of the Virgin Mary, the blade-bone of St. Benedict, the head of St. Maxilla, and half the jaw-bone of St. Anastatia. These, no doubt, were cast as rubbish to the void when the Abbey was purged of the things that savoured of superstition and idolatry.



TOMB OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

CHAPTER XLV

WESTMINSTER ABBEY: AFTER THE DISSOLUTION

The Abbey Refounded—A Story of Two Bishops—Queens who would not be Crowned—Archbishop Williams and the Apprentice—The Abbey under the Puritans—Cromwell's Funeral—Robert Blake's—Casting out the Puritans—Omens at Coronations—Sir Christopher Wren's Work at the Abbey—George I. and George III.—First Handel Festival—An Antiquary's Gruesome Experiences—Queen Caroline's Repulse—Coronation of George IV.—Queen Victoria's—Dean Stanley and what He did for the Abbey—Queen Victoria's First Jubilee—The Coronation of Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra

The New Foundation.

THAT the Abbey church, though it was swept clear of relics regarded as idolatrous, suffered so little structurally at the Dissolution was no doubt owing to its being the tomb-house of so many of our kings. It had been, in fact, almost a chapel royal, and it was little likely, therefore, that a movement which was directed by a king would be allowed to work much scathe upon it. On the 12th of May, 1560, the new foundation was established by royal charter of Queen Elizabeth, on virtually the same lines as the college constituted by Henry VIII., with a dean, six canons, and as many minor canons, twelve almsmen, an organist, and choristers. To the college was attached a school for boys, with a master and usher, and at first the connexion between Abbey and school was of the closest kind. The Dean boarded some of the scholars at the deanery, and until the middle of the next century he and the Chapter dined with the boys in the great college hall, formerly the Abbot's dining-room, the Dean and canons sitting at "the high table" on the dais, the minor canons and officials, with the scholars, below. The monastic tradition, indeed, was still strong at the Abbey, and the first two deans were unmarried, Queen Elizabeth expecting celibacy of her deans as well as of her bishops. The monks' dormitory was repaired and furnished for collegiate purposes, while the smaller or northern portion became the library. It is interesting to note that under Goodman, the second of the Elizabethan deans, who was appointed in 1561, a guide was for the first time appointed to show the monuments, and that Camden, while a master at the school, "diverted himself amongst the ancient monuments," and wrote the first Guide-book to the Abbey. Under Goodman, too, in 1651, the little Chapel of St. Catherine, against the monks' infirmary, was pulled down.

After the Dissolution the Abbey continued to be, as before, the crowning-place of our sovereigns, and for a time the burying-place of most of them. When Elizabeth's long reign ended (March 24th, 1603), she was laid, amid almost extravagant lamentations, in the vault which for forty-five years her unhappy sister had occupied. At this time the Dean was Lancelot Andrewes, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, one of the best and most learned of all the Deans of Westminster. He was succeeded in 1605 by Richard Neile, and a capital story, which has also the merit of being true, is told which illustrates the wit of the one and the servility of the other. After James had dissolved his last Parliament the conversation one day turned on subsidies while the King was at dinner, with Andrewes, now Bishop of Winchester, and Neile, now Bishop of Durham, standing behind him. "My lord," said the King to Neile, "cannot I take my subjects' money without all this formality in Parliament?" "God forbid, sir, but you should," was the reply; "you are the breath of our nostrils." "Well, my lord, what say you?" said the King, turning to Andrewes. "Sir," answered Andrewes, "I have no skill to judge of Parliamentary cases." But the King was not to be put off, and demanded that his question should be answered. "Then, sir," said Andrewes, "I think it lawful for you to take my brother Neile's money, for he offers it!"

Wit and Servility.

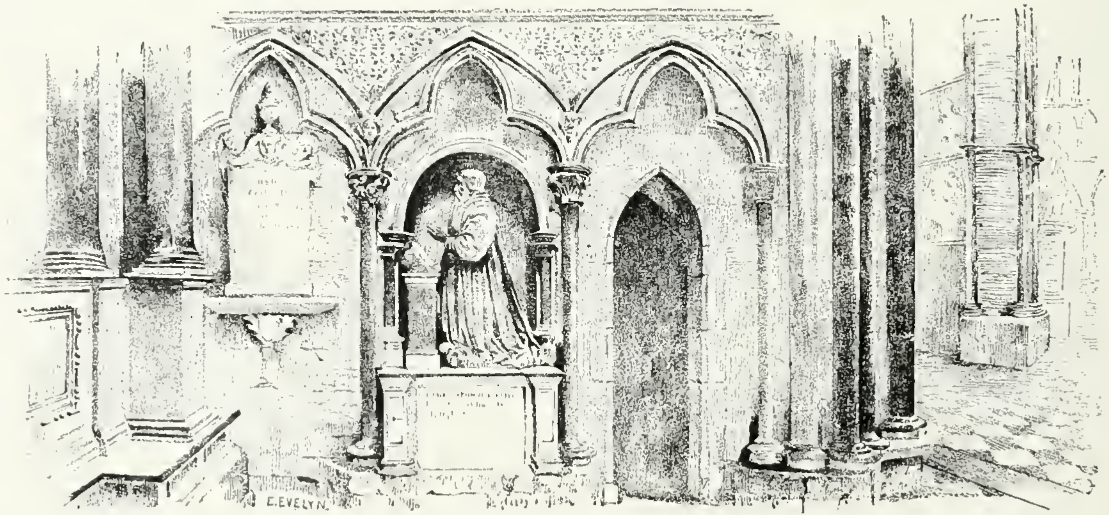
The coronation of James I. (July 25th, 1603) is memorable as that at which for the first time the Anglican rites were observed. It was marked also by the refusal of the Queen (Anne of Denmark) to receive the Sacrament, on the plea that she had already changed her religion once—the Lutheran for the Presbyterian, the suggestion evidently being that she had exhausted her rights in this kind. But it was suspected that her real motive was a secret leaning to the Roman Church.

Anglican Rites at a Coronation.

When Charles I. was crowned, Henrietta Maria went further than Anne of Denmark had done, for she refused to participate in the ceremony at all, on account of her faith. As Jesse says, "her conduct on this occasion presented the first of that long catalogue of errors which eventually cost her husband his head and her descendants the sovereignty over these realms. She contented herself with beholding the procession from an apartment in the Gatehouse, Westminster, overlooking Palace Yard, which had been fitted up purposely for her accommodation." According to an eye-witness she and her ladies conducted themselves during the ceremony with undue levity; it is not easy therefore to believe that her scruples, which, had they been serious, would have deserved the fullest respect, cut very deep.

An Uncrowned Queen.

In this reign the quarrels between the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians put the Abbey in jeopardy. The bishops were the objects of detestation on the part of the populace, and two days after Christmas, Dean Williams, who had been appointed Archbishop of York, was walking from the



CHAPEL OF ST. BENEDICT.

Prelate and Apprentice.

Deanery to the House of Lords when an apprentice shouted out "No bishops." Forgetting his decanal, not to say archiepiscopal, dignity, Williams struck the lad, whereat he was mobbed, his robes were torn from his back, and he was belaboured with the cudgels of the apprentices, who laid down for his admonition the principle that "a bishop should be no striker." The next day, the Abbey doors being closed, the church itself was assaulted by the mob, but they were beaten off by the officers of the church, manfully reinforced by the boys of the college, and, as Thomas Fuller quaintly puts it, "an unhappy tile was cast by an unknown hand from the leads or battlements of the church, which so bruised Sir Richard Wiseman that he died thereof." So ended, Fuller adds, "that day's distemper."

Under the Puritans.

But in the days of the Puritan ascendency the Abbey was again fortunate. It became nationalised, and so it fared much better than St. Paul's Cathedral and so many other monuments of the great days of architecture up and down the land. For some time a Presbyterian congregation worshipped in the Abbey, and when, the division between Presbyterians and Independents having become acute, it ceased to do so, its place was taken by an Independent church which had held its services in the House of Lords, and of which the ministerial charge was now assumed by the Rev. William Strong, M.A., a Cambridge student of Dr. Sibbes's. At the Restoration the Independent church was of course ejected, and after being for a while homeless it settled in Bartholomew's Close, in the City, and subsisted, though not in the same place, until 1825.*

Some of the Puritan magnates chose the Abbey as their place of sepulture, and Bradshaw, President of the Council which sent Charles to the block, made it his residence, for just before the King went to his doom (January 30th, 1649) the Deanery was granted to him on lease, so that, as Mrs. Murray Smith says, "it was actually from the precincts of the royal church that this destroyer of a king went forth day by day to sit in judgment at his sovereign's trial. Bradshaw had an iron will and stern sense of duty," adds this very judicial writer, "and the stories got up afterwards by the Royalists about his repentance and superstitious fear are absolutely groundless. For ten years he inhabited the Deanery, and a small chamber in the south-west belfry tower, with an ancient fireplace, is still called Bradshaw's room, which he used as a study and stocked with books. Here he loved to go and meditate amongst his books, climbing the little winding stair which still leads up to it near the Jericho Parlour. Here also, according to a fabulous Royalist tradition, he took refuge from his enemies and his own terror of their revenge; his ghost is said to haunt the triforium passage close by, walking ever in restless remorse." At the Deanery it was that Bradshaw died (October 31st, 1659), and three weeks later, the body having probably been embalmed, he was buried with solemn pomp among the kings in Henry VII.'s Chapel.

Eight years before this (November, 1651),

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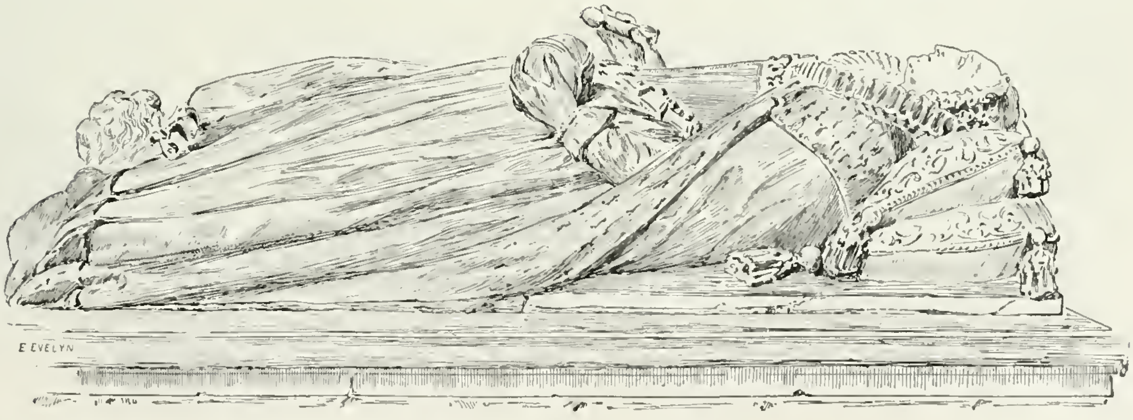
* For further details *see* "The Independent Church in Westminster Abbey." By the Rev. Ira Boseley. (1907.)



TOMB OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

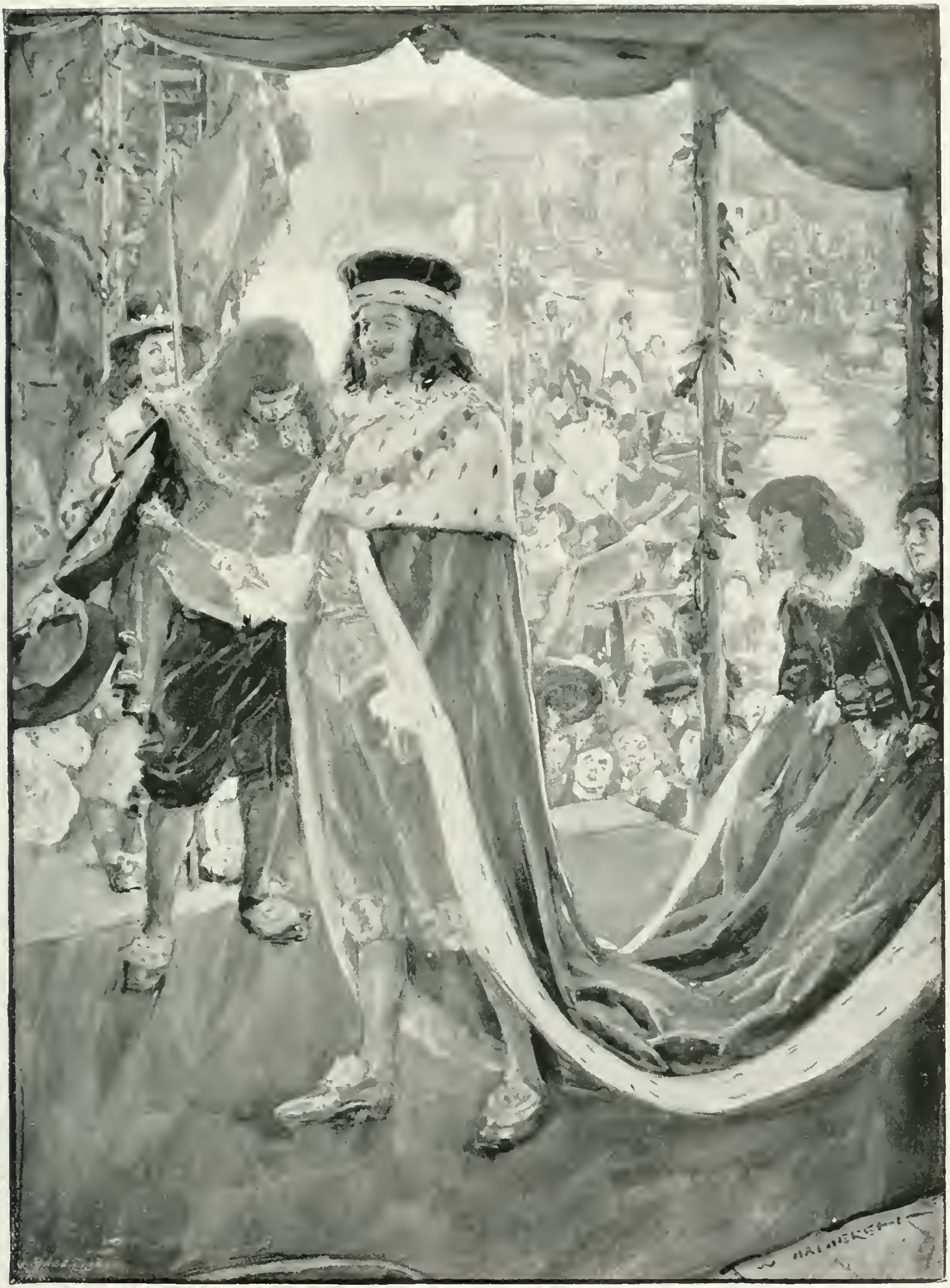
Cromwell's Funeral.

Henry Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, was interred in the Abbey, probably in that same vault in the Tudor king's Lady Chapel in which the Great Protector himself and other members of his family were presently to be laid. In 1654 Cromwell buried here with much state his aged mother, despite the wish she had expressed to have a private funeral. Two years later his sister Jane, wife of General Desborough, was laid beside her mother, and two years after this (1658) Elizabeth Claypole, his favourite daughter, was interred close to, but not in, the same vault. Her terrible sufferings had thrown her father into a profound melancholy, and less than a month afterwards he followed her into the land of shadows. Him they gave a burial of more than regal splendour, a burial which cost upwards of £60,000, more than half as much again as had been expended upon the funeral of the first of our Stuart kings. On the 26th of September the embalmed body was removed from Whitehall to Somerset House, and from the 18th of October to the 23rd of November it lay in state. When the day of the funeral came the effigy of the great man was set on its feet under a canopy in royal robes, crowned, orbed and sceptred. An hour after midday it was laid on a bier and placed within a coach open on all sides, draped in black, enriched with plumes and bearers, and drawn by six plumed horses entirely covered, except as to the eyes, with black velvet, which hung almost to the ground, the driver and postilions arrayed in long robes of the same gloomy hue. "The whole ceremony was managed with very great state to Westminster," says the official account, "many thousands of people being spectators. At the west gate of the Abbey Church the herse, with the effigies thereon, was taken off the chariot by . . . ten gentlemen, . . . who passing on to enter the church, the canopy of state was by the same persons borne over it again, and in this magnificent manner they carried it unto King Henry the Seventh's Chapel at the east end of the Abbey, and placed it in a superb structure raised there on purpose to receive it, built in the same form as one before had been on the like occasion for King James but much more stately, where it remained for some time exposed to public view."

The year before Cromwell was buried with this laboured pomp they brought to the Abbey the man who, among the men of action on the same side, was second only to himself, and of whom Clarendon, the Royalist historian, declares that "the illustrious genius of Blake was admired even by the hostile faction of his countrymen," while Algernon Sidney tells us that, after Blake's great victory over Tromp at Portland, the reputation and power of England were greater "than when we possessed the better half of France, and the kings of France and Scotland were our prisoners. All the states, kings, and potentates of Europe," he adds, "most respectfully, not to say submissively, sought our friendship; and Rome was more afraid of Blake and his fleet than she had been of the great King of Sweden when he was ready to invade Italy with a hundred thousand men." After his last great exploit at Santa Cruz (April 20th, 1657) the Puritan Sea-king, his health broken down, had sailed for home, but when the *George* sighted the coast of Cornwall the film of death was gathering over his eyes, and before the vessel had cast anchor in Plymouth Sound, on the 17th of August, he had breathed his last and the multitudes who had come to cheer the hero remained to mourn. "He wanted no pomp of funeral," says Clarendon, "Cromwell causing him to be brought by land to London in all the state that could be, and . . . he was, with all the solemnity possible, and at the charge of the public, interred in Harry the Seventh's Chapel among the monuments of the kings."

Purging the Abbey.

Now comes the dismal story of the mean revenge which Charles II. wreaked upon the remains of the men who living had vanquished his and his father's adherents. On the 26th or 27th of January, 1661, a few months after his return, the bodies of the Protector and Ireton, having been disinterred, were taken on carts to the "Red Lion" at Holborn, where they remained till the morning of the 30th, the anniversary of Charles I.'s execution. Then, with Bradshaw's, the coffins were drawn to Tyburn on sledges and the bodies suspended on the gallows till sunset, when they were beheaded, and while the trunks were flung into a pit beneath the scaffold, the heads were set up on spikes on the top of West-



CORONATION OF CHARLES I.: HIS PROGRESS TO THE ABBEY.

From a Drawing by W. Hatherell, R.I.

minster Hall. Evelyn, whom one seldom reads with aught but pleasure, is here betrayed into a melancholy exhibition of ghoulishness. "This day, 30th of January, 1661," he writes, "(O! the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!) were the carcases of those arch-rebels Cromwell, Bradshaw (the judge who condemned his Majesty), and Ireton (son-in-law to the usurper) dragged out of their superb tombs in Westminster among the kings to Tyburn, and hanged on the gallows there from nine in the morning to six at night, and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deep pit, thousands of people who had seen them in all their pride being spectators."

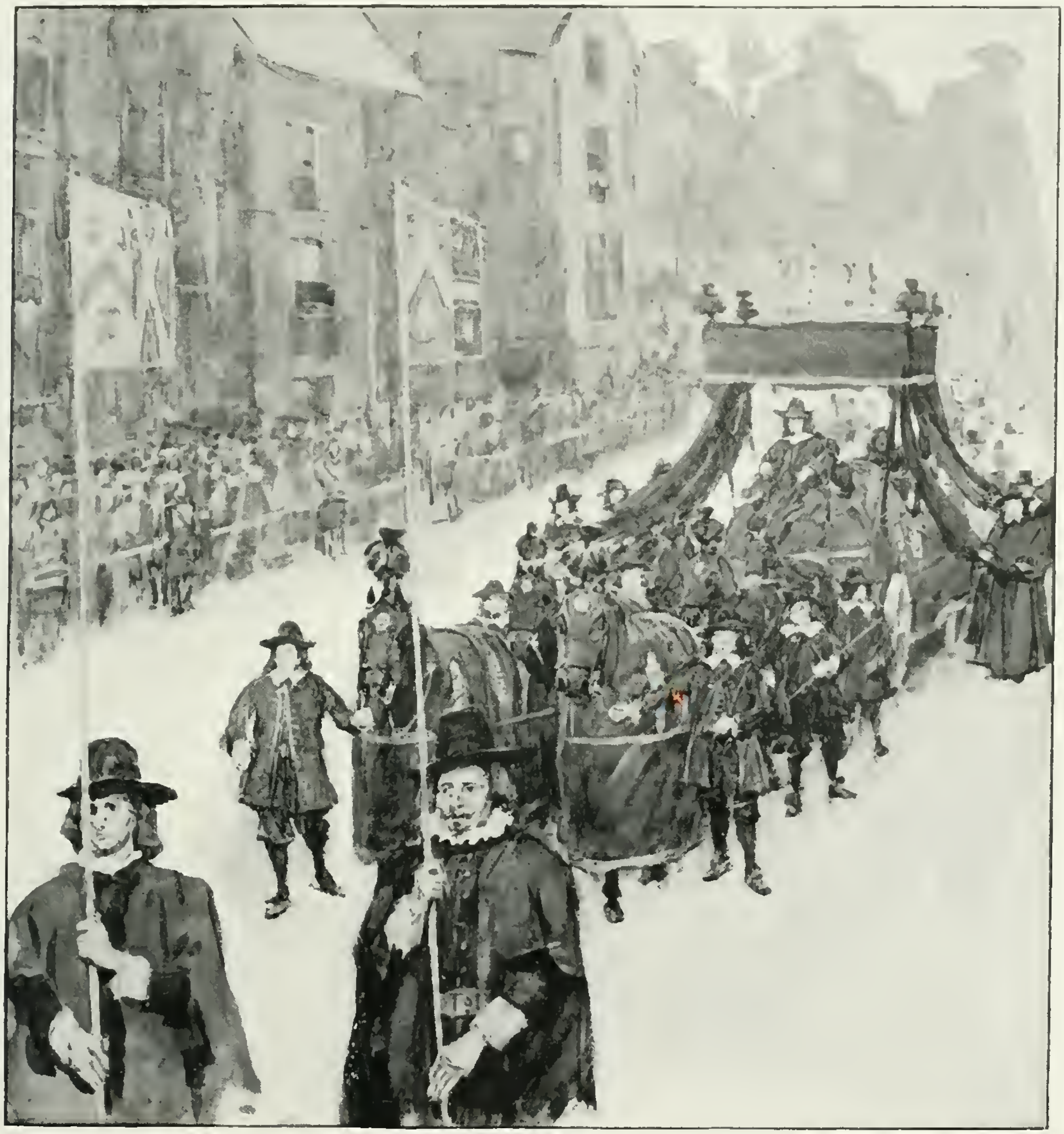
Nor did the King's disgusting reprisals upon the defenceless dead end here. The bodies of all but six of the Puritans who were interred in the Abbey were disinterred: not even the Protector's mother, nor his sister, nor his granddaughter, nor even Blake, who had covered his nation with glory by his achievements on the high seas, was spared, but all alike were howked up and contumeliously hurled into a common pit—not, as many long believed, in St. Margaret's Churchyard, but in the Abbey grounds, a little to the west of the north transept, and just north of the second and third buttresses. Here, a few years ago, was discovered a round space in which were many bones all mixed up together, and there can be little doubt that they are those of the victims of Charles's unkingly spite. "Here," we may say with Mrs. Murray Smith, "Here let them rest henceforth undisturbed, with the grass growing over their heads, while within the Abbey their names may be seen inscribed in the Cromwell Chapel, beneath which most of them were once buried." The only member of the Cromwell family who was left undisturbed was his daughter Elizabeth. It would be pleasant to believe that she was exempted from interference by reason of the favourable impression her sweetness of disposition had made upon her father's foes, but it may be that she was spared simply because her grave was overlooked.

Omens.

The Abbey having undergone this purgation, the coronation of Charles was solemnised on the 23rd of April, 1661. In the evening the din of the ordnance that was fired from the Tower was drowned by a thunderstorm, whereat some of Sub-dean Heylin's friends who were supping with him in the precincts were much alarmed, regarding it as an omen, until their host wittily suggested that it was Heaven's ordnance joining in the acclamations. At the coronation of Charles's brother and Mary of Modena there were circumstances which the most ingenious of courtiers would have found it difficult to twist into favourable omens: a window painted with the royal arms fell, a flag was seen to be torn, there was a broken canopy above the thrones, and, most significant of all, the crown tottered on the King's head and might have fallen off had not Henry Sidney, one of the attendants, steadied it, remarking the while, "This is not the first time that my family have supported the Crown."

A Dismal Crowning.

Nor would it have been easy to explain away all the inauspicious things that happened at the next coronation. For Queen Mary herself the day must have been a most trying one. While she was dressing they brought her news that her father had landed in Ireland; they brought her also his curses upon her head, written with his own hand. It was the first time a coronation had taken place on a day which was neither a Sunday nor a holy day. Darkness came on before the ceremony was concluded; the twenty guineas which were to form the royal offering were mislaid, and when the gold basin was presented to the King he had nothing to put into it until one of his lords handed him some gold. There were many peculiarities in the spectacle, says Dean Stanley in his "Memorials of Westminster Abbey." "The double coronation was such as has never been seen before. The tall Queen and short King walked side by side, not as sovereign and consort, but as joint sovereigns, with the sword between them. For the first time a second chair of state was provided, which has since been habitually used for the queen consort. Into this chair Mary was lifted, like her husband, girt with the sword, and invested with the symbols of sovereignty. . . . Behind the altar rose, for the first time, the seats of the assembled Commons. There was a full attendance of the lay magnates of the realm, including even some who had voted for a regency. Amongst the gifts was (as at the installation of Cromwell) presented the Bible, now and henceforward as 'the most valuable thing that this world contains.'" The Queen's enemies were no doubt over ready to detect in her signs of unfilial cheerfulness; but it could not be denied that before the long-drawn-out ceremony was ended she looked flushed and unhappy. "Madam, I pity your fatigue," said her sister Anne. "A crown, sister," was the retort, "is not so heavy as it seems to be."


FUNERAL OF CROMWELL.

Queen Anne crowned.

When Queen Anne's turn came she was crowned alone, her husband, Prince George of Denmark, not playing the part of king consort, but simply taking his place, as Duke of Cumberland, among the peers of his wife's realm. Anne was suffering from gout at the time, and only with difficulty could she stand or kneel. In one sense she was more favoured than her sister, at whose coronation the Archbishop of Canterbury (Sancroft) declined to officiate, his office being fulfilled by Compton, Bishop of London, and the sermon being preached by another bishop (Burnet), whereas at Anne's coronation the two Archbishops officiated.

During these two reigns a good deal was done to the Abbey buildings in the way of "restoration," under the supervision of Wren and those who succeeded him. By the time

Sir Christopher at Work.

Sir Christopher was called in the church had fallen into a condition of dire dilapidation, and his prescription being accepted, Parliament, in 1697, granted a duty on coal to provide the necessary funds, as it had done for the rebuilding of St. Paul's. By this time Richard II.'s porch at the north entrance had been swept completely away—no doubt to prevent it from tumbling down. After repairing the south front Wren gave his attention to the north front, though Mr. Lethaby holds that the design was probably made by Dickenson, the surveyor of the Abbey, "under Wren's general advice." Designs were also furnished for the completion of the two western towers, but here again Wren's appears to be a very modified responsibility, though they are often spoken of without qualification as his towers. When he died this undertaking had not even been begun, and his designs were much altered by those who actually carried out the work—first his pupil Hawksmoor, and after Hawksmoor's death in 1736, Dickenson, and John James, the architect of St. George's, Hanover Square. The towers were completed in 1740, and Dean Wilcocks was so pleased with them that he had them carved upon his monument, reared by his wish beneath the south-west tower. Stiff and formal as the towers are—stiff with *rigor mortis*, one may perhaps say—they might, in that age, have been worse; and we may at any rate be thankful that Hawksmoor was not able to give effect to his intention of topping them with spires. Wren's design, it should be added, included the carrying up of the central tower into a lofty spire, but this feature he abandoned because he found, as Abbot Islip had found long before, that the piers were not strong enough to sustain the weight. His design looks not ill, and it is curious to speculate what would have been the result had the opportunity of adding a central spire to the Abbey fallen to this great master of the art of spire building.

George I.

Before Wren was laid to rest in his own Cathedral of St. Paul, the first of our Hanoverian kings had had his hallowing in the Abbey of St. Peter (October 20th, 1714). George I. had not condescended to learn the tongue of his future subjects, and, as Dean Stanley says, "the ceremonies had to be explained by the ministers, who could not speak German, to the King, who could not speak English, in Latin which they must both have spoken very imperfectly." The result was, as someone wittily said, that much "bad language" was used.

George III.

The coronation of George III. (September 22nd, 1761) was attended by an omen—the fall of a jewel from the crown; and when long years afterwards the American colonies had broken away from the motherland, the true significance of the occurrence was, of course, discerned. The ceremony was also marked by an event which illustrated the King's religious feeling. When he came to the altar to receive the sacrament he asked the Archbishop whether he ought not to lay aside his crown. The Archbishop referred the question to the Bishop of Rochester, but he also was unable to answer it, and it was left to the King himself to decide the point, which he did by taking off the chief symbol of his sovereignty and laying it aside during this solemn part of the hallowing.

First Handel Festival.

In this reign it was (1784) that the first of the Handel Festivals was celebrated, occupying four days. The music consisted wholly of Handel's compositions, rendered by an orchestra and choir numbering six hundred, and supported by a temporary organ destined for Canterbury Cathedral. At the east end, in front of the choir screen, thrones had been reared for the King and Queen, who had the bishops on their right and the Dean and Chapter on the left; and it was the King who, by impulsively starting to his feet, weeping with emotion, initiated the custom, ever since observed, of standing during the singing of the Hallelujah Chorus. The Festivals continued to be held in the Abbey until 1790, when they were transferred to St. Margaret's; but at least on one occasion after that date, in 1834, the celebration took place in the Abbey.

An Antiquary's Plight.

Two years after the first Festival (1786) the funeral of the Princess Amelia, the King's aunt, was the occasion of a gruesome experience to a curious antiquary. The day before the funeral, according to a journal of the period, this gentleman, a Mr. Tuffin, by feeing the workmen, was allowed to go down into the royal vault in order that he might transcribe some of the inscriptions upon the coffins. "He had procured a wax taper, and in the intentness of his search time passed away unperceived. At length his pursuit was interrupted. A soldier had secreted himself, and in the absence of the workmen was attempting to pull off one of the silver plates from the coffin next him. The gentleman prevented him, and the villain escaped. Soon after this, while the curious visitant was copying the inscription on the coffin of the late Duke of Cumberland, he was alarmed by the falling noise of the trap-door of the vault, and heard the outer gate of the Abbey ring upon its hinges, the bolts were secured, and he found himself locked in among the dead. Speedily after this his taper went out, and he remained in total darkness. In this unpleasant situation the night at length passed over. Morning, however, released him from the grave, and he walked home, but was immediately taken ill and confined for six weeks to his room."

Decay.

By the end of the eighteenth century the Abbey had once more sunk into a state of melancholy disrepair. The west front was almost ruinous; in Henry VII.'s Chapel many of the windows were broken and the mullions had been barbarously hacked away; and the spirit in which the Chapter regarded the treasure committed to their charge may be deduced from the fact that they had not scrupled to cut a carriage-way through one of the buttresses of the Chapter-house. In 1803 (July 9th) the endeavours of the Chapter to do their worst for the Abbey were reinforced by a fire which broke out in the lantern, as the result of which the roof of the tower fell in, doing considerable damage to the choir, which had to be closed for two years. The year before this event Dr. Vincent, headmaster of Westminster School, was appointed Dean, and in his thirteen years of office the injury caused by the fire was repaired. Vincent appealed to Parliament to provide funds for the work, and between 1807 and 1814 grants amounting altogether to about £42,000 were allocated to the repair of the fabric.

Queen Caroline's Repulse.

With the burial of George III. at Windsor, the Abbey ceased to be the mausoleum of our kings and queens; but it did not lose its place as the scene of their hallowing. From the coronation of the first of the Georges his queen was absent because she was interned in prison; from that of the fourth of the name (July 19th, 1821) his queen was kept by physical force. Three times was Caroline repulsed from the doors, and her mortification at the absence of any popular demonstration in her behalf was such that she returned to Brandenburg House to die, the end of her wretched life coming less than three weeks afterwards. The coronation had been postponed for a year, because Caroline's trial was not concluded, and because, under the direction of James Wyatt, who happily had not the scope to work the mischief here which he wrought elsewhere, the choir was being refitted. When at last the day came the ceremony was carried out with lavish sumptuousness, the enormous sum of nearly a quarter of a million being spent upon it. From a lively account of the coronation, quoted by Mrs. Murray Smith from the private letters of a young lady who was present, we may cull two or three sentences.

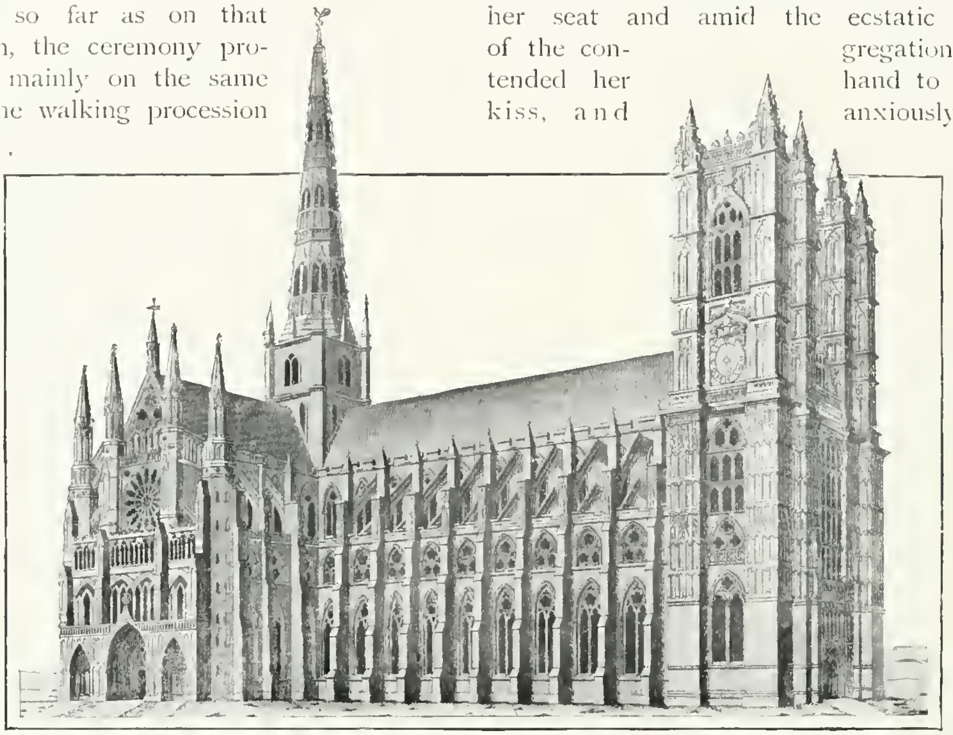
Coronation of George IV.

The guards who lined the nave were, she noted, so well chosen that not only their hands but also their shoulders and their knees were all on a precise level. Prince Leopold, who came first in the royal procession, looked, she thought, most kingly. "I never saw a more noble, sensible, collected face and deportment; grave almost to severity, without harshness, he looked a man one must respect and might adore, quite of another race to the thick, heavy, stupid-looking Royal Family who followed him." The King, recorded this very frank young lady, was overloaded with finery. He looked fatigued and worn, and as pale as death, and she thought him "wonderfully like an immense old woman" in his wig "with long flowing curls which hung full a quarter of a yard over his shoulders." As to the Queen's attempts to force an entrance, the writer thought that her violent rage and her burst of tears were "most unfit, most improper, and unregal. It was a shame, and a disgraceful as well as distressing scene for a queen to exhibit on such a day."

Upon the coronation of William IV. and Queen Adelaide (September 8th, 1831) only

Queen's Weather.

about one-sixth of the sum lavished upon that of George IV. was expended. The Queen was so bent upon the avoidance of waste that she would permit neither the purchase nor the hire of a crown for herself, but had one made up from her own jewels at her own charges. Though in the coronation of Queen Victoria (June 8th, 1838) economy was not carried so far as on that occasion, the ceremony proceeded mainly on the same lines, the walking procession of "all the estates of the realm" and the banquet in Westminster Hall, with all the attendant feudal services, being dispensed with. To the young Queen there was vouchsafed on this great occasion a foretaste of that sympathetic disposition of the elements which in after years came to be spoken of as "Queen's weather." The day so far had been dull; but as she knelt and the Archbishop of Canterbury placed the crown on her brow a ray of sunshine fell upon her, making as it played upon the diamonds in the crown what one witness described as "a kind of halo round her head." The enthusiasm of the multitude for their girl-queen was as pronounced as it was spontaneous. When the peers had rendered homage, the members of the House of Commons burst into loud cheers, nine times repeated, and mixed with cries of "God Save Queen Victoria," and the shouts of joy were taken up by the spectators who thronged the galleries and vaulting until the roof and arches of the great fane rang. How the venerable Lord Rolle, in ascending the steps to swear allegiance, stumbled and fell, how the Queen impulsively rose from her seat and amid the ecstatic cheers of the congregation extended her hand to him to kiss, and anxiously hoped that he was not hurt, has often been told, and we need not repeat the story.



VIEW OF THE ABBEY BEFORE THE MODERN RESTORATION, SHOWING THE SPIRE AS DESIGNED BY WREN.

From a Drawing by J. James.

Improvements.

In the years that separated Queen Victoria's coronation from the first of her Jubilees much had been done for the Abbey. Under Dean Buckland, the high screens which shut off the choir from the transepts, so that not more than six hundred worshippers could be accommodated at the services in the choir, were abolished in 1848. Under Buckland's successor, Richard Chenevix Trench, the first of the services in the nave was held, on the 3rd of December, 1859. But to Dean Stanley, whose tenure of office lasted from 1864 to 1881, it was reserved to exalt the Abbey to its rightful place in the nation's

Dean Stanley.

life, not merely as the great Temple of Silence and Reconciliation, which it had long been, but also as the church where all sections of Anglicans might feel themselves at home, and where even the voices of the leaders of Nonconformity might be heard, for though they and distinguished laymen might not preach from the pulpit, they were allowed to lecture in the nave. Another innovation which the Church and the nation owes to Dean Stanley was the performance of Bach's Passion Music, which was sung in the nave for the first time, with orchestral accompaniment, on the 6th of April, 1871.

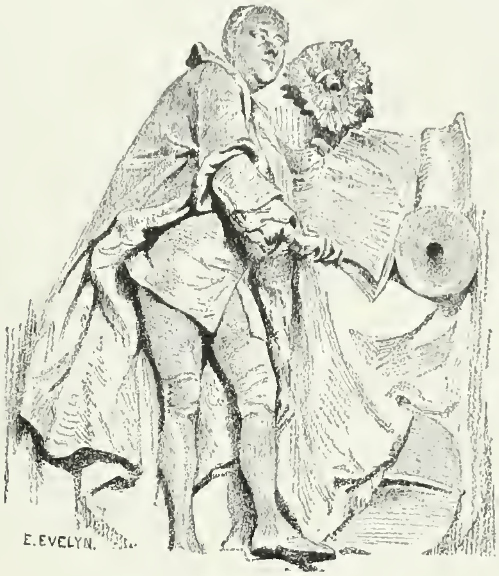
The Chapter-house.

Under this most indefatigable of Deans much else was done, including the restoration of the Chapter-house, which he found in a dismal state of decay, and blocked up with wooden cases and cupboards stuffed with muniments. Stanley obtained a Parliamentary grant, and under Sir Gilbert Scott this feature of the Abbey was restored to its pristine splendour. The front of the north transept too, was taken in hand by the same architect and under the same Dean, but neither lived to see the completion of the lower stage, the triple porch, which was not finished until 1885. The upper part was then undertaken by the late Mr. J. L. Pearson, who entirely rebuilt it in the original Early English style. We must leave it to others to praise these operations. It is true that the transept had been greatly altered by Wren and his assistants and successors, but in the form in which it had come down to us it could boast a very respectable antiquity, and it is difficult to justify so drastic a proceeding as its destruction and rebuilding.

The North Transept.

The First Jubilee.

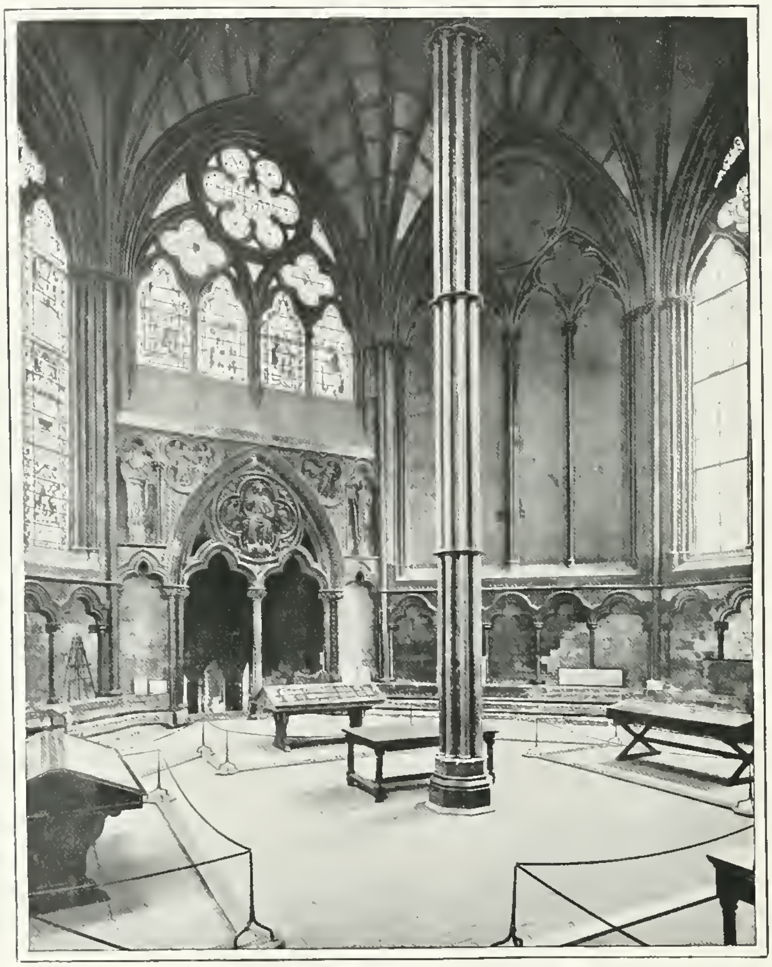
For the Jubilee service (June 21st, 1887), the Abbey, as at coronations, was temporarily transferred from the charge of the Dean and Chapter to that of the Lord Chamberlain, and for three months, from the 3rd of May to the 30th of July, it was closed to the public, the Abbey services, however, being not wholly discontinued, as had been the case at former coronations, but held in St. Margaret's. The interval between the beginning of May and Thanksgiving Day was occupied in the erection of galleries and scaffolds draped in blue and scarlet, which completely transformed the interior of the building. By noon on the great day it was packed from end to end with ten thousand spectators, representative of all the most important sections and interests of the Empire. Half-an-hour later, welcomed by a fanfare from the silver trumpets in the organ loft and by a stately march of Handel's from the organ, the royal procession entered the west door, headed by the clergy, the Dean (Bradley) ceding his place at the rear of the ecclesiastics only to the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Benson), the Bishop of the diocese (Dr. Temple) walking in front of him with the Archbishop of York. Next came a long line of officials, then the royal princes, conspicuous among them the tall form of the German Crown Prince, who the next year was to succeed his father as German Emperor, and within a few short weeks was to sink into the grave. In the same group were the present Kaiser, at that time a figure of little interest, the present King, and the Duke of Clarence, his eldest son. Then came Queen Victoria herself, robed in a black dress of which the sombreness was relieved by the Star of India and the Order of the Garter, and wearing a white bonnet resplendent with diamonds. Slowly, with bent head, she walked up the nave and choir to the daïs, followed by the present Queen and the other princesses, and when she



MONUMENT TO HANDEL.

had taken her seat in St. Edward's chair, which was covered with cloth of gold, the service began.

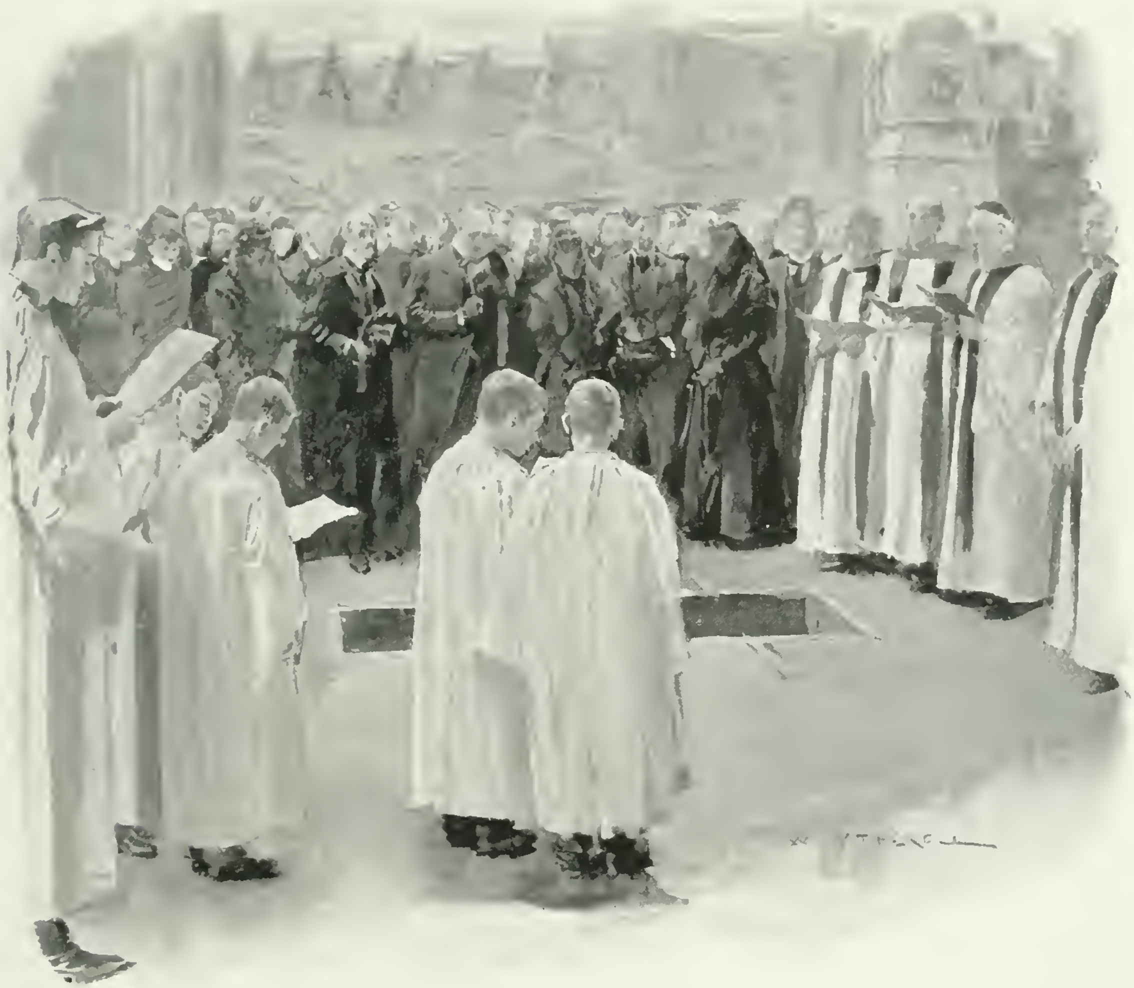
The ceremony ended, as the present generation is little likely to forget, in a touching exhibition of family feeling, the Queen embracing every member of her family in turn, beginning with her eldest son. It was significant of the spontaneity of this display of affection that she called her two German sons-in-law back, after they had done homage and retired, and kissed them as she had done her own children. Then, turning to the foreign princes grouped before the altar, she made to them a deep obeisance which recalled the statelier manners of an earlier age. Finally, to the strains of Mendelssohn's "March of the Priests," the procession made its way out of the church on its way back to Buckingham Palace. On the following day the service was repeated, but without, of course, the leading actors, in the presence of a less distinguished but not smaller congregation, which included many working men and women.



THE CHAPTER-HOUSE AS RESTORED.

The Coronation of 1902.

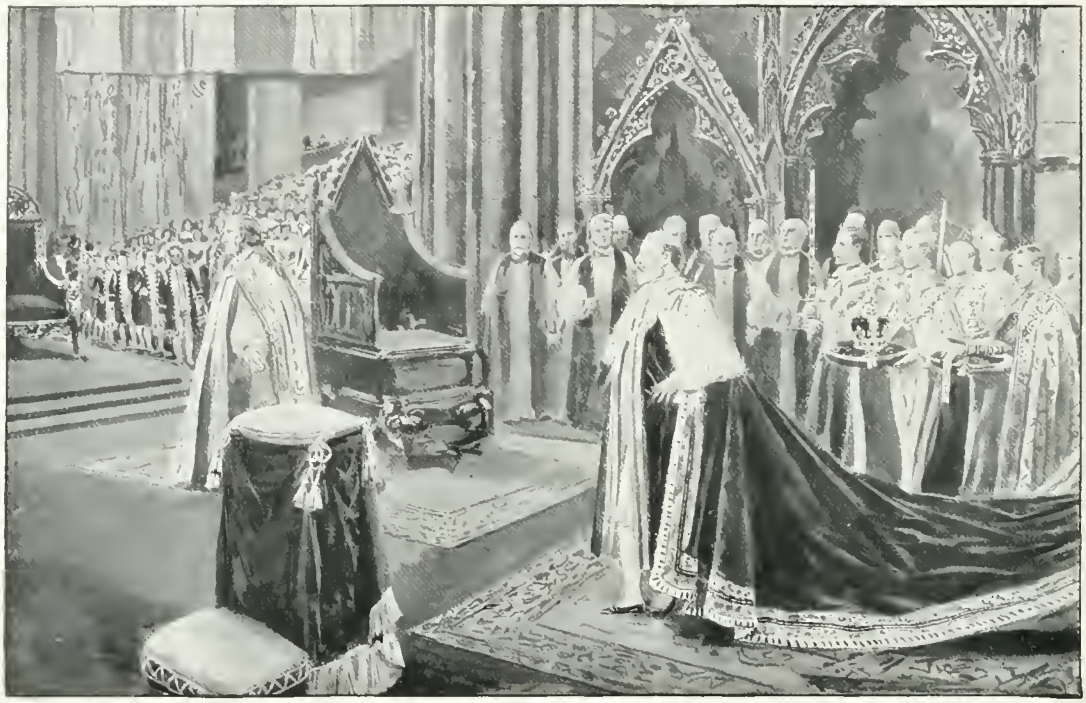
Even the Jubilee service of 1887 can hardly vie in interest with the coronation of King Edward and Queen Alexandra fifteen years later. The story of the postponement of the ceremony from Thursday the 26th of June (1902) to Saturday the 9th of August, necessitated by the King's grave illness, need not be told in detail, but we may recall the scene in the Abbey on that black Tuesday, but forty-eight hours before the time appointed for the ceremony, when it became known that the King's life was in jeopardy, and that he was even then being prepared for the operating-table. The choir had assembled for a complete rehearsal of the music to be performed on the Thursday, with the bishops who were to read the service, the military bands and the bandmasters, and many of those who had to take part in the procession. The trumpeters had just blown their blast of welcome when Lord Esher hurried in with the news that the coronation was postponed. It was communicated to the assembly by the Bishop of London, and at once a short service was improvised, the Bishop of Bath and Wells kneeling at the lectern where two days later he was to have sung the Litany. "As the words of the great intercessory prayer were poured forth by the Bishop," writes Mr. Loftie in "The Coronation Book of Edward VII.," "the choir answering in the grand old music, so impressive, so familiar, so soothing, everyone thought with deep earnestness of the King, and the successive sentences seemed at each response to gather new meaning and to express, as nothing else could have done, the supplications of the people. After the last 'Amen' of the Litany came the trembling voice of the aged Dean, invoking a blessing on the kneeling throng, which by this time included many of the workmen engaged in the Abbey, who, when the order was given to cease work, joined in the petitions for succour to the royal sufferer."



THE FUNERAL OF TENNYSON.

The preparations to which the finishing touches were being applied, when the news came which brought everything to a sudden stop, included the erection of a Gothic portico of timber before the west front, to furnish robing and resting rooms for those who were to take part in the ceremony. Upon the hangings inside the Abbey itself the greatest care had been bestowed to ensure that the effect should be rich and harmonious. The patterns were chosen the year before, and during the winter the fabrics were being manufactured. The prevailing hues were shades of blue, ranging from purple.

The crossing of the transepts, beneath the lantern, was occupied by a platform ascended by five steps, and upon this was placed the King's throne, with a similar throne for the Queen on a slightly lower level ; and platform and steps were covered with a lovely Persian carpet more than three hundred and fifty years old. In the sanctuary, in front of the altar, was placed the Coronation chair, St. Edward's chair, and beside it the Queen Consort's chair, a replica of the other, made for the coronation of Queen Mary II. The south transept was set apart for peers, the north transept for peeresses, and behind both were the seats allocated to the Commons. Over the side aisles were galleries, and above these, in the triforium, the Westminster boys were to assemble to greet the King and Queen with their shrill acclamations.

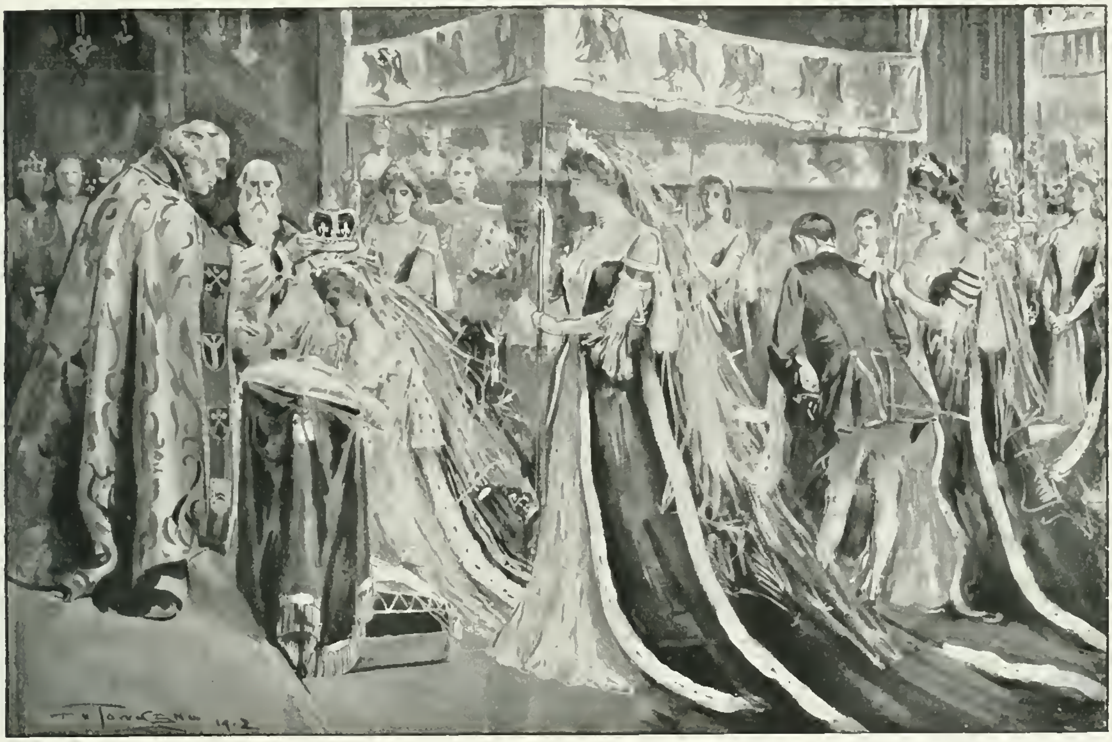


EDWARD VII. BEING PRESENTED BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (DR. TEMPLE).

In this state the Abbey remained from the 26th of June until the 9th of the following August. On that day the doors were opened at seven o'clock in the morning, and long before eleven, when the boom of guns announced that the great State carriage was leaving Buckingham Palace, all but those who were to take part in the procession were in their places. We must not stop to detail the ceremony—the presentation of the King to his people by the aged Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Temple), and their clamorous greetings in response ; the administration of the oath and the King's declaration, sealed by kissing the Bible, that he would perform and keep the things which he had promised ; the anointing, the girding on of the sword of justice, the investiture with the imperial robe, the reception of the orb and of the sceptre, the crowning, the enthronisation, and the rendering of homage by representative spiritual and temporal peers to the monarch whose hallowing was now fulfilled. The culminating moment of the superb ceremony was that at which the King, seated in the Coronation chair, was endued with St. Edward's crown. As the investiture was performed the sanctuary, which heretofore had been dark—for the day though a glad was not a bright one—was flooded with the electric light, the trumpets blared, the whole

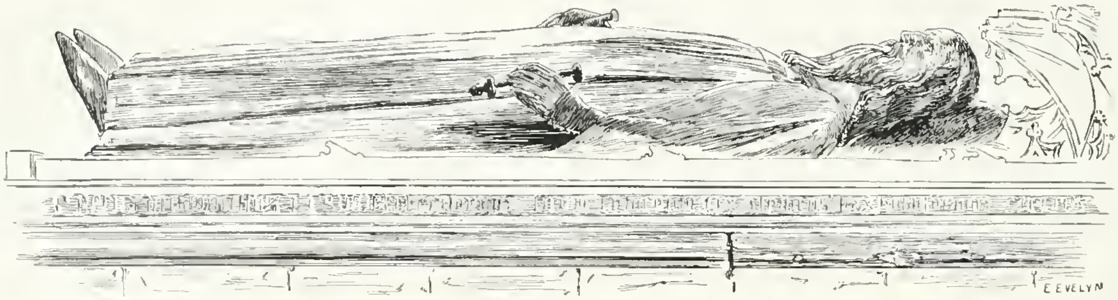
The Great Moment.

assembly shouted "God Save the King," and over all the joyous din the clashing of bells and the booming of distant guns made themselves heard. It was with a manifest effort that, on receiving the crown from Dean Bradley and one of the prebendaries, the Archbishop of Canterbury placed it on the King's head, and it was necessary for the King, though in one hand he held the sceptre with the cross and in the other the sceptre with the dove, to adjust it himself. This was the first indication of failing strength the Primate had betrayed; but when, leaning on the Bishop of Winchester, who was destined to succeed him in his high office, he knelt to render homage for himself and the other lords spiritual, he had some difficulty in rising until helped by the King. After he had kissed the King's cheek his Majesty once more took him by the hand and commended him to the care of the Bishop of Bath; but a brief rest sufficed to reinvigorate the Primate, and he was able to continue his part in the ceremony.



THE CROWNING OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK (DR. MACLAGAN).

The anointing and crowning of Queen Alexandra must also be passed over: suffice it to say that after her Majesty had been invested with her crown she moved to her throne near that of the King on the platform, making a deep curtsey to his Majesty as she passed. Finally, the archbishops and bishops, and after them the King and Queen, having received the communion, their Majesties replaced the crowns which they had laid aside during this part of the ceremony and withdrew to their respective retiring rooms in St. Edward's Chapel. Then a pause, after which choir and congregation joined their voices in the National Anthem. Presently the Queen, having exchanged Queen Edith's crown for her State Crown, emerged from St. Edward's chapel, "a vision of beauty and magnificence not to be forgotten," and passed down the Abbey in procession. Last of all the King appeared, wearing not St. Edward's crown but his Imperial Crown, and walked with stately step to the western doors. So ended the most memorable ceremony which had been enacted within the Abbey for at least two generations.



TOMB OF EDWARD III.

CHAPTER XLVI

WESTMINSTER ABBEY: DESCRIPTIVE

Exterior—Henry VII.'s Chapel—The Interior—General Impressions—The Monuments—Those in the Nave—Ben Jonson's Grave—Whigs' Corner—Choir Aisles—Choir—Statesmen's Aisle—Poets' Corner—The Confessors' Chapel—Coronation Chair—Lady Chapel—Chapels of the Chevet—Cloisters—Chapter-house—Crypt—Chapel of the Pyx—Jerusalem Chamber

The Western Towers.

HAVING hastily sketched the growth of the Abbey through the generations, and described some of the more notable events which its time-honoured walls have witnessed, we may in this chapter attempt some description of it as it now presents itself. Of the exterior, which, though most of the stone has now taken on a venerable tinge, has been almost entirely recased, little need be said. A recent writer has advised that the western towers, attributed, as we have seen, on insufficient grounds, to Wren, should be rebuilt, from the roof of the church upwards. So large a work is little likely to be undertaken, for there is much that clamours to be done to the fabric in the way of necessary repair, and now that the Abbey is full of the illustrious dead it will be necessary before long to add to it a tomb-house. But even though the work of rebuilding the towers were practicable, on the whole it is not desirable. They have stood long enough to have established a claim to our interest and regard; and though from most points of view they do something to mar the impression made by one of the noblest memorials of the great ages of architecture, they are far from being intolerably bad. Better, therefore, make the best of them than commit so violent a breach with the past.

Henry VII.'s Chapel.

Of the west entrance it is not easy to speak much more approvingly than of the towers by which it is flanked. It has no great dignity, and the great window above it is stiff and featureless. The north front, with its beautiful rose window, its deeply recessed triple portal, its rich mouldings, its canopied figures, has every title to admiration except that of antiquity; for the south front, which was renovated at the beginning of the last century, before the Gothic revival, much less may be claimed, but it is so hemmed in by the Chapter-house and other structures that only the upper part can be seen. But Henry VII.'s Chapel, with its harmonious proportions, its elaborate and exquisite sculptures, its turrets and pinnacles and flying buttresses, the whole carved into almost unrivalled richness of beauty, will always delight those who can enjoy the most florid phase of Gothic architecture, without necessarily preferring it to the chaster forms by which it was preceded.

The Interior.

The usual entrance is through the north porch, but to appreciate the unity of the fabric one should view it from just inside the western doors, where, with the Tudor Lady Chapel out of sight in the far east, one sees how consistently the Abbey conforms to the

is true, in his "Notes on England," speaks approvingly of "the numerous graceful sculptures of the eighteenth century."

M. Taine in the Abbey.

While he was admiring "this profusion of delicate sculptures," to use another of his euphemisms, suddenly "the music pealed forth, not the monotonous psalmody of our vespers, the rude and monkish chants, the verses and responses which seem to be the voices of ailing monks, but beautiful pieces in parts, grave and noble recitative, melodious outbursts of harmony, the productions of the best epoch." Then organ and choir sounded forth "a full and rich anthem." Such music, he thought, was the worthy accompaniment of the psalms and the prayers of the Anglican service. "Thus understood," he comments, "worship is the opera of elevated, serious, and believing souls." From this passage it is evident that the Abbey itself and its service had attuned his mind to a mood of rather undiscriminating admiration, and not even his authority can reconcile one to the presence of works which are as ugly as they are incongruous with the spirit of a Christian fane.

Monuments in the Nave.

Of those who sleep in the Abbey, and of the monuments which commemorate them, only a few can be mentioned. Most illustrious, perhaps, of those who rest in the nave and its aisles is Isaac Newton, who was buried in front of the screen; but not far off, in the north aisle, lies Charles Darwin, a not unworthy rival either in scientific eminence, in simplicity of character, or in love of truth. Other distinguished men of science who are buried in this part of the church are John Hunter the anatomist, John Herschell the astronomer, Charles Lyell the geologist, and John Woodward, founder of the professorship of geology at Cambridge. Here, too, lie four eminent modern architects, Charles Barry, Gilbert Scott, George Edmund Street and John Loughborough Pearson, two of whom—Scott and Pearson—have left their mark upon the Abbey, while to a third—Barry—Westminster owes the Houses of Parliament. In fitting proximity to each other rest Lord Clyde, better known as Colin Campbell, Sir James Outram, and Lord Lawrence, heroes of our Indian empire. David Livingstone sleeps in a grave which was opened, almost in the centre of the nave, in the summer of 1874, to receive his remains, brought to the African coast by affectionate converts and embalmed for transportation to his native land. Robert Stephenson, who is buried in St. Andrew's Chapel, is commemorated here by a life-size brass in the floor, as well as by a poor painted window in the north aisle which sets forth pictorially the fruits of his inventive genius.

Ben Jonson.

In the north aisle of the nave a stone marks the spot where "rare Ben Jonson" stands in his narrow grave. How he came to be buried in a posture so unsuggestive of rest is not known. One story is that dying, in poverty, he begged of Charles I. "eighteen inches of square ground in the Abbey." Another story is that being rallied by the Dean about being buried in Poets' Corner, he replied, "I am too poor for that, and no one will lay out funeral charges upon me. No, sir," he added, "six feet long by two feet wide is too much for me; two feet by two will do for all I want." The Dean, the story proceeds, promised that he should have what he asked, and was as good as his word. However it came about, the fact that the poet was buried upright cannot be doubted, for when the floor close by was opened for the burial of John Hunter, in 1793, the skull, with traces of red hair, was seen, and when another grave was dug, in 1849, the clerk of the works saw the leg bones fixed upright in the sand, "and the skull came rolling down the sand from a position above the leg bones to the bottom of the newly made grave. There was still hair upon it, and of a red colour." It is said that on this occasion an over-zealous antiquary carried away some relics of the poet, but restored them when the late Edward Draper, in the Press, hinted a threat of exposure.

Whigs' Corner.

At the west end of this, the north aisle, under the north-west tower, is Westmacott's huge monument of Charles James Fox, brought hither from the north transept, where the great debater was buried; and grouped around it are memorials of Earl (Lord John) Russell and other illustrious Liberals, so that this spot has been designated the Whigs' Corner. In the south aisle is the monument erected to William Congreve the dramatist, by Henrietta, second Duchess of Marlborough, who was suspected of having been too fond of him while he was living. That her mother, the widow of the first Duke, thought the connexion a none too innocent one is clear from a remark in one of Horace Walpole's letters. "When the younger Duchess," he writes, "exposed herself by placing a monument and silly epitaph of her own composing and bad spelling to Congreve in Westminster Abbey, her mother, quoting the words, said, 'I know not what pleasure she might have had in his company, but I am sure it was no honour.'" Near this monument, and in the grave of Dean Atterbury, which was dug close to the door that leads to the Deanery, sleeps George Bradley, who succeeded Arthur Stanley as Dean in 1881, and held the office until the autumn of 1902, when the infirmities of age compelled him to resign. The small oak gallery above the entrance to the Deanery, known as the Abbot's Pew, was, with the rooms behind it, erected by Abbot Islip early in the sixteenth century. From this point of vantage Royalty has often watched processions in their passage up and down the nave.

South Choir Aisle.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel.

In the south aisle of the choir is Bird's ludicrous monument of a gallant sailor, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who, as the inscription sets forth, was shipwrecked on the rocks of Scilly, in his voyage from Toulon, October 22nd, 1707, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. The admiral's death was even more tragical than would appear from this inscription, for the fact is that he was murdered, for the sake of an emerald ring upon his finger, by the fisherman's wife who found him lying unconscious on the rocks. Thirty years afterwards, when she came to die, she confessed her crime to a clergyman, and handed to him the ring, which he forwarded to Shovel's old friend, the Earl of Berkeley. The monument represents the admiral, in fancy attire, reclining on the ground under a canopy, and beneath the figure, in low relief, is a representation of the wreck of the *Association*. Nothing could be more just than Addison's criticism of this monument, which had often, he said, given him great offence. "Instead of the brave, rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain, gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour." Of great deeds there certainly was no lack in the story of his life, from the day when as a boy he attracted the notice of his admiral, Sir John Narborough, by swimming with despatches in his mouth to a distant ship during an action, right on to the end of his career.

Major André.

Not far away is Van Gelder's descriptive monument to a gallant soldier, Major André, whose ill fate it was to be executed as a spy by the American colonists in 1780. The memorial, which was reared at the expense of George III., represents George Washington receiving André's petition that he might die a soldier's death. In earlier days the figure of Washington aroused the ire of some spectators, who resented the doom he dealt out to his prisoner, and three times has the head had to be renewed. Charles Lamb had his jest about the mutilation at the expense of Southey. Writing to his friend, who had long repented of the revolutionary fervours of his youthful days, he says, "The mischief was done about the time you were a scholar there," that is, at Westminster School; and slyly asks, "Do you know anything about the unfortunate relic?" Southey misliked the jest, and found it not easy to forgive the jester.

Yet another descriptive monument in the south aisle of the choir shows in bold relief the murder of Thomas Thynne of Longleat, "Tom of Ten Thousand," while riding in his coach in Pall Mall in February, 1682, by assassins who were in the pay of Count Koningsmarck. Other memorials in this aisle commemorate great Nonconformists—Dr. Watts, the hymn-writer, and John and Charles Wesley, the founders of Methodism.

North Choir Aisle.

In one of the aisles of the choir—the north—where they are appropriately placed, are monuments of great musicians, some of them organists at the Abbey; such as Burney and Blow, Croft and Purcell, Sir William Sterndale Bennett and Michael William Balfe. Here, too, is the fine altar-tomb, by Armstead, of Lord John Thynne, for forty-six years subdean of the Abbey, who died in 1881, and who had had opened out, in the south aisle of the choir, the beautiful altar-tomb of his ancestor, Sir William Thynne, a Tudor statesman.

The Choir.

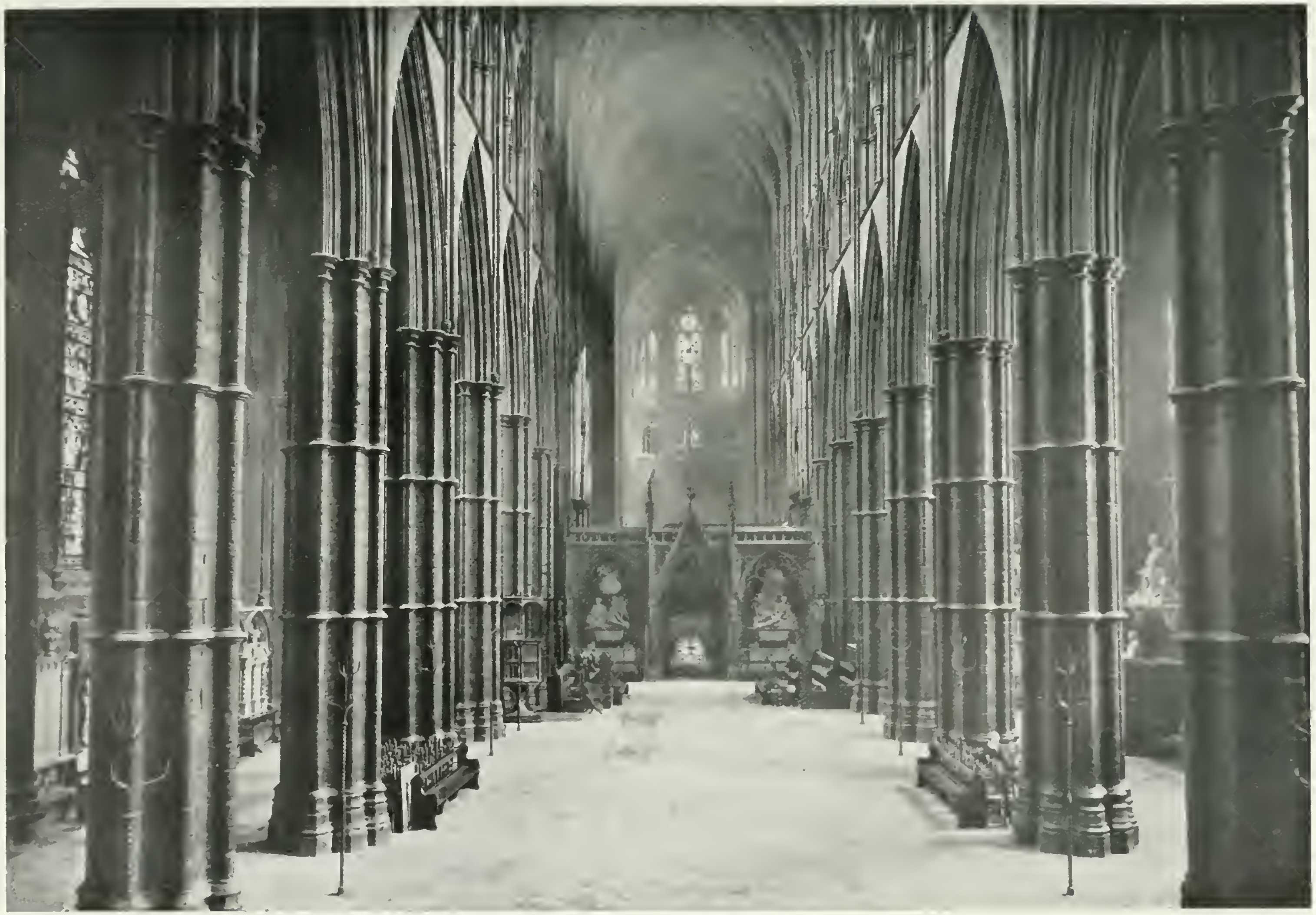
Of the choir itself, occupying, as we have seen, three bays of the nave, we need only say that the fittings, though modern, having been executed in 1858, were designed by Blore in accordance with the style of the reign of Edward III. The marble pavement, disposed in lozenges of black and white, is more ancient, for it was the gift of the celebrated Dr. Busby, master of Westminster School, who died in 1695. Compared, however, with the floor of the sanctuary, separated from it by the transepts, that of the choir is but a thing of yesterday, for the pavement of the sanctuary is an elaborate piece of mosaic, the work of Abbot Ware, who brought workmen from Rome in 1260 to piece it together out of fragments of classical structures. This pavement was shamefully maltreated by the workmen who in 1706 erected a reredos presented to the Abbey by Queen Anne, and only by the intervention of Lord Oxford was it saved from total destruction. In these days the greatest care is taken of this precious feature of the Abbey, and to save the tiles as much as possible from wear and tear they are in part covered with the ancient Persian carpet used at the coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra.

The Reredos.

Queen Anne's reredos, an incongruous classical work of marble, was replaced in 1824 by one of lath and plaster, for which, in 1867, the present chaste structure by Sir Gilbert Scott, glowing with gold and mosaic, was substituted. The figures in the niches, representing Moses, St. Peter, St. Paul, and David, were determined by Dean Stanley, at whose direction the lawgiver of the Hebrew race was placed on the north side looking towards the Statesmen's Aisle, and its sweet singer on the south side looking towards Poets' Corner. Advantage was taken of the erection of the reredos to repair the tesselated pavement, and while this was being done the bases of two of the columns of the Confessor's Abbey were discovered three feet below the present level of the church. On the south side of the sanctuary hangs a panel portrait of Richard II., the first contemporary painting of an English monarch which has come down to us; it was cleaned and restored to what one may assume to have been its original state by George Richmond, while Stanley was dean. Behind it hangs a piece of tapestry, of Elizabethan date, from Westminster School, bearing names which are those of Westminster scholars.

Statesmen's Aisle.

The north transept, the "Statesmen's Aisle," interesting as it has long been because it enshrines the dust of so many illustrious statesmen, has of late years become specially attractive to visitors to the Abbey from the fact that it contains the grave of William Ewart Gladstone, who was laid to rest nearly in the centre of it on the 28th of May, 1898, at the cost of the nation. To this, the first State funeral in the Abbey since Pitt's, "foreign sovereigns," says Mr. John (afterwards Viscount) Morley in his great "Life" of his leader, "sent their representatives, the Speaker of the House of Commons was there in state, and those were there who had done stout battle against him for long years; those also who had sat with him in council and stood by him in frowning hours. At the head of the grave was 'the solitary and pathetic figure' of his wife. Even men most averse to all pomps and shows on the occasions and scenes that declare so audibly their nothingness, here were only conscious of a deep and moving simplicity, befitting a great citizen now laid among the kings and heroes." Two years later the grave was opened in order that Mrs. Gladstone might be laid beside her husband, who had stipulated that wherever he should be buried a place should be reserved for his devoted wife. In 1903 a statue of the great statesman, by Thomas Brock, R.A., representing him in his robes as Chancellor of the Exchequer, was erected, at the charges of Parliament, near the grave, against one of the eastern piers of the transept, and next to Gibson's statue of the statesman under whom he first took office, Sir Robert Peel. Close by there already stood Boehm's statue of Gladstone's great rival, Lord Beaconsfield, from whom he is half turning away—an attitude which one may feel sure he would not himself have chosen. Lord



WESTMINSTER ABBEY : THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

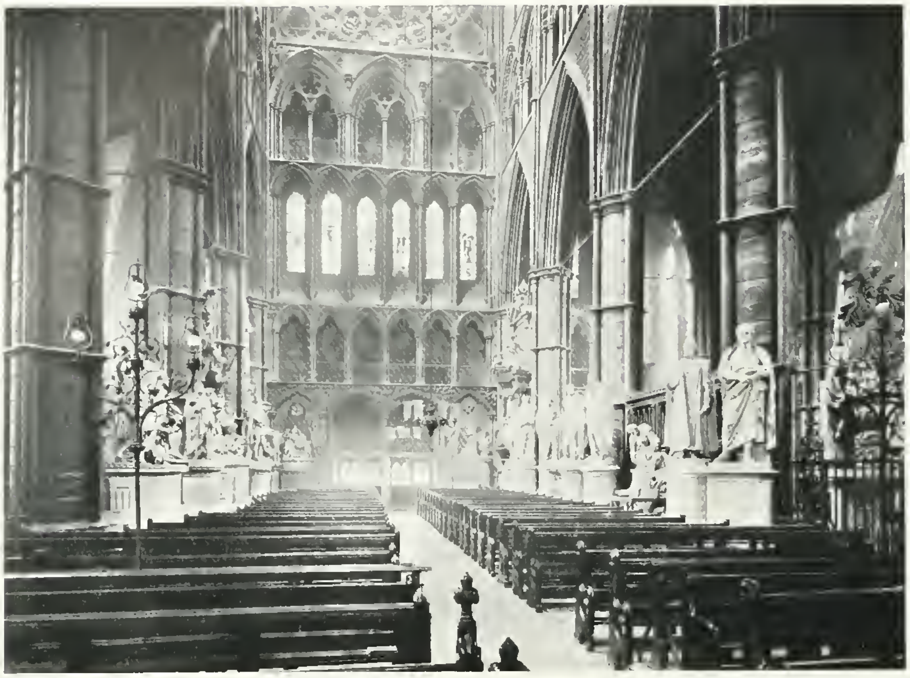


Photo: Pictorial Agency

STATESMEN'S AISLE, SHOWING THE STATUE OF W. E. GLADSTONE.

Beaconsfield, as all the world knows, lies at Hughenden; but two other rival statesmen, as we must recall, familiar as is the fact, rest here almost side by side: hence the couplet in "Marmion"—

> "Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
> 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier."

Their statues also, as we have seen, are not far apart, at the western end of the church. Lord Chatham, too, is buried here in the Statesmen's Aisle, and so are Grattan, and George Canning, and Canning's son, Viscount Canning, Governor-General of India. The monuments of the Cannings stand side by side, and next to them is that of a third of the name, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, "the great Eltchi," who died in 1880.

Poets' Corner.

But we must pass on to a yet more interesting part of the Abbey—that eastern part of the south transept which is so familiar throughout the English-speaking world as Poets' Corner. Here are buried many of the chief of our singers, from Geoffrey Chaucer, who died in the precincts of the Abbey in 1400, to Robert Browning and Lord Tennyson, generous rivals who fittingly lie side by side; among the intermediate names being those of Michael Drayton and Edmund Spenser, John Dryden and Abraham Cowley, Thomas Campbell and John Gay. It was by Gay's special wish, conveyed to his "dear Mr. Pope," that Rysbrach's monument to him, against the door of the little chapel of St. Faith, at the south end of the transept, was inscribed with his own lines—more contemptible than contemptuous—

> "Life is a jest, and all things show it:
> I thought so once, and now I know it."

When Oliver Wendell Holmes came to this monument the thought occurred to him that if he were Dean of Westminster he would be tempted to alter "jest" to "gest," for life, he said, "*is* a gest, an achievement—or always ought to be."

Robert Browning.

Of the two most eminent Victorian poets, the first to be buried here was Robert Browning, who died at Venice on the 12th of December, 1889, on the day that his last volume of poems, "Asolando," was published, but not before he had learnt that the book had been successfully subscribed. Two days later the Venetians gave a public funeral to the poet who had loved Italy hardly less than his own country, and on the last day of the month he was buried here, in the presence of a distinguished congregation that packed the Abbey. Even more remarkable was the funeral, two years later (October 12th, 1891),

Alfred Tennyson.

of the singer who for over forty years had worn the Poet Laureate's wreath, and whose death in a chamber flooded with the radiance of the moon was such as a poet might have chosen for himself. Not only was the Abbey crowded with mourners at the funeral, but for days afterwards there was a continuous stream of pilgrims to the grave. Among others who rest in Poets' Corner are the two most distinguished of our actors, David Garrick and Henry Irving, who lie near to each other at the foot of the Shakespeare statue. Not far away is the grave of Sir William Chambers, the builder of Somerset House.

The western part of the south transept is the "historical" side, and so we find in it the graves of such men of learning as William Camden, Isaac Casaubon, Isaac Barrow, Samuel Johnson, Lord Macaulay, and Bishop Thirlwall. Close to the grave of Johnson is that of Charles Dickens, not far from whom lies George Frederick Handel. In this part of the Abbey, too, is Onslow Ford's bust of Mr. Ruskin, who would have found a grave in the Abbey but that he had expressly desired that he should be buried wherever he might chance to die, and so he was laid to rest at Coniston, among his beloved lakes.

The Confessor's Chapel.

Historically, the most interesting part of the Abbey is the chapel of Edward the Confessor, raised considerably above the level of the ambulatory, and separated from the sanctuary by a screen which probably belongs to the fifteenth century. Its most precious possession is the dust of the Confessor-king and of his wife Edith. In the centre of the chapel stands the shrine reared by Henry III. to receive the body of the founder of the Abbey. "Though," as Professor Bonney writes, "though the golden casket which enclosed the coffin has been replaced by a humbler fabric of wood, though the Purbeck marble of the lower part has crumbled, and the glass mosaic has in many places been chipped away, this is still the most perfect monument of its kind in Britain, for to such as these the Reformation proved exceptionally fatal. . . . 'Longshanks' lies beneath the third bay to the north, his strange order as to the disposal of his body having been thus violated. Beneath the next arch is the stately tomb of Henry III., enriched with slabs of Egyptian and Spartan 'porphyry,' the spoils of Rome. Next comes the monument of Queen Eleanor, ending the line of memorial crosses. Then, beneath a stately chantry, which is extended eastward to overarch the ambulatory, stands

Photo Y[illegible] & Sons, Notting Hill, W.

POETS' CORNER.

the tomb of Henry V., the victor of Agincourt. The body of his wife Katherine, after many vicissitudes, is now placed near. Opposite to Eleanor lies Queen Philippa; then comes the monument of her husband, Edward III., and lastly the ill-fated Richard II. and his queen, Anne. All are memorials of the highest interest, on account of their execution as well as of their antiquity. They have not wholly escaped the bane of the iconoclast or of the relic-hunter. Still, as a rule, the injuries are comparatively light, and it has been deemed needless, happily, to invoke the aid of the restorer.”

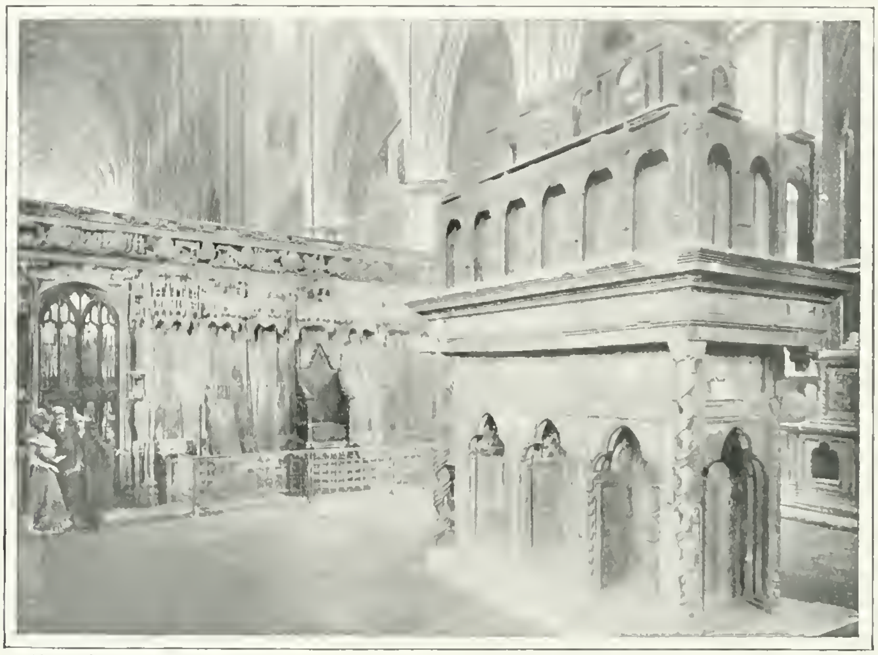


Photo: York & Sons, Notting Hill, W.

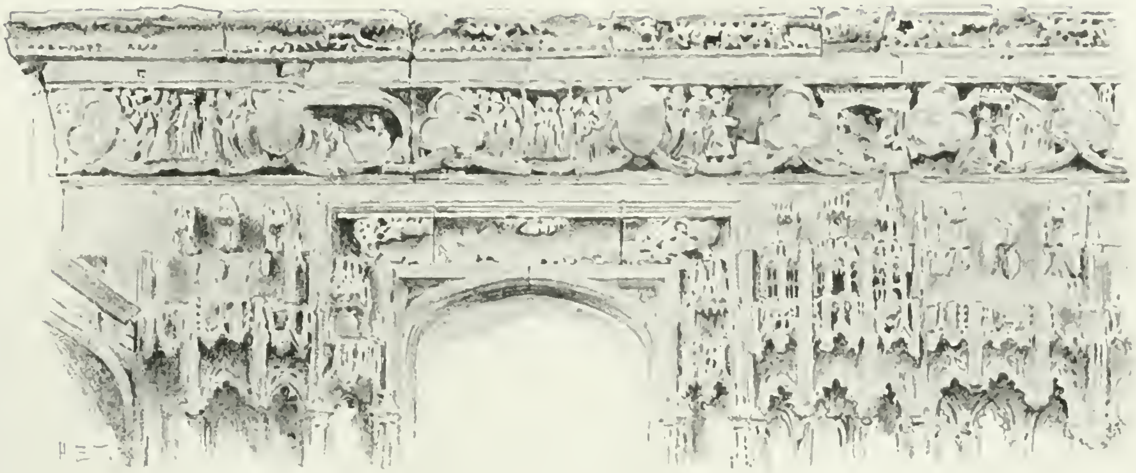
EDWARD THE CONFESSOR'S SHRINE, WITH THE CORONATION CHAIR.

Coronation Chair.

Nor does this exhaust the interest of Edward the Confessor's Chapel, for we have yet to speak of the historic Coronation chair, made by order of Edward I., and first used at the throning of his son. In it every one of our monarchs from that day to this has sat to be crowned About this famous relic of antiquity Pehr Kalm, a Swedish botanist who visited this country in 1748, was very uncomplimentary. “Many a poor old woman with only one room has a better and more handsomely made chair than this,” he remarked. The Swedish professor knew more about science than about art. Although the chair has been barbarously defaced with the initials of sightseers, although it no longer gleams with the mosaics and gilding with which it was formerly enriched, it is still recognised as an admirable example of the domestic art of the age to which it belongs. At first it was intended to be cast in bronze, but by command of Edward, though the design was adhered to, oak was substituted for the metal, and the design for the chair was furnished by Master Adam, the King's goldsmith. Then it was painted by Master Walter, the King's painter, and was completed on the 27th of March, 1300. In view of the Jubilee celebration at the Abbey in 1887, the Office of Works was misguided enough to set about “restoring” the chair, and though the work of varnishing was stopped, irreparable harm was done, the old surface being destroyed, and the remaining traces of the carvings and decorations obliterated, while the names and initials which had been cut in the wood were rendered more obtrusive.

Stone of Destiny.

The feet of the chair take the form of carved lions, one at each corner; these are modern. Above them is the shelf which was made to support the Stone of Destiny, brought by Edward from Scotland in 1296. According to the familiar legend, this block of hard

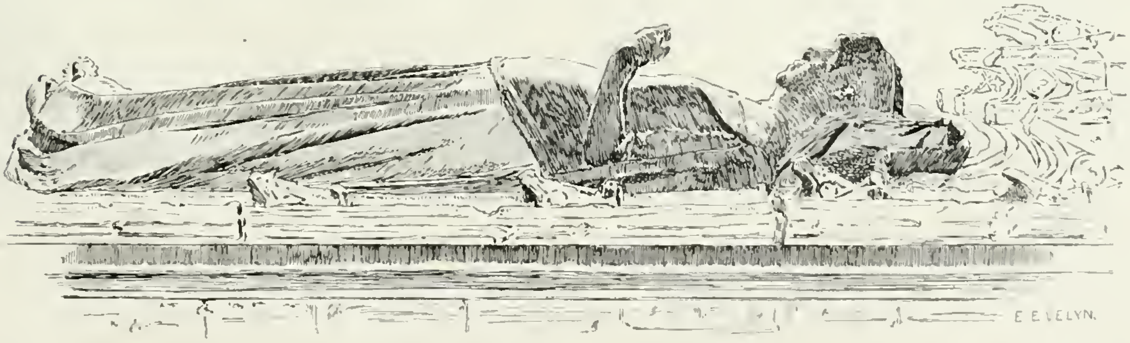


DETAILS OF SCREEN OF THE CONFESSOR'S CHAPEL.

red sandstone, such as is met with in Argyllshire and elsewhere in Scotland, was the stone which served Jacob as pillow while he had the vision of the ladder which stretched from earth to heaven. From Bethel the legend traces it to Egypt, thence to Sicily, next to Spain, whence it was taken to Ireland, to become the Stone of Fate of the sacred hill of Tara. From Ireland it found its way to Scotland, to Dunstaffnage, and finally to Scone, where Edward found it. This legend has been discussed by antiquaries with a gravity almost portentous, and we need only say of it that the historical evidence warrants us in believing nothing more than that the stone, encased in a chair of wood, was associated at Scone with the coronation of Scottish kings. When it was first so used is not known, but it is certain that John Balliol was crowned upon it in 1292, four years before it was appropriated by Edward. After Bannockburn and the recognition of Scottish independence, the Stone of Destiny was all but sent back to Scotland. Edward III., when he came to the throne, actually consented to return it, but there was delay, and when he had asserted his kingship against his mother and her paramour he appears to have changed his mind ; at any rate, the writ which directed the Abbot of Westminster to deliver the Stone to the Sheriffs of London, who were to pass it on to the Queen-mother for transmission to Scotland, was never acted upon.

The Consort's Chair.

Beside the chair used to stand the copy of it which was made for use at the double coronation of William III. and Mary, and in which the Queen Consort has since been crowned ; but this is now to be found at the extreme east end of Henry VII.'s Chapel. One still sees, however, by the side of the original chair, the sword and shield of Edward III. The sword, by its immense size, excites, perhaps, more curiosity among visitors to the Abbey than King Edward's Chair and



TOMB OF PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT.

the Stone of Destiny. Who that has seen it has not wondered how mortal man, even using both his hands, could ever have wielded so monstrous a weapon?

Lady Chapel

Only less interesting historically, and in personal associations even richer than the Confessor's chapel, is that of Henry VII. It consists of a nave, with side aisles and choir, and is terminated at the east end by a chevet of four chapels. Both within and without, the chapel is sown about with the emblems with which its royal founder decorated his pretensions: the dragon which symbolises the alleged descent of the Tudors from the British kings; the portcullis which tells of his connexion with the Beauforts through his mother, and so with the House of Lancaster; the fetterlock and greyhound of the Nevilles, which point to his marriage with the rival house of York; the red rose of one house and the white rose of the other, both separately and conjoined; the crown on a bush, that suggests the right derived from the victory won on Bosworth Field; the root of daisies, his mother's special cognisance, with the lions of England and the fleurs-de-lys of France. After the lovely fan-tracery roof, the eye is caught by the tattered banners and the swords and armorial bearings of the Knights of the Order of the Bath, above the carved oak choir stalls. It was during the reign of George I. that the Lady Chapel became the temporary chapel of this order, which was reconstructed by Sir Robert Walpole in 1725, the Deans of Westminster being appointed deans of the order in perpetuity. The upper stalls were allocated to the knights themselves, the lower ones to their squires. The installations continued to take place here until 1812, and it is to that date that the banners which one now sees belong.

Near the eastern end of the chapel is the sumptuous tomb of Henry VII. and Elizabeth his wife, of marble enriched with alabaster and with copper medallions, while the recumbent figures are of bronze—the whole, as we have seen, the work of Torrigiano. The beautiful grille, however, which encloses it, represents the skill of English craftsmen. Beneath the altar at which Masses were to be said until the end of the world for the repose of Henry's soul was interred his grandson, Edward VI. The altar, also the work of Torrigiano, adorned with figures of terra-cotta, was regarded as the boy-king's monument; but this, when the Puritans had the upper hand, did not save it from destruction at the hands of Sir Robert Harley. Under Dean Stanley a restoration of the altar, which embodies two of the original pillars and a carved frieze, was undertaken, and there is now a Latin inscription to this effect:—"In place of the ancient altar, destroyed in the Civil Wars, to the honour of God and in pious memory of Edward VI., who is buried beneath, this holy table in a gentler age was placed by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster, 1870." This altar was first used on an occasion of singular interest—the administration of Holy Communion to the Revisers of the New Testament, at the beginning of their patient labours, in 1870.

Children of Charles I.

Of James I., who was buried in the vault of Henry VII., there is no monument, but in the south aisle is the magnificent tomb that covers the remains of his mother, which were brought here in 1612 from Peterborough Cathedral, where Mary was buried after her execution at Fotheringhay in 1587. In this tomb also lie three children of Charles I. The first, who died a few hours after his birth (1629), was christened Charles, the name being repeated when another son was born to the King and Queen. Ten years afterwards his little sister Catherine was laid beside him, and presently they were joined by another sister, Anne, who died in her fourth year. Of her Fuller tells a touching little story. "Being minded by those about her to call upon God even when the pangs of death were upon her, 'I am not able,' saith she, 'to say my long prayer' (meaning the Lord's Prayer), 'but I will say my short one, Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.' This done the little lamb gave up the ghost." In the same vault also were buried several children of James II., and their uncle Prince Rupert, whose stormy life ended in pecuniary embarrassment.

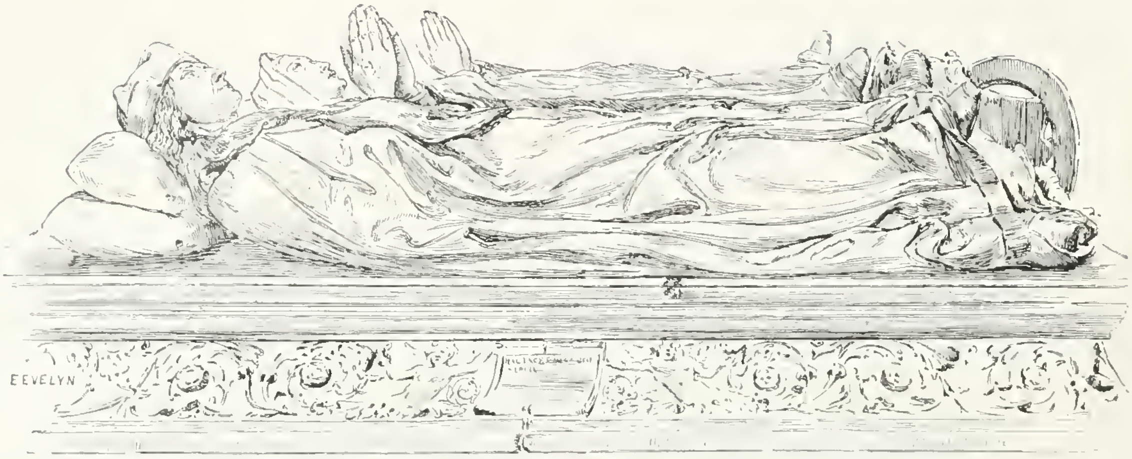
Close to this tomb is another splendid specimen of Torrigiano's work, commemorating the saintly Lady Margaret, mother of Henry VII. by her marriage with Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and foundress of Christ and St. John's Colleges, Cambridge.

In front of Scheemakers' monument of George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, is a vault in which was first buried at dead of night, "without any manner of pomp," the king whom Monk restored. It afterwards oped its jaws to receive Mary II. and William III., Queen Anne and Prince George of Denmark, her husband. In the south-eastern chapel of the chevet rest Arthur Stanley and his wife, Lady Augusta, who had predeceased him by five years. The Dean preached in his beloved Abbey for the last time on Saturday, July the 9th, 1881, when he delivered the third of a series of sermons on the Beatitudes. Nine days afterwards he breathed his last, and on the 23rd he was laid to rest in the presence of a multitude that thronged the church from end to end. He had already filled the window above the grave with stained glass as a memorial of his wife, and American visitors note with special interest the setting sun which enters into the design—a poetical reference to Lady Augusta's brother, Sir Frederick Bruce, sometime our Minister at Washington. Stanley himself is now commemorated by an exquisite tomb of Pearson's designing, with a recumbent figure by Boehm.

Dean Stanley.

HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL.

The most easterly chapel of the chevet of the Lady Chapel contains the vault from which, as we saw in the last chapter, Cromwell and Blake and others of the Puritan leaders were contumeliously cast out. Presently the places of these men, who had made



TOMB OF HENRY VII. AND ELIZABETH OF YORK.

the name of England to shine with a glory as of the noonday sun, were taken by unlawful progeny of the King under whom she had become the washpot of France and the byeword of Europe.

Queen Elizabeth. In the north aisle of the Lady Chapel interest centres in the monument which commemorates Queen Elizabeth, who, on the 28th of April, 1603, was laid in the vault where the hapless Mary had rested for forty-five years. James I. would no doubt have been glad to save the money, but public opinion demanded a monument to his predecessor, and so this structure of the Corinthian order, handsome though less sumptuous than the monument he had raised to his mother in the south aisle, was reared. It was executed by Maximilian Poutrain (alias Coult), the King's master sculptor, and John de Critz, and in its decoration Nicholas Hilliard, the miniaturist, had a hand. In this aisle also lie two of James I.'s daughters, commemorated by quaint monuments by Poutrain. **Two Children.** The first to be laid here was Sophia, who lived only two days, dying on the 23rd of June, 1606, and being buried with some state. When, eighteen months afterwards, her baby sister Mary died the King took her death calmly, "as a wise prince should doe," and, resolved not again to be guilty of extravagance, had her buried here "without any solemnity." Leech, in his funeral sermon, gave a pathetic account of the child's last moments. "For hours and hours," he said, speaking apparently as one who was present at her death, "the child, whose baby lips had not long learned to speak, lay silent. At last, as the end drew near, she sighed out, 'I go, I go!' and again fastening her eyes upon her nurses, with a contented look she repeated, 'Away I go!' And yet a third time, almost immediately before she offered herself, a sweet virgin sacrifice unto Him that made her, faintly cried, 'I go, I go!'" Her father, though he buried her without state, commissioned a tomb for her, and so we have, from Poutrain's chisel, a monument with an effigy representing her less as a child of two-and-a-half than as a Court lady of the period. Of Poutrain's memorial of her sister, which shows her in her cradle, Thomas Fuller remarks that by it "vulgar eyes, especially of the weaker sex, are more affected . . . than with all the magnificent monuments in Westminster." **Two Others.** In a small sarcophagus in a niche, in this aisle, are the bones which, in 1674, were found at the foot of the stairs of the White Tower, in the Tower of London, and were believed to be those of the sons of Edward IV., murdered by instigation of their uncle in 1483. The elder, proclaimed king as Edward V. in succession to his father, was eleven at the time of his death; the younger, Richard, was nine.

In this aisle, also, lies Monk, whose monument, as we have seen, is in the south aisle; and in the same vault with him rests Addison, who died June 17th, 1719, and was buried by the light of torches borne by Westminster boys, the funeral procession led by Atterbury, "the plotting Dean," who belonged to the other political camp.

Chapels of the Chevet.

Henry III.'s Children.

The chapels which form the chevet of the Abbey itself are seven in number. On the left of the gate which gives admission to them and to the ambulatory from the south transept is the tomb reputed to be that of King Sebert, of which we have already spoken (p. 474). The first of the chapels is dedicated to St. Benedict, and between this and the next, St. Edmund's, is a monument to four young children of Henry III. The eldest of the four was a little girl of five, Catherine by name, "who was dumb and fit for nothing, but possessing great beauty," and her interment in 1257 was the first royal burial to take place in her father's new Abbey. In St. Edmund's Chapel is the tomb of William de Valence, Henry's half-brother; and here, too, lies Bulwer Lytton the novelist, who, dying in 1873, was, at Dean Stanley's direction, buried near a warrior who lost his life in the Battle of Barnet, so powerfully described in "The Last of the Barons."

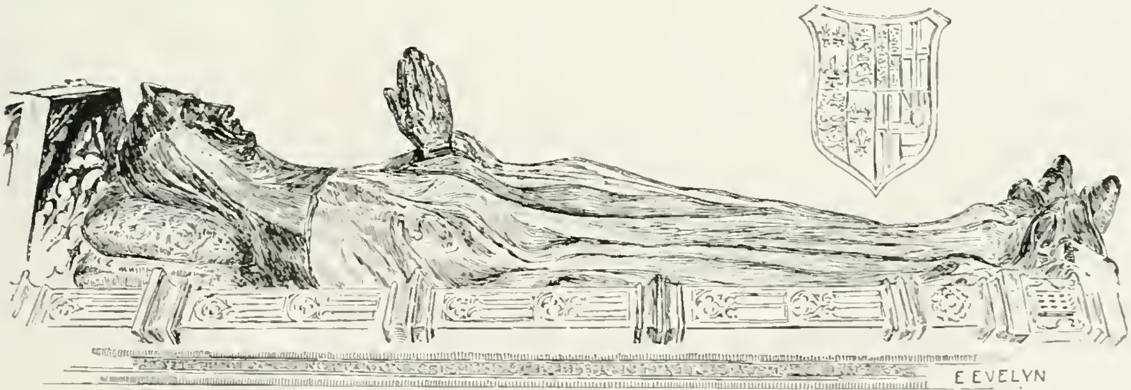
A Vacancy.

In the next chapel, dedicated to St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, once the patron saint of children, and now the saint of the Russian Empire, we find one of the stateliest monuments in the Abbey, that erected by Lord Burleigh to the memory of Mildred his wife and their eldest daughter, Anne, Countess of Oxford. It bears a Latin inscription from his pen in praise of their virtues and accomplishments. The chapel of St. Paul—the first to which we come on the north side of the chevet—contains the ashes of Archbishop Ussher, who was buried with great state partly at the charges of the Lord Protector, and a much-admired monument by Chantrey to James Watt, with an eloquent inscription from Lord Brougham's pen setting forth the service that inventive genius rendered to his country and to mankind by directing his gifts to the improvement of the steam-engine. In the middle of the adjoining chapel of St. John the Baptist is a tomb bearing an effigy of a man with a lady on his right side and a vacant space on his left for another. The figure in the centre is that of Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter; the lady beside him is his first wife, Dorothy Nevil, daughter and co-heiress of Lord Latimer. The vacant space was intended for his second wife, Frances Bridget, of the noble family of Chandos; but as the first countess was already installed in the place of honour on the husband's right, she gave orders that no effigy of herself should be placed on his left. She, however, did not disdain to be buried in the same vault with the lady who had preceded her in her lord's affections.

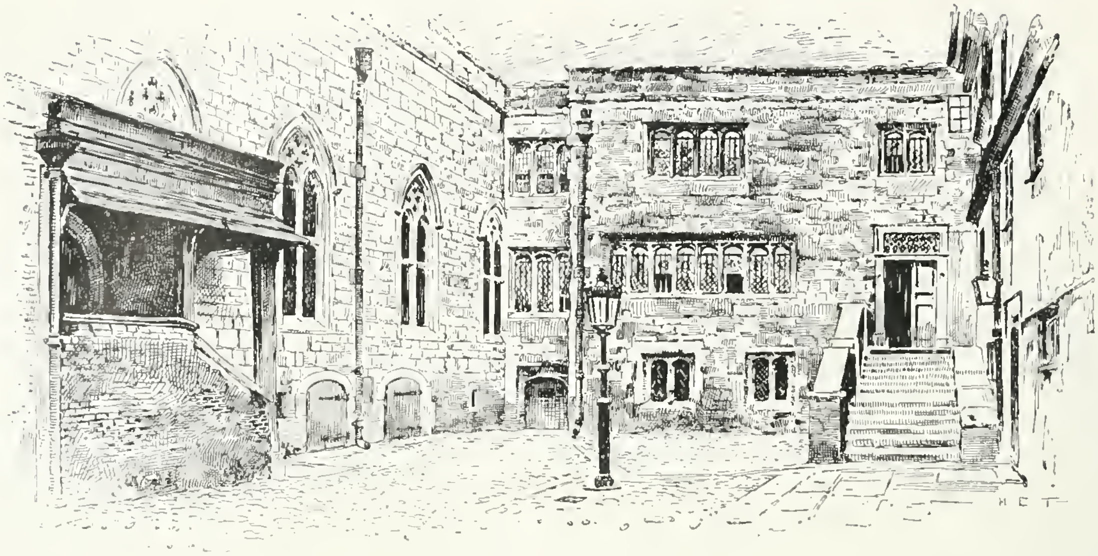
A Pun in Stone.

Wax Figures.

On the front of the next chapel, Abbot Islip's, is carved that dignitary's rebus ("I slip"), which fortunately is not very conspicuous, for it is possibly owing to this circumstance that it escaped the attentions of the Puritan iconoclasts who demolished the Abbot's tomb. In a chamber above the chapel are shown wax figures of monarchs and others which belong to the days when it was the custom to display in the funeral procession, and afterwards on the tomb, or under a hearse or platform, an effigy of the deceased personage. Although the once fashionable ceroplastic art has fallen upon evil days, these



TOMB OF MARGARET, COUNTESS OF RICHMOND.



THE ABBOT'S HOUSE.

figures have a verisimilitude which gives to them no slight interest. The earliest of them is a counterfeit presentment of Queen Elizabeth, but this is a restoration effected in 1760, the original effigy being quite worn out by the beginning of that century ; among the later figures are those of the elder Pitt and of Nelson, but these belong to an age when the custom of which we have spoken had fallen into desuetude, and they were added to the Abbey to strengthen its attractions to sightseers, for the benefit of the minor canons and lay vicars.

To these particulars of a strange custom it may be added that, up to the reign of Henry V. it was the embalmed body of the Sovereign, and not an effigy, that was exposed upon the funeral car, and that when effigies came into use they were at first made not of wax but of wood, the face being painted. Of these earlier effigies there are some promiscuous relics in a cupboard in this room in Islip's chapel, forming, says the Deanery Guide, "too ghastly a sight to be exposed to view." Only one or two of them can now be identified.

Last comes the chapel of St John the Evangelist, St. Michael, and St. Andrew, formerly three distinct chantries, separated from each other by screens which have now been removed. Here is a monument by Roubiliac, and close to it one of Sir Francis Vere, a soldier who fought for Queen Elizabeth. According to Peter Cunningham, when Roubiliac was at work here, he was found one day by Gayfere, the Abbey mason, "standing with his arms folded, and his looks fixed on one of the knightly figures which support the canopy over the statue of Sir Francis Vere. As Gayfere approached, the enthusiastic Frenchman laid his hand upon his arm, and said in a whisper, 'Hush ! hush ! sir, he vill speak presently.'"

The Great Cloisters.

The Little Cloister.

Through doors in the south aisle of the Abbey we pass to the Great Cloister, with its groined arches, surrounding a large square space covered with greensward. Here were buried some of the abbots, but the memorials of only four of them are now to be seen, the earliest being Vitalis, who died in 1082. The arches on the south and west sides of the Great Cloister were built towards the end of the fourteenth century by Abbot Litlington, whose initials are to be seen on the roof, while his head is carved on the arch that leads to the Cloister from Dean's Yard. To him also we owe the Jerusalem Chamber, much of the present Deanery, and the College Hall of Westminster School ; but the old dwelling-house which is called Litlington's Tower is probably of later date. At the south-eastern corner of the Little Cloister, a square enclosure to the south of the Chapter-house, surrounded by an arcade supported by plain semicircular arches, are the remains of the St. Catherine's chapel which in ancient times was part of the monks' infirmary. The Dark Cloister, by the way, is the gloomy passage that leads southwards past the

Chapel of the Pyx, of which we shall speak presently.

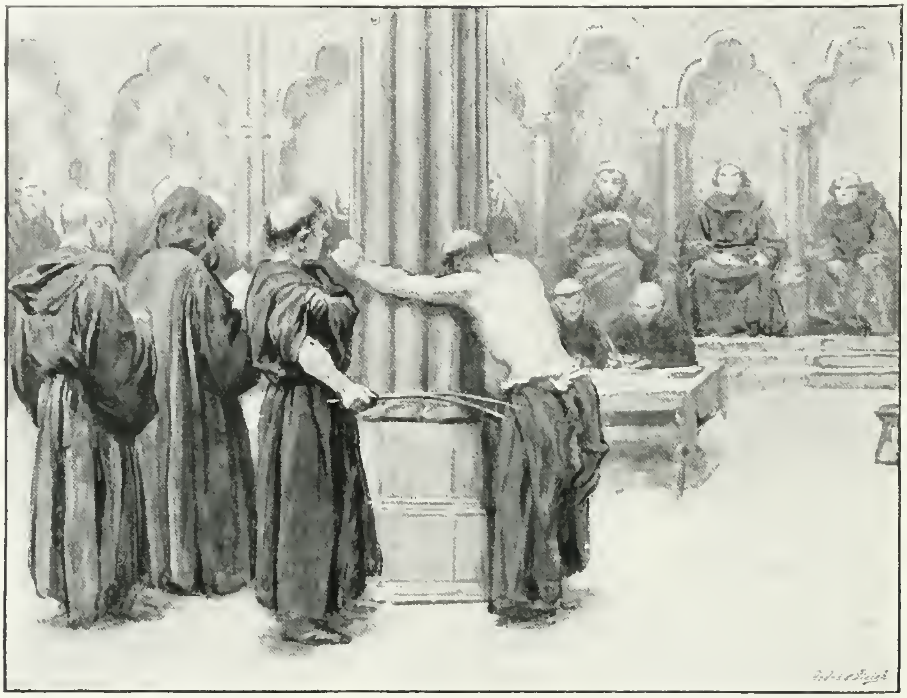
Photo Pictorial Agency.

THE CLOISTERS.

The Chapter-house.

The noble Chapter-house, built by Abbot Ware in the middle of the thirteenth century, is not overpraised by Sir Gilbert Scott when he speaks of it as "a structure perfect in itself, of a purely English type as to its plan and outline, and as carrying out the principle of window tracery in a fuller and grander degree than any part of the church." As restored it is octagonal in shape, with a large window in each section, and in the centre a Purbeck pillar, and the spaces beneath the windows are arcaded, with five arches in each. Under these arches sat the monks, the Abbot, probably, against the eastern wall, with the prior and sub-prior on one side of him, and the third and fourth priors on the other, for these five arches are noticeably richer and more deeply set than the others. The monks assembled here at least once a week, possibly every day, to confess their sins and submit to punishment, and to transact business. "The younger monks were flogged elsewhere," says Dean Stanley, "but the others, stripped wholly or from the waist upwards, or in their shirts girt close round them, were scourged in public here with rods of single or double thickness by the mature brothers who formed the council of the Abbot (but always excluding the accuser from the office). . . . If flogging was deemed insufficient, the only further punishment was expulsion."

For three hundred years, from soon after the separation of the two Houses in the reign of Edward I. until the end of the reign of Henry VIII., the Chapter-house was the meeting-place of the House of Commons, though the monks still used it for their own assemblies. At the Dissolution, in 1540, it became national property, and the Dean and Chapter in whom the Abbey was now vested probably held their meetings in the Jerusalem Chamber. In 1547 the Chapter-house was set apart as a storehouse for the national records, and then began the long period of neglect and defacement which only ended in our own day, when Dean Stanley induced Parliament to provide funds for the restoration of the structure. All but one of the windows have now been filled with stained glass as a memorial of the Dean; and a few years ago the demolition of the houses which hemmed the building in opened up the view of the exterior from Old Palace Yard.



A MONK BEING SCOURGED IN THE CHAPTER-HOUSE.

The Crypt.

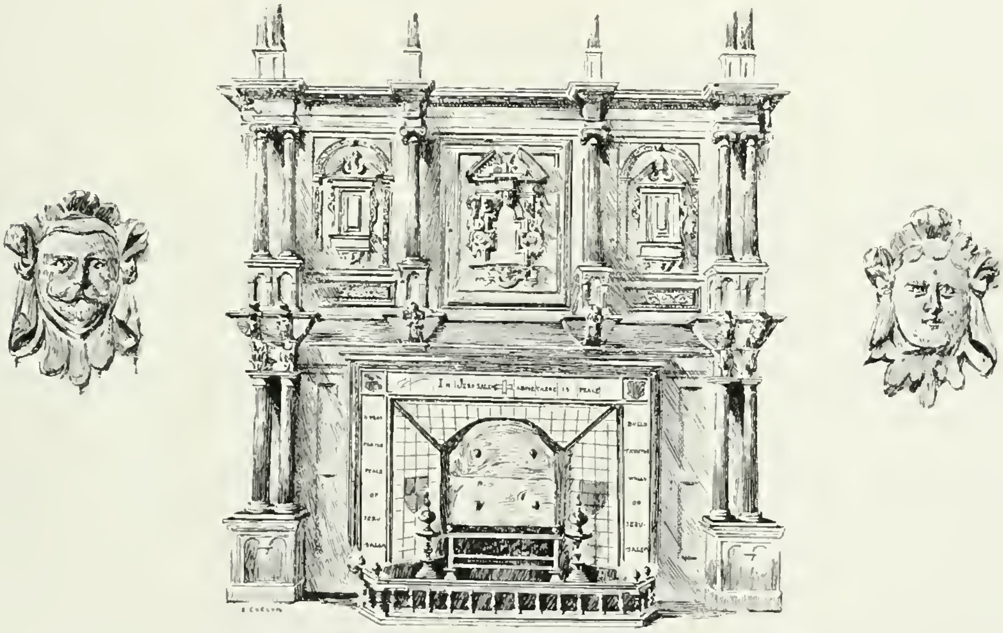
Under the Chapter-house is a crypt, which, in ancient times used as the royal treasury, is thought by some recent writers to have been the scene of the famous robbery that ended in the skins of some of the thieves being nailed to the door of the Chapel of the Pyx, as, with the help of a microscope, may be seen to this day. Sir Walter Besant follows the older belief that the treasures were abstracted from the Chapel of the Pyx, and it is not easy to see why otherwise the door of that chapel was decorated with the robbers' skins. The originator of the scheme was one Richard Podelicote, a merchant, who began by robbing the monks of some of their plate, and then drew certain of them, including the sacrist and the sub-prior—even the Lord Abbot himself is not free from suspicion—into his plan for raiding the royal jewels and plate. The robbery was cleverly planned, and carried out with patience and thoroughness. A grassy space east of the Chapter-house was sown with hemp so that the plants, when they had grown tall, might provide a place of concealment for the booty, and various articles of the regalia were abstracted one by one. Edward I. was away in Scotland, but in the summer of 1303 rumours reached his ears of jewels belonging to his treasury being exposed for sale in the goldsmiths' shops at Westminster. By his orders the Mayor of London and others proceeded to the Abbey to make inquisition, as the result of which forty-eight of the monks and divers other persons, including Podelicote, were put under arrest. Podelicote confessed, and he and his immediate confederates were hanged and their skins made to serve a purpose of warning; but the brethren were released, the King being anxious to avoid the scandal in which their punishment would have involved the Church. After this robbery there was built, near the Chapter-house, for the safe storage of the regalia, a jewel-house, which was afterwards converted into a Record Office, and in these days has become a museum of weights and measures.

Chapel of the Pyx.

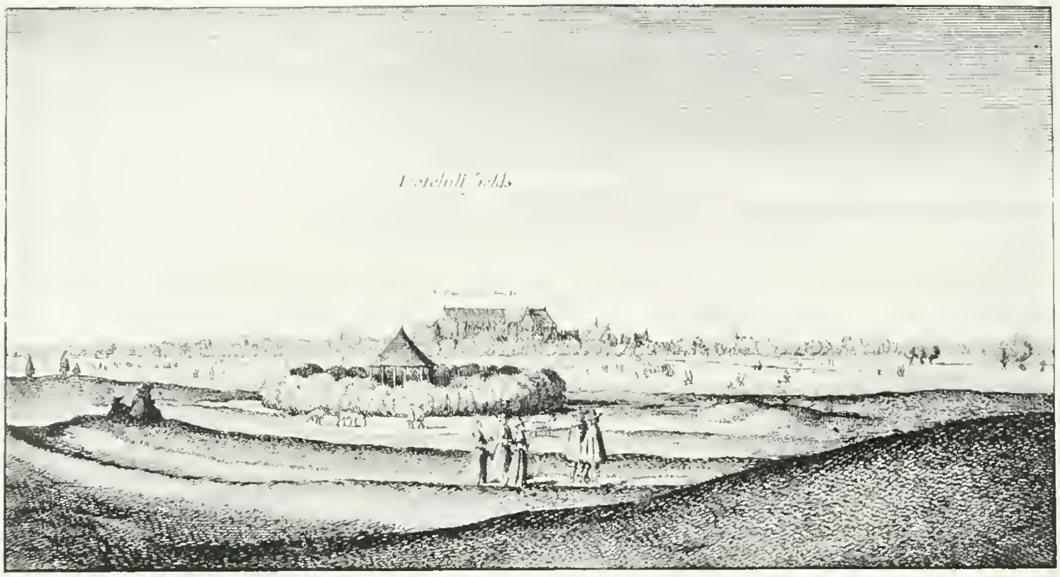
In the Chapel of the Pyx, a vaulted chamber of the Norman period, with a stone door furnished with seven locks, in the eastern walk of the Great Cloister, was kept the pyx (box) in which are preserved the gold and silver standards, until this was transferred to the Royal Mint: hence the name by which the chapel has long been known. Since the time of the Commonwealth, when the doors of the chamber were forced by officers of the Government because the Dean and Chapter refused to give up the keys, this chapel has been in the custody of the Crown. For some time the Board of Trade was responsible for it, but it is now in the charge of the Office of Works.

Jerusalem Chamber.

The Jerusalem Chamber, as we have seen, has probably been used as the Chapter-house since the Abbey gave up its proper Chapter-house to the Crown. It was also the scene of the labours of the Committee appointed by Convocation in 1870 to revise the authorised version of the New Testament, and until 1896, when the Great Hall of the Church House was opened, it was the place of meeting for the Upper House of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury.



MANTELPIECE IN THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER.



TOTHILL FIELDS.

CHAPTER XLVII

OLD WESTMINSTER

St. Peter's College—Origins—Tossing the Pancake—Westminster Boys—A Famous Flogger—Church House—Tufton Street and Henry Purcell—The Architectural Museum—The Horse Ferry—Vincent Square—Tothill Fields—Name and Uses—Rochester Row—Caxton Street—York Street—Milton's House—Queen Anne's Gate—Tothill Street—The Aquarium—Gate House Prison—Lovelace and Raleigh—Elizabeth Woodville in Sanctuary—John Skelton—Westminster Hospital and its Connexion with the Houses of Parliament—The Almonry—William Caxton

Westminster School.

THE intimate association of Westminster School with St. Peter's Church has already been touched upon. Even at the beginning of the Abbey's authentic history there are traditions of a school attached to it, and in the reign of Edward III. we read of a master appointed "to teach grammar," and paid a regular salary by the Almoner. In early days the "Master of the novices" sat with his disciples in the western cloister, and this, as Dean Stanley says, was "the first beginning of Westminster School."

At the Dissolution, when he made the Abbey the centre of a bishopric, Henry VIII. added to the foundation two masters to teach forty grammar scholars; but it is Queen Elizabeth who is always regarded as the foundress of St. Peter's College as now constituted. The number of boys on the foundation was to be forty, the same as before; they were to be known as Queen's scholars, and were to be chosen by preference from among the choristers or from the sons of the Chapter tenants; but provision was also made for some eighty other boys, oppidans, and there was to be right of election annually from among the Queen's or resident scholars to three studentships at Christ Church, Oxford, and the same number of scholarships at Trinity College, Cambridge. This arrangement continued down to 1874, when the studentships and scholarships at the Universities were thrown open to the whole school, and to them exhibitions have been added.

The School buildings are in the shadow of the Abbey, on the south side. The College Hall, where the King's scholars (as they are called when a king is on the throne) have their meals, adjoins the Jerusalem Chamber, and was originally the refectory of the Abbot's house. On each side are massive tables which are believed to be relics of the Spanish Armada. The schoolroom, behind the lower end of the eastern cloister, and above the Chapel of the Pyx and other ancient parts of the Abbey, was the monks' dormitory. Here it is that the ceremony of tossing the pancake is fulfilled. After morning school on Shrove Tuesday a bar is put up across the timber-work roof, and the Abbey beadle ushers in the man-cook, with his frying-pan and a putty pancake. Standing in the middle of the room, the cook takes a preliminary swirl with the pan, and then flings the pancake over the bar. The boys at once scramble to gain possession of it, and if it should survive the *mêlée* whole, the boy who secures it is entitled to demand a guinea of the Dean. The Dean, as need hardly be said, is seldom called upon to furnish forth the guinea. In the old days, if the cook missed getting the pancake over the bar, he was "booked"—that is, the boys all threw their books at his head, but that custom was abolished in 1864, when the cook, for missing his aim, was "booked" with such vigour that he lost his temper, flung his pan at the boys and wounded the head of one of them, who, by way of compensation, was presented with the pan as a memento.

Tossing the Pancake.

The dormitory where the King's scholars sleep was built by the architect Earl of Burlington, in the reign of George I., on the west side of the college gardens; and it is in a part of this building, fitted up for the occasion as a theatre, that a play of Terence or of Plautus is annually represented in the Latin. In 1881 the school came into possession of the fine old residence known as Ashburnham House, which, though it may not have been built by Inigo Jones, contains a staircase of that architect's designing and some beautiful wood carving. Once used for the storage of the King's Library and the Cottonian MSS., now preserved in the British Museum, it was restored to the Dean and Chapter in 1739, and remained in their possession until the year named, when, in consideration of a fixed sum of money, it was ceded to the school under an arrangement made some thirteen years before and embodied in the Public Schools Act of 1868.

Of Westminster boys who lived to become

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL: COLLEGE HALL.

famous the name is legion. To mention but a few, it claims Ben Jonson, Cowley, Dryden, George Herbert, Nathaniel Lee, Prior, Rowe, Giles Fletcher, Churchill, Cowper, and Southey, with Toplady and Charles Wesley the hymnologists; Camden, Gibbon, and Froude among historians; Hakluyt among geographers; John Locke among philosophers, and Christopher Wren among architects; Sir Harry Vane, the third Marquis of Lansdowne, Sir James Graham, and Earl Russell among statesmen; Dr. South, Bishop Atterbury, and Archbishop Longley among divines; the Earl of Mansfield among judges; the first Marquis of Anglesey and Lord Raglan among soldiers; and Warren Hastings among administrators. Of the headmasters, the one best known to fame is Dr. Busby, who held the position for fifty-seven years, from the reign of Charles I. to that of William III., and was able at one time to boast that of the bishops at that time on the bench, sixteen had been educated by him. No one ever believed more firmly in the virtues of the rod than Dr. Busby, and they still preserve at the school, besides his old oak chair, the drawer in which he and other headmasters before and after him kept the birches which they knew so well how to wield. There lingers in the school a story of one of Dr. Busby's boys who was so frightened at having torn a curtain that a schoolfellow took upon himself the offence and the flogging. Years afterwards, in the days of the Protectorate, the schoolfellows met again, the one as judge, the other as prisoner, charged with complicity in Penruddocke's rebellion. Nothing was said, but as soon as he had sentenced the prisoner the judge saddled horse and sped from Exeter to London to seek out the Lord Protector, whom he prevailed upon to pardon the rebel.

Famous Westminster Boys.

Dr Busby.

The King's scholars still retain their privilege of attending the debates of the House of Commons, and still, as we saw in an earlier chapter, have Westminster boys a recognised part in the coronation ceremony. Still also is the ancient association between school and Abbey preserved, for in St. Peter's Church the boys assemble at half-past nine o'clock in the morning for prayers, and habited in surplices they attend service in the choir on Sundays. They have two playgrounds, one in Dean's Yard, known as the Elms, and a larger one of ten acres a little distance away to the south-west, in what is known as Vincent Square, after the Headmaster and Dean (d. 1815) who presented it to the school. The school now numbers about 270 boys. A little to the north of Dean's Yard, in Broad Sanctuary, is a Gothic column of Aberdeen granite, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, and reared in 1861 to commemorate Lord Raglan and other "old Westminsters" who laid down their lives for their country in the Crimea.

To the south of Dean's Yard, which bounds it on the north, is the site, about an acre in extent, acquired for the purposes of the Church House scheme, which, intended to provide a group of buildings that should serve as a Parliament House for the Church of England, was started in 1886 as the Clergy Memorial of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. The only parts of the scheme yet carried out are the Great Hall and the western block, which includes the Henry Hoare Memorial Hall, the meeting-place of the House of Laymen. The architect was the late Sir Arthur Blomfield; the style is the Tudor, and the medium red brick. In the Great Hall are chambers in which the Upper and Lower Houses of Convocation hold their meetings.

Church House.

The Church House estate is bounded on the west and south by Great and Little Smith Streets, and on the east by Tufton Street, named after its builder, Sir Richard Tufton, who died in 1631 and was buried in the Abbey. Here in Tufton Street, numbered 23, was the house in which, more than two hundred years ago, lived Henry Purcell. The house was still standing when the Purcell Bicentenary was celebrated in 1895, but it has now vanished. The association of the greatest of English composers with Westminster is of the closest kind, for he is traditionally said to have been born in Old Pye Street, he lived in St. Anne's Street as well as here in Tufton Street, he was organist of the Abbey, he died in Dean's Yard, and, as we have seen, he was buried in the north aisle of the choir which he had often flooded with his music. His life, magnificent as it was in achievement, was but a short

Henry Purcell.

one. He was born in or about 1658, and died on the 21st of November, 1695, so that his long tale of glorious work was crowded into seven-and-thirty years.

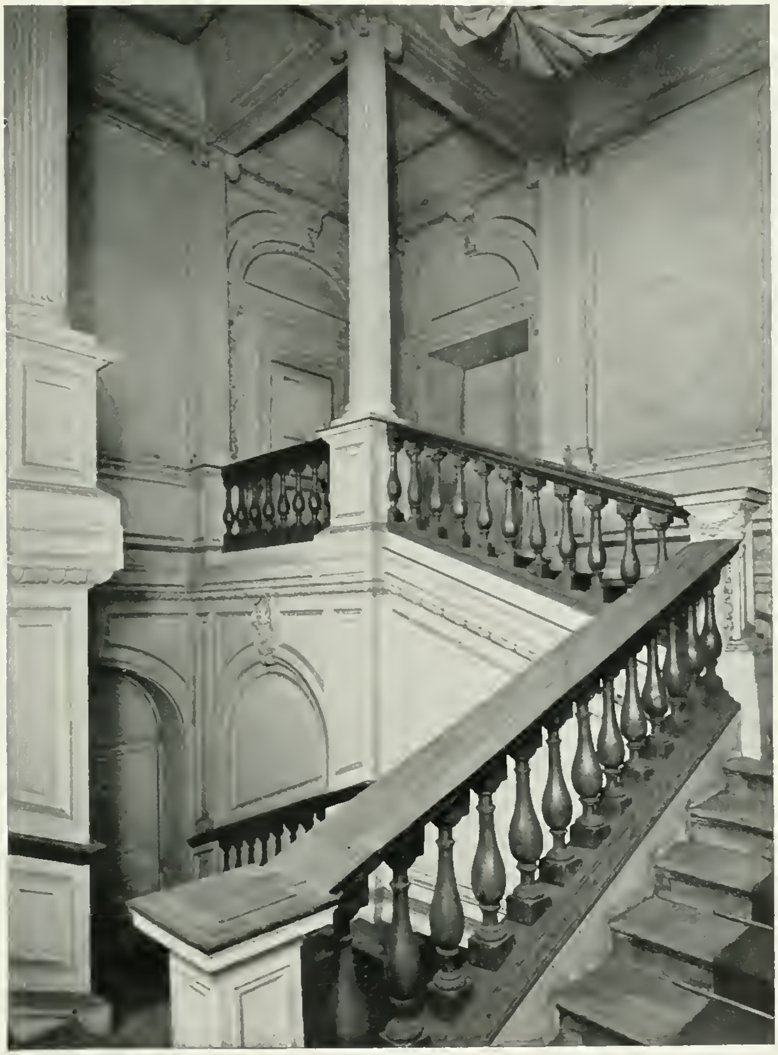


Photo Pictorial Agency.

INIGO JONES'S STAIRCASE, ASHBURNHAM HOUSE (*p.* 521).

The Architectural Museum.

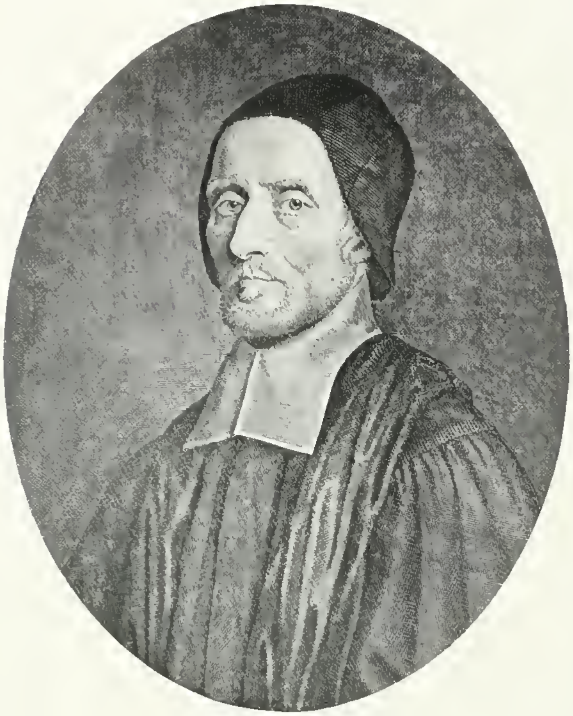
In Tufton Street also is the Royal Architectural Museum, founded in Cannon Row in 1851 by Ruskin, Sir Gilbert Scott, and other lovers of architecture; it afterwards formed part of what is now the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington, and was transferred to its present quarters in 1869. It includes models of famous architectural works, both English and foreign, as well as casts and actual specimens of architectural details.

St. John's.

Between Tufton Street and the river, in Smith Square, is the church of St. John the Evangelist, remarkable in that it has a kind of steeple at each of its four angles, a feature which has exposed it to much ridicule. This, however, was no part of the design, but was added by the architect, Thomas Archer, a pupil of Vanbrugh, and builder also of Cliefden House, to obviate the uneven "settling" of the building, due to the boggy character of the ground. It was finished in 1728. The living is in the gift of the Crown, and since 1894 it has been held by the Ven. Archdeacon Wilberforce, chaplain of the House of Commons.

Horseferry Road.

To the south of Smith Square is the Horseferry Road, named, of course, from the ferry of which we have spoken in our chapter on the City of Westminster (p. 470), and which crossed the river just where it is now spanned by Lambeth Bridge. The only horse ferry allowed on the Thames in London, it brought in a considerable revenue to the Archbishops of Canterbury until the opening of old Westminster Bridge in 1750 diverted the traffic, the Archbishop of that day receiving a sum of £3,000 by way of compensation. The ferry, however, did not wholly cease till Lambeth Bridge was built, in 1862.



DR. BUSBY (*p.* 522).

Vincent Square.

Following Horseferry Road westwards, we diverge from it southwards to Vincent Square, named, as we have seen, after the Dean of Westminster who presented its ten acres to Westminster School as a playground. Here, on the north side, is the new Exhibition Hall of the Royal Horticultural Society, which claims, probably with justice, to be the best-lighted hall in the country. Its opening by the King and Queen in 1904 (July 22nd) coincided with the Society's centenary. Almost adjoining it is the comely habitation of the Westminster Technical Institute, which was conveyed to the London County Council by the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The technical instruction given here relates mainly to the building trades. The same structure accommodates also the Westminster School of Art.

Tothill Fields.

Here at Vincent Square we are in the region known as Tothill Fields—a region so ill-defined that Jeremy Bentham remarked of it that if a place could exist which could be said to be in no neighbourhood it would be this. Mr. Wykeham Archer, in the "Vestiges of Old London," speaks of it as part of a marshy tract of land lying between Millbank and Westminster Abbey, and with that definition, vague as it is, we must fain be content. Why the place bore the name Tothill is at least as obscure, and the obscurity has been the opportunity of the speculative antiquary. We cannot stop even to state the theories that have been suggested, but the name *Toot* in various forms is often met with in this country as signifying the highest ground in a neighbourhood, which would be used as the site for a beacon or for a stronghold, or as a place of observation; and it is significant that in an ancient lease relating to this Tothill, or Toothill, the place is alternatively styled the Beacon Field. Clark supposes that Tothill was a mound used by the Saxons for military purposes; if so, he concludes, it was a protection overlooking the Watling Street, which here was carried across the river (p. 470), and it may very well have been raised by Alfred in the Danish struggle. But here we are straying into the region of mere conjecture, nor can a much greater degree of certitude be claimed for Mr. G. Laurence Gomme's interesting suggestion that Tothill was the site of the Westminster Folk-moot.

Whatever the origin of the name, Tothill Fields in the reign of Henry III. formed a manor in Westminster belonging to one John Mansell, who became Chancellor of England; and in the same reign the Abbot of Westminster was granted to hold here a weekly market and in St. Margaret's Churchyard an annual three days' fair, which in 1542 was removed to the Fields. Various were the uses to which Tothill Fields were put in the centuries that passed before they were built over. They were to Westminster, as Sir Walter Besant says, what Smithfield and Moorfields were to the City of London. Here were held tournaments and public wagers of battle, and in later days private duels; here cock-fighting and bear- and bull-baiting and prize-fighting and other sports of the good old times when brutality was rampant were carried on; here were gardens with a maze; here in Pepys's day the dead were buried; here punishments were inflicted, and in 1655 was built, in Artillery Place, close to the present Victoria Street, a House of Correction which only ceased to be used in 1834, when it was superseded by a new prison in Francis Street, pulled down in 1885. There was a bear-garden in Tothill Fields so recently as 1793; and the last duel fought here was that of which Swift gives an account to Stella, between Sir Cholmley Dering, a Kentish gentleman, and a Mr. Richard Thornhill.

The Last Duel.

"They fought at sword and pistol this morning [May 9th, 1711] in Tuttle Fields," writes Swift; "the pistols so near that the muzzles touched. Thornhill discharged first, and Dering, having received the shot, discharged his pistol as he was falling, so it went into the air." The story had a grim sequel, which Swift gives under date August 21st in the same year. "Thornhill, who killed Sir Cholmley Dering, was murdered by two men at Turnham Green last Monday night; as they stabbed him they bid him remember Sir Cholmley Dering."

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

CHURCH HOUSE: THE HENRY HOARE MEMORIAL HALL (*p.* 522).

Rochester Row.

From Vincent Square we pass to Rochester Row, so called after the bishopric of Rochester, which was held conjointly with the Deanery of Westminster by several successive Deans, the separation only being effected in the time of Dean Vincent. In Rochester Row are the United Westminster Almshouses, a comely block of buildings reared in 1881 under the powers of a scheme of the Charity Commissioners amalgamating three groups of almshouses — Emery Hill's, founded in 1674, the Rev. James Palmer's (1656), and Nicholas Butler's (1667).

Almshouses.

Emery Hill's almshouses stood on the site of the new buildings, and according to some notes by Mr. W. E. Harland Oxley* they had "long gardens in the rear, and were often very gay in the summer-time from the wealth of flowers; old-world flowers—marigolds, stocks, pinks, wallflowers and others." The site of Palmer's Almshouses is now

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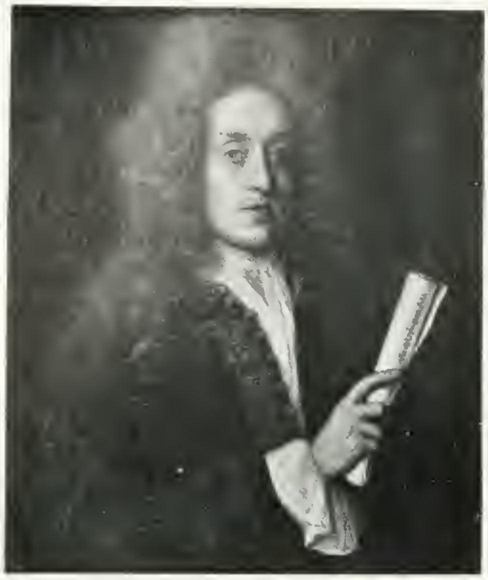
* *London Argus*, Nov. 8th, 1902.



HENRY PURCELL, FROM THE PAINTING BY J. CLOSTERMAN.
By permission of the Royal Society of Musicians.

covered by the Hotel Windsor, and Butler's were close by. St. Margaret's Hospital, best known as the Greencoat School, from the long green skirts, with a red girdle, which the boys wore, stood in Artillery Row, where are now some of the buildings of the Army and Navy Stores. Emmanuel Hospital, known also as Lady Dacre's Almshouses, in James Street, founded in 1600, under the will of Ann, widow of Gregory Fiennes, Lord Dacre, for twenty pensioners and twenty children, was demolished in 1892, and the site has been covered by flats. The school was amalgamated with those of St. Margaret's, Palmer's, and Emery Hill's Hospitals under the title of the United Westminster Schools, and on this foundation there is now carried on, under the name of the Westminster City School, a large day school in Palace Street, and a boarding school at Wandsworth.

Greycoats.

Bluecoats.

Among its many charities Westminster has—happily we have not here to use the historic tense—a Greycoat and a Bluecoat School. The former, in Greycoat Place, at the north-eastern end of Rochester Row, was founded in 1698 for seventy poor boys and forty poor girls, but is now a school for girls alone, of whom there are some four hundred. The original buildings remain, though they have had to be supplemented; and behind them are spacious playgrounds. The central building has a clock, turret and bell, above the arms of Queen Anne, flanked on either side by a figure dressed in the former costumes of the children. The Bluecoat School, in Caxton Street, is a quaint, almost square little building of red brick, dating from 1709, and though Sir Walter Besant in 1895 gloomily prophesied its disappearance, because it is beautiful, adorns the street, is sacred to the memory of two hundred years of boys, and is still most useful, it has not yet gone the way of so many other Westminster antiquities.

Caxton Street.

We may make our way back towards the Abbey by way of Strutton Ground, a name which is a corruption of Stourton, after the town house of the Lords Stourton, who were presently succeeded as its occupiers by the Lords Dacre. Old Pye Street, leading out of Strutton Ground eastwards, is named after the Sir Robert Pye who married Anne the daughter of John Hampden. Orchard Street, close by, is so called because it runs across the old orchard of the monastery. On the other side of Victoria Street is Caxton Street, a new thoroughfare named of course after the printer, and here, also bearing his name, is the elegant Caxton Hall, of red brick and stone in the Renascence style, which was built for the parishes of St. Margaret and St. John, and enlarged in 1898. It passed under the control of the Westminster City Council when that authority was created, and is now largely used for public meetings, bazaars, concerts, and similar purposes. In Buckingham Gate, in which Caxton Street terminates on the west, is the large Nonconformist place of worship, an adaptation of the Lombardic style, known as Westminster Chapel, long associated with the ministrations of the saintly Samuel Martin, who was Chairman of the Congregational Union in 1862. In 1904 Dr. Campbell Morgan entered upon his very successful pastorate here, and since then a sum of £8,000 has been raised for the renovation of the chapel.

York Street: Milton.

In York Street, formerly known as Petty France, lived John Milton in a house which survived until 1878, when it was pulled down to make room for the huge sky-scraping block of flats known as Queen Anne Mansions, the earliest of the large groups of flats now so common in London. The poet came to Petty France on leaving Scotland Yard about the end of 1651. It was here that (1652), in his forty-fourth year, he became totally blind, that he lost his first wife, Mary Powell, and enjoyed the brief happiness of his second marriage, that he wrote the *Defensio Secunda* and other pamphlets, and some of the most famous of his sonnets, including the last of the noble series—the tribute to the memory of his "late espousèd saint," and that he made a beginning with "Paradise Lost"; and here he continued to dwell until at the Restoration, almost if not quite the last of the more prominent Republicans to see to his own safety, he went into hiding. The house was bought by Jeremy Bentham, who added the garden to his own adjacent house; and on the front which faced St. James's Park he placed a tablet inscribed, "Sacred to Milton, Prince of Poets." More congruous was the association with the house of William Hazlitt, who rented it of Bentham from 1811 to 1819. It was the last of the many London houses associated with Milton to survive.

Tothill Street.

The Aquarium.

York Street ends in Broadway, behind which is Queen Anne's Gate, one of the primmest and staidest spots in the metropolis, with a statue of Queen Anne to add to its impeccable respectability. By Broadway we come to Tothill Street, said to be the oldest street in Westminster, in olden days lined on both sides by great houses with fair gardens. On its north side stood until 1871, when it was pulled down to make way for the Westminster Aquarium, the Cock Inn, one of the oldest taverns in London, where in the reign of Henry VII. the workmen who were engaged upon the Abbey used to receive their wages. The Aquarium was built in 1875-76, but was not long in changing its nature and becoming a kind of variety theatre, though it was also used for exhibitions of the Royal Horticultural Society and the like. To whatever uses it was put, it was always an eyesore, and no one could have regretted its disappearance when it was bought by the Wesleyan Methodist Church with part of the proceeds of their Centenary Fund and pulled down, the Imperial Theatre, however, at the western end, being left standing. On a part of the site is being reared the group of buildings which is to be the Church House of the Connexion.

Gate House Prison.

At the western end of Tothill Street stood the Gate House prison, dating from the reign of Edward III., and once the principal approach to the monastery. Held under lease granted by the Dean and Chapter, it continued to be

Photo: Pictorial Agency

THE UNITED WESTMINSTER ALMSHOUSES (*p.* 525).

used as a prison, in its later days mostly for debtors, until 1776, when the Abbey authorities issued an order for its destruction. One of its walls, however, survived until 1836. It is memorable mainly as the place of detention of Lovelace the Cavalier poet (p. 244), and of Sir Walter Raleigh, who spent here the night before his execution. When his wife took her farewell of him she told him that the judges had granted to her his body. "Well mayst thou, Bess," said he with a smile, "dispose of that when dead which thou hadst not ever the disposing of when alive." And at midnight, when she had gone, he sat him down and wrote the lines—

> "E'en such is Time! that takes on trust
> Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
> And pays us but with age and dust;
> Who in the dark and silent grave,
> When we have wandered all our ways
> Shuts up the story of our days."

Photo Pictorial Agency.

THE GREYCOAT SCHOOL (*p.* 520).

Sanctuary.

Elizabeth Woodville.

Leaving Tothill Street we find ourselves in Broad Sanctuary, forming part of the precinct, on the west and north sides of the Abbey, where criminals and debtors might enjoy the protection of the Lord Abbot and the monks. Here stood a heavy structure resembling a square keep, strongly built of stone to resist attack. There was but one door, and on the ground floor but one window; within were two chapels. This building, which did not finally disappear until the middle of the eighteenth century, was the heart, so to speak, of the Sanctuary, but the privileges of immunity from arrest extended to the whole precinct of the Abbey, the church, the monastery buildings, the close and cloisters and gardens. Twice did Elizabeth Woodville, the queen of Edward IV., seek refuge here—the first time when her husband had to flee the country and she came here with her three daughters, and in the fortress described above gave birth to her first boy, Edward V. On the second occasion Richard had seized the crown, and, already having Elizabeth's elder boy in safe keeping at the Tower, came here to make sure of the younger son, the Duke of York.

Climbing the stair to the upper chapel of the Sanctuary he dragged the boy from the arms of his mother, who passionately kissed him, exclaiming, "God knoweth when we shall kiss one another again." She was still living here when, ten months later, she heard of the death of her boys.

Later there fled here to escape the vengeance of Cardinal Wolsey, John Skelton, who had lampooned the proud Churchman—had hurled this among many other barbed darts at him:—

> "He ruleth all the roste
> With braggynge and with boste,
> Borne up on every syde
> With pompe and with pryde."

Skelton never dared to leave the Sanctuary, though possibly he found life here pretty much to his taste; and here he died in 1529, the year in which his enemy was disgraced.

Surviving the Reformation, the rights of sanctuary were not abolished until the end of the seventeenth century, and not till much nearer our own day did this part of Westminster acquire the odour of respectability. In these days nothing remains of the old institution but the names borne by two of the streets, Broad Sanctuary and Little Sanctuary; and now on the very site of the building to which criminals fled to escape the consequences of their defaults and misdeeds there stands a hall of justice, the Guildhall and Sessions House of Middlesex, where are held the Quarter Sessions for the county, as well as the meetings of the Middlesex County Council. A comely octagonal structure, it was built in 1805 from the designs of S. P. Cockerell, and was greatly altered and enlarged in 1892 by the late Mr. F. H. Pownall, Surveyor of the county. Against its western wall is to be seen the stone gateway of the old Tothill Fields Bridewell.

Middlesex Guildhall.

Next to the Guildhall is the Westminster Hospital, dating as a building from 1834, when it was reared by the Inwoods, and as an institution from 1719, when it was established in Petty France as the Westminster Dispensary. The hospital is in direct telephonic communication with the Houses of Parliament. The Speaker is a member of the Board of Governors, the names of many M.P.'s are to be seen in its list of subscribers, and there is a curious rule under which any article of value which is found in the House of Commons and not claimed is presented to the hospital.

Close to the west end of the Abbey Henry VII. built an almshouse for thirteen poor men, whose blue-gowned successors may to this day be seen at the Abbey services, though they no longer live in the precincts. Around this almshouse, in contiguity to which the King's mother reared one for women, grew up other houses, and as the alms of the Abbey were distributed here, the spot came to be known as the Almonry, or the Ambry, and was divided into two parts, the Great and the Little Almonry. At this distance of time it is interesting mainly because here, under the auspices of the Abbot, William Caxton, the father of English printers, set up his printing-press in a house which bore the sign of the Red Pale, where till his death, some twenty years later (1491), he diligently practised his craft. It has often been said by writers who have misunderstood Stow, that the press was erected within St. Peter's Church itself, but "in the Abbey" is a phrase that was sometimes used to denote, as Stow no doubt intended it to denote, the whole precinct, and not merely the church. The house in Little Dean Street, on the north side of the Almonry, ascribed by tradition to Caxton, tumbled down in 1845, but there is little doubt that it was of much more recent date than the fifteenth century. Why Caxton chose Westminster as his sphere of operations is convincingly shown by Sir Walter Besant in his volume on "Westminster." He could not set up in the City of London, because no trade or craft could be carried on there except under the authority of a Livery Company, and as yet there was no such thing as a printing trade. "He wanted Court favour, a thing which everybody wanted at that time; he wanted the patronage of great lords and ladies; and he wanted to attract the attention of colleges, monasteries, and places where they wanted books and used books. In short, like every man in trade, Caxton wanted a place which would be convenient for advertising, showing, and proclaiming his business. For all purposes Westminster was admirably suited for the setting up of his press."

The Almonry.

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE ROYAL PALACE OF WESTMINSTER AND ST. MARGARET'S

Founding the Palace—St. Stephen's Chapel—Evolution of Parliament—The Chapter-house its Meeting-place—" St. Stephen's "—The Painted Chamber—The Star Chamber—The Old Palace Destroyed by Fire—Charles Barry's Plans Accepted—A Series of Blunders—The Great Work Completed—The General Plan—First and Second Thoughts—Decoration—The Three Towers—The " Gilded Chamber "—The " Lower House "—The Mace—The Galleries—Disraeli's Retirement from the House—Gladstone's—The Central Hall—St. Stephen's Hall—St. Margaret's Church—The East Window—Memorable Associations—An Attempt upon a Priest—Puritan Divines in the Pulpit

The Confessor.

St. Stephen's Chapel.

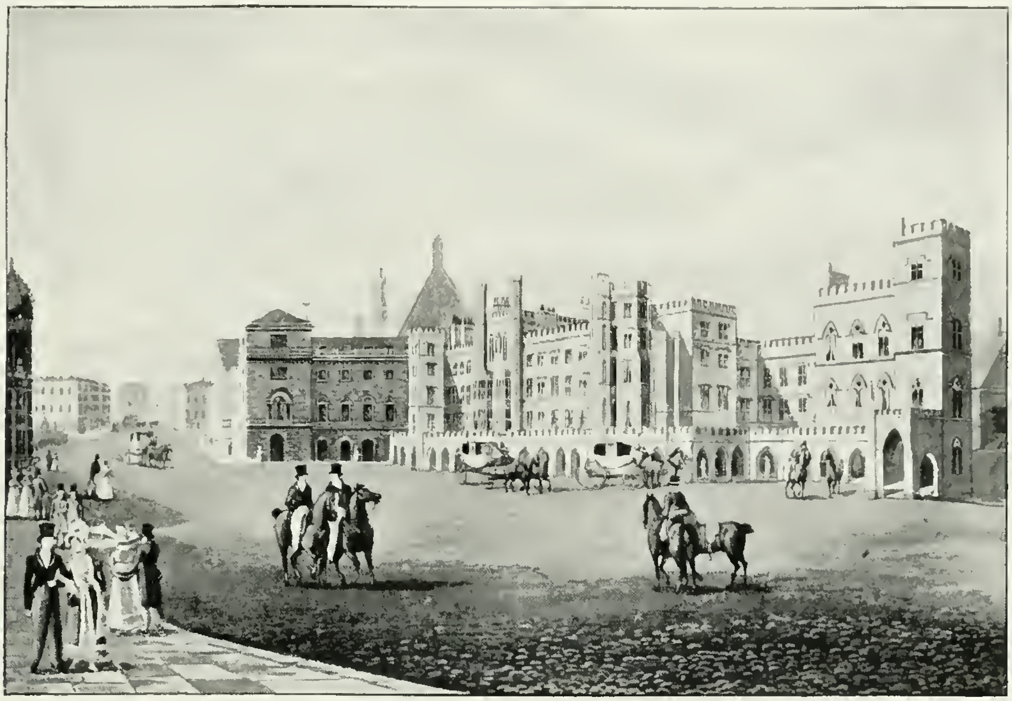
CONFINING one's self to history and leaving legend to bolder minds, one may regard Edward the Confessor as the founder of the first of Westminster's royal palaces, as he was the founder of St. Peter's Abbey. In it he entertained the Duke of Normandy, who after he had established himself on the throne is believed to have improved and enlarged the building. William Rufus added to it Westminster Hall, and is said by the chroniclers to have boasted, when his guests admired the grandeur of the hall, that it was not big enough by half, and was but a bedchamber compared to that which he would build. If he indulged in the vaunt, little or nothing came of it, and it was reserved to King Stephen to make the next considerable addition to the Palace —that of a magnificent chapel dedicated to the proto-martyr whose name he bore, and founded for a dean and canons, no doubt to replace a smaller chapel built by Edward the Confessor. St. Stephen's Chapel, which stood where now stands the part of the new Palace of Westminster that is styled St. Stephen's Hall, was rebuilt by Edward I. Destroyed by fire in 1298, it was again rebuilt in the reigns of the Second and Third Edwards in the prevalent Decorated style, and this was the building which survived down almost to our own day, though barbarously mutilated by men who had no eyes for its loveliness. Considerable additions were made to the Palace by that great builder Henry III., and it was from him that some at least of the chambers received their fanciful names—perhaps from the character of their decorations — such as Antioch, Heaven, Paradise, Purgatory; nor was the line drawn even at Hell. Early in the sixteenth century the Palace, with the exception of Westminster Hall and St. Stephen's Chapel, the Painted Chamber and the Star Chamber, was almost destroyed by fire, and so ended its career as a king's house, for Henry VIII., instead of rebuilding it, relieved Cardinal Wolsey of York House, to which the name of Whitehall was presently given.

The Story of Parliament.

For the rest of its career the old Royal Palace of Westminster is bound up with the story of Parliament. To find the beginnings of that story we must hark back to the year 1213, two years before Magna Charta, when King John summoned four representatives of each shire to meet in council at St. Albans, and so the most tyrannical, as he was probably the most despicable, of our monarchs became in some sense the founder of our Parliamentary system. From this time onwards it became no infrequent thing for the Sovereign, when he was in need of money, to call together his leading subjects. The assemblies thus formed were generally known as the Great Council, but by the year 1244—only one-and-thirty years after the Council summoned by John—it had begun to be spoken of as Parliament. By this time it had learnt to proclaim the grievances of the nation against the monarch with no lack of frankness or vigour. In 1258, for example, Henry III. had to listen to some extremely

The Barons' Plain Speaking.

plain speaking from the Parliament which he had summoned to Westminster. The barons gathered at Westminster Hall in no submissive mood. They were all "locked up in steel," and Henry marched into the Hall to an ominous clattering of swords. "What means this?" he asked, his eye glancing along the mailed ranks. "Am I a prisoner?" "Not so," replied Roger Bigod; "but your foreign favourites and your own extravagance have involved this realm in great wretchedness, wherefore we demand that the powers of government be entrusted and made over to a committee of bishops and barons, that the same may root up abuses and enact good laws." And when, in the following month, Parliament met again, this time at Oxford, it enacted that in future four knights should be chosen by the votes of the freeholders in each county, to lay before Parliament all breaches of law and justice that might occur.



THE OLD HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT IN 1821.

Simon de Montfort.

The next stage in the evolution of Parliament is associated with the name of Simon de Montfort. But though the Parliament which he called together in 1265, after the Battle of Lewes, comprised not only barons, bishops and abbots and knights of the shires, but also two representatives of certain towns. it was not a representative assembly, since the Earl had been careful to summon to it only his own partisans.

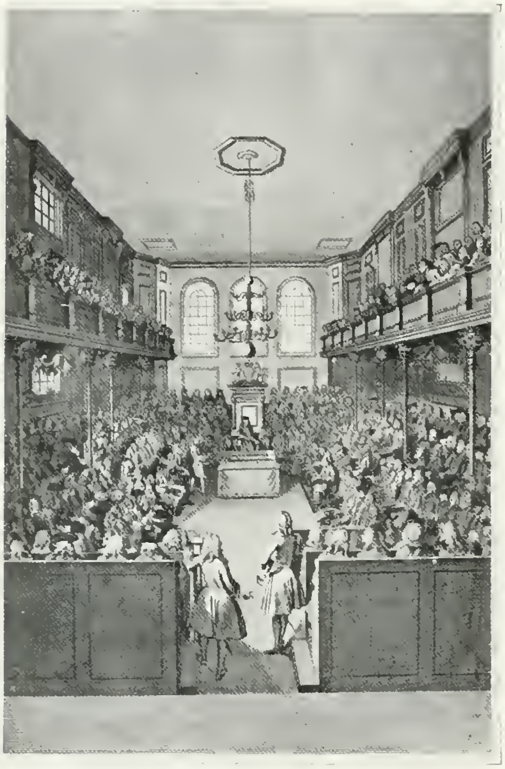
The First True Parliament.

To find the first veritable Parliament we must take a flying leap to the year 1295. In the twenty-third year of his reign, threatened on two sides by a league formed between Scotland and France, Edward I. resolved to throw himself not upon any one class but upon the nation as a whole. Accordingly he summoned to the Chapter-house of Westminster Abbey a Parliament in which each shire was represented by two knights and each borough by two burgesses. It was attended also by representatives of the parochial clergy and of cathedral chapters, as well as by bishops, abbots, earls, and barons. The writ which summoned this microcosm of the nation laid it down as "a most equitable rule" that "what concerns all should be approved by all"—a doctrine, we may be sure, of which no soul then living perceived the full implications.

At first our Parliaments met wherever the King chanced to be, and it was due merely to the accident of Edward's presence in London that the Model Parliament, as

In the Chapter-house.

that of 1295 has been called, assembled in the Chapter-house of Westminster Abbey. Thus in the following year Parliament was summoned to Bury St. Edmunds, and from time to time Parliaments were convoked at Lincoln and Northampton and York, and even at the most distant extremity of the realm, at Carlisle. In the next century, however, Westminster, as the seat of the Royal Palace, became the fixed and regular meeting-place of the National Assembly, and so it has ever since continued to be, except when plague was raging in the capital, as was the case, for instance, in 1625, when Charles I. summoned his first Parliament to meet at Oxford.



SITTING OF THE COMMONS IN ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL IN 1741.

From a Drawing by B. Cole.

In "St. Stephen's."

The Painted Chamber.

The Star Chamber.

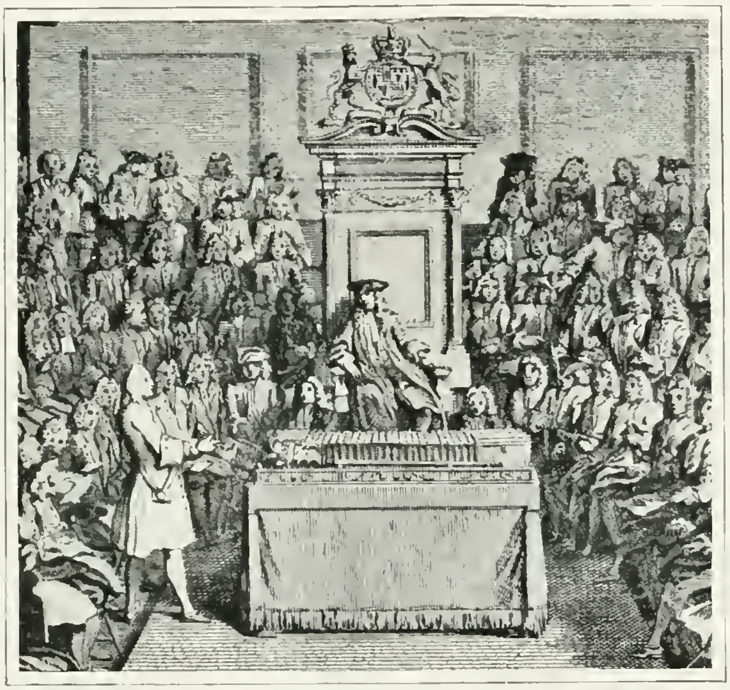
In 1377, Parliament having already separated into two Houses, the Abbot of Westminster placed the Chapter-house at the service of the Commons, and here for a century and three-quarters they continued to meet. But in 1547, in order to be nearer the House of Lords, they were transferred to one of the remnants of the old Palace of Westminster, St. Stephen's Chapel, which had become vacant by the suppression of the collegiate body attached to it; and here the Lower House met until it was burnt out in 1834. The meeting-place of the Lords was a building which ran at right angles with St. Stephen's Chapel, and has been variously styled the White Hall (not to be confused with the Palace upon which this name was bestowed after Henry VIII. had taken it from Cardinal Wolsey) and the Court of Requests, this last name derived from the sittings once held in it by officers whose business it was to receive petitions for justice or for royal favours. Other parts of the Royal Palace of Westminster which survived until the fire of 1834 were the Painted Chamber and the Star Chamber. The former, sometimes used as a place of meeting for the two Houses when they conferred together, was not improbably the room in which Edward the Confessor breathed his last. Why it was called the Painted Chamber had passed out of mind until the year 1800, when the removal of the tapestry and wainscotting to increase its accommodation revealed a series of mural paintings depicting scenes from the Wars of the Maccabees and from Edward the Confessor's life. On the third, fourth, and fifth days of the trial of Charles I., the Court sat in this chamber instead of in Westminster Hall, and here it was that Oliver Cromwell and the others signed the fatal warrant. The Star Chamber, which stood parallel with the river, on the eastern side of New Palace Yard, and is believed to have owed its name to stars which spangled the ceiling, was renovated by Queen Elizabeth, whose initials it bore, with the date 1602. It was not long after this, in 1641, that the arbitrary tribunal which held its sittings here was abolished. The room then became a depository for rubbish, and at the time of the fire of 1834 it was blocked up with an accumulation of "tallies," notched sticks that were used for keeping the Exchequer accounts down to the end of the Georgian era.

These same tallies were the innocent cause of the fire which consumed the scanty remnants of the Royal Palace of Westminster. In order to get rid of them they were used as fuel for a stove in the House of Lords. The fire, it would seem, was stoked

The Old Palace Destroyed.

too diligently, for the flue became overheated and set fire to the panelling of the Upper House. The outbreak was discovered at six o'clock in the evening of October the 16th, 1834, and such means as were in those days available in like emergencies were vigorously employed, members of both Houses lending willing aid and working like navvies to quell the flames. Soon the Thames was crowded with boats, from which the spectacle could be viewed as from reserved seats; on land the excited multitude was kept in order by a strong force of police, reinforced by regiments of Guards and by troops of horse. Those who fought the flames were foredoomed to failure. Around the ancient buildings of the Palace had been allowed to grow up in modern times a network of flimsy erections of wood and plaster, and only half-a-dozen years before this Parliament had been warned by Sir John Soane, the architect, of the danger which menaced the whole group. The flames, therefore, scarcely needed the stimulus of a brisk breeze from the south-west to accomplish their task with considerable thoroughness. Soon after two o'clock the next morning the Mother of Free Parliaments was homeless.

After the fire the Government of the day was plied with all sorts of suggestions. William the Fourth offered the loan of Buckingham Palace, but the Prime Minister would not hear of even a temporary departure from Westminster. "Viscount Melbourne," he responded, "cannot conceal from your Majesty that he would be unwilling to be the Minister who should advise your Majesty, upon his responsibility, to remove the Houses of Parliament from their ancient and established place of assembly at Westminster." But the Government acted with decision, and when in the following February the two branches of the Legislature met, as usual, they found themselves furnished with tolerable accommodation. The chapel of St. Stephen being too much of a ruin to be made habitable, the old House of Lords, which had fared somewhat less badly, was fitted up for the Commons, as the more numerous of the two bodies. For the Lords the Painted Chamber had been patched up.



SITTING OF THE COMMONS IN 1742.

From an Engraving by Pine, after Gravelot.

Immediate necessities having thus been provided for, arrangements were entered into for a new set of Parliament buildings, in the Gothic style, and four premiums of £500 each were to be awarded to the competitors whose plans were adjudged the best. That among the ninety-seven competitors, including all the leading architects of the day, Charles Barry should have been one of the first four, and that in the end his designs should have won for him the first place among the first four, is a fact of peculiar significance. For up to this time his fame had rested upon his achievements in the Italian Renascence. He had, it is true, begun to be sympathetically affected towards the Gothic, but as yet he was only feeling his way, and even to the end of his life, despite his growing appreciation of mediæval work, he never ceased to prefer the purer, more reticent and more harmonious beauty of the Classic. But he had already shown himself to have a singular fertility of resource, an extraordinary faculty for turning things as he found them to the best account, and so it was that having now, in his forty-first year, to work in what may almost be called an alien medium, he triumphed over all his rivals.

Charles Barry.

Among the styles of Gothic, Barry had most admiration for Early English, as was natural in one who liked the Classic better than the Gothic. But for a building intended for secular uses the Perpendicular seemed to him most suitable, and he therefore suppressed his preference for the simpler graces of the earlier style. Since Westminster Hall was there as a datum of his problem, he would incorporate it with his design and make of it a mighty vestibule. By setting back the south window of the Hall—the one opposite the great doorway—he would get space for a magnificent flight of steps leading up to a porch. From this porch another flight of steps, at right angles with that in Westminster Hall, would lead to St. Stephen's Hall, to be built over St. Stephen's Crypt, and on the site of the old House of Commons. This was to be the approach to the Central Hall, which would form the point of junction between the two Houses. On the left would stretch away in a straight line northwards that part of the Palace which was to belong to the Commons; on the right, also in a straight line, southwards, the part to be appropriated to the Peers. Parallel with this, the main floor, but separated from it by courts, a corridor and other features, would run the river front, containing the libraries of both Houses, committee rooms, and, in the centre, a Conference Room, with a noble terrace dividing it from the turbid waters of the Thames.

His General Plan.

The architect's estimate for the buildings themselves, as distinct from fittings and furniture, was, in round numbers, £800,000, and he was sanguine enough to believe that the work could be got through in six years. Though it is true that he gravely underestimated both time and cost, it must be said that no great enterprise was ever more miserably bungled than was this by successive Parliaments and Governments, nor has any architect in modern times had greater difficulties to encounter or more vexations to endure than had Barry. The responsibility to the Board of Works which should have been his alone was divided between him and others; and in the same way the responsibility of the Board of Works to Parliament was shared with committees and commissions which the Legislature in its wisdom thought fit to appoint. Hence a long series of misunderstandings and antagonisms, some of them particularly acrimonious, all of them productive of delay and wasteful of the architect's energy.

Bungling.

It was about the middle of 1837 that a start was made with the wall which was to bank in the river. At once a serious physical difficulty presented itself. "The soil of the bed of the river," writes Bishop Barry in the Life of his father, "was found to be exceedingly treacherous, in many places little better than a quicksand, and, unfortunately, the same character attached to the soil under a large portion of the building." Owing to this the wall and terrace were not finished till 1839, and not till the 27th of April, 1840, was the first stone of the superstructure laid. At the beginning of this year the Board of Works had made its first big blunder by withdrawing the warming and ventilating arrangements from the control of the architect and placing them under the supervision of Dr. Reid, who had a brand-new system of his own invention which necessitated alterations in every part of the building. Of course, there was friction between inventor and architect, culminating in the cessation of all direct communication

Dual Control.

and in the institution of a law-suit. In the end Barry was re-invested with the control of which he ought never to have been deprived.

By no means a good beginning, this, for the system of divided responsibility. But the lesson was lost upon the authorities, who went on to appoint Mr. Beckett Denison, Q.C., afterwards Lord Grimthorpe (d. 1905), to superintend the erection of the clock and bells for the Clock Tower, in co-operation with Mr. Airy, the Astronomer-Royal. There was a great deal of friction, at first between Mr. Denison and Barry, and afterwards between Mr. Denison and Mr. Airy; but it is only fair to Lord Grimthorpe and to Mr. Dent, the maker of the clock, to record that it has proved to be a model time-keeper. But Barry was not singular in being unable to work amicably with one who, with many aptitudes and enthusiasms, and abundance of public spirit, was never happier than when engaged in controversy. The questions successively at issue were of a complicated kind, and are not worth revival; but there could be no better example of how things should not be done than is to be found in the misunderstandings and muddles and animosities which arose out of this setting up of an authority independent of the architect.

From these and other causes ten years from the beginning of the work had passed before (in 1847) the House of Lords was ready for occupation, and yet three more years had to go by before the House of Commons was sufficiently advanced for a trial sitting, which was held on the 30th of May, 1850.

Completion.

The first session of Parliament to be opened by Queen Victoria in the new Palace was that of 1852, and the body of the structure being now virtually finished, her Majesty conferred upon the architect a knighthood. But there was still much to be done, and not until 1860, eight years later, had the great Victoria Tower, the last of the towers to be completed, reached its full stature. The work, therefore, had taken three-and-twenty years, virtually four times as long as Sir Charles Barry had allowed for it. And the cost was close upon two millions sterling, not far from a million and a quarter more than the estimate. But of this excess much the greater part was made up either of items excluded from the estimate, or of expenditure for which the architect was not responsible. As to the remainder, no small share was due to causes not within his control, though some of them might have been anticipated by a prescient mind with nothing else to think about. If the architect spent a good deal of money on alterations made in the vain hope of satisfying an almost tyrannical sense of perfection, and on a more profuse scheme of ornamentation than he had intended, one need not at this distance of time find fault with him on that score.

SIR CHARLES BARRY.
After the Portrait by J. P. Knight, R.A.

Barry's Death.

Highly characteristic is it of the indifference of the England of the mid-nineteenth century to the pageantry of which mediæval England was so fond, that neither the beginning nor the end of this national enterprise, the greatest of its kind since the building of St. Paul's Cathedral two hundred years ago, should have been marked by any public ceremonial. Had the completion of the work been celebrated by a great national function, as in these days assuredly it would have been, the man of whose genius it was the supreme expression would just have missed it. The Victoria Tower had been finished save for the lantern work and the flagstaff when, on the 12th of May, 1860, he was seized with sudden illness, and within a few hours had passed away. Fitting it is that he should have been laid to rest among the mighty dead in Westminster Abbey, hard by the stately pile which will carry down his fame to future generations.

Descriptive.

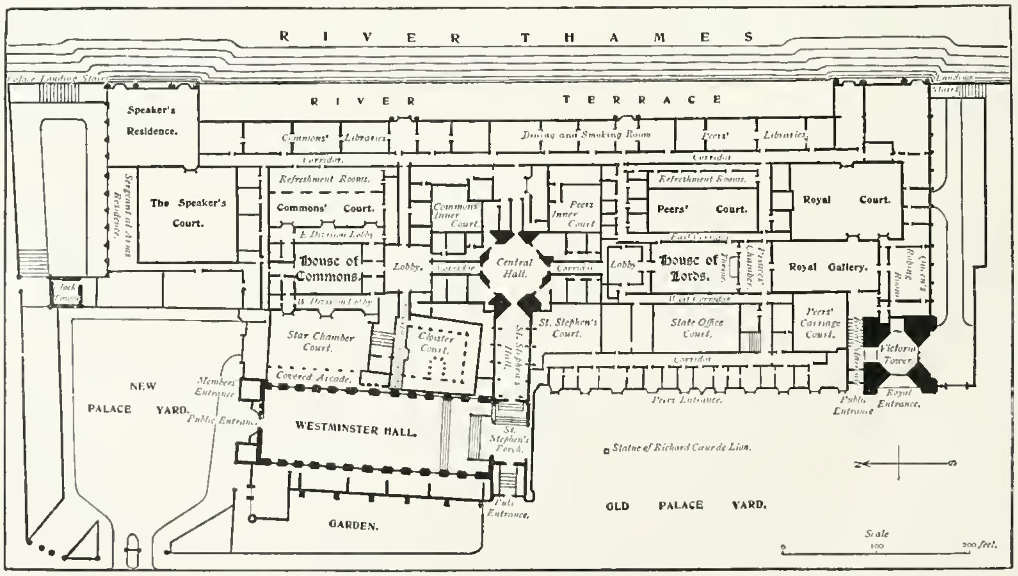
Looking at the Palace from the river, or from the opposite bank, one sees at a glance how faithfully the architect observed his self-imposed condition of building according to a regular and symmetrical plan. On the land side the symmetry of his design is less apparent ; but this arises from the fact that his conception has never been fully carried out. His intention was that New Palace Yard should be built around on all its sides, with a grand gateway at the north-west angle, where is the present entrance. Two of the sides, however, are enclosed with railings only, and now nothing is ever heard of any thought of completing the noble scheme.

Second Thoughts.

Although Barry was loyal to his outline, his designs in process of execution underwent an amount of modification for which there can be few parallels in the history of architecture. As first it took shape in his brain, it was castellated in type, with embattled parapets, and the great tower at the south-west angle—the Victoria Tower—was to be a huge keep, a hundred feet square. But the Palace, as we see it, has nothing castellated about it. The change seems to have followed upon the considerable extension which he was required to give to the river front, after the work had been begun, in order to increase the accommodation. Conscious of the necessity of breaking what was now to be an immensely long line, and also of adding to the apparent height, by way of making up for the lowness of the site, he determined to raise the whole centre, to heighten into towers the flanking masses, to introduce turrets, and to make his roofs visible. With these changes, of course, the castellated form disappeared, and with it went the keep-like character of the towers. And everywhere, as the building slowly grew under its creator's eye, he gave greater salience and continuity to the vertical lines, so as to increase the apparent elevation and break the sky-lines.

Ornamentation.

The architectural ornamentation of the Palace, profuse yet not redundant, since it is everywhere kept in strict subordination to the main outlines, is one of its most alluring charms. It was a favourite doctrine of Barry's that ornamentation could hardly be excessive if only it were congruous in character and the details were kept small, so as not to obtrude themselves upon the eye. How happily he carried out that principle here—with very considerable help, it should be said, from that enthusiast for the Gothic, Augustus Welby Pugin—may be seen at a glance. Regarded symbolically, the scheme is less unexceptionable. It is composed chiefly of effigies and emblems of the various English dynasties, from the Saxon sovereigns down to the House of Hanover, but it

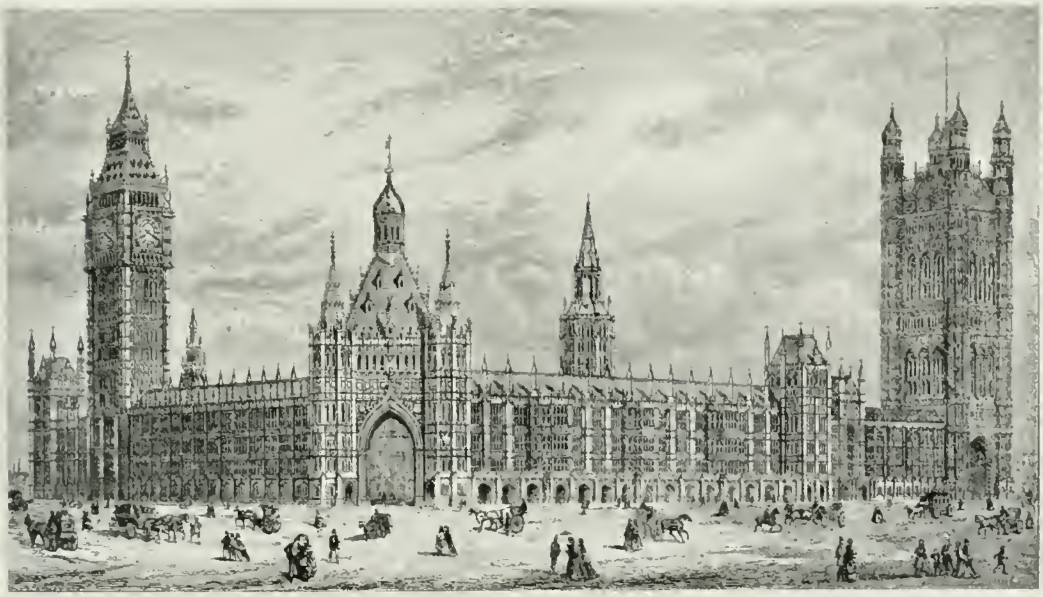

RIVER THAMES
Palace Landing Stairs
Landing Stairs
RIVER TERRACE
Speaker's Residence.
Commons' Libraries
Dining and Smoking Room
Peers' Libraries
Corridor
Refreshment Rooms.
Refreshment Rooms.
Serjeant at Arms Residence.
The Speaker's Court.
Commons' Court.
Commons Inner Court
Peers Inner Court
Peers' Court.
Royal Court.
E. Division Lobby
House of Commons.
Lobby.
Corridor
Central Hall.
Corridor
Lobby
House of Lords.
Princes' Chamber.
Royal Gallery.
Robing Room
Queen's
W. Division Lobby
Clock Tower
Star Chamber Court.
Cloister Court.
St. Stephen's Hall.
St. Stephen's Court.
State Office Court.
Peers' Carriage Court.
Victoria Tower
Covered Arcade.
Members' Entrance
NEW PALACE YARD.
Public Entrance.
WESTMINSTER HALL.
St. Stephen's Porch.
Peers Entrance.
Public Entrance
Royal Entrance.
Statue of Richard Cœur de Lion.
OLD PALACE YARD.
Public Entrance.
GARDEN.
Scale
0 100 200 feet.

PLAN OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

ignores the Greater Britain beyond the seas. Even in these days of enthusiastic loyalty, some courage would be needed to maintain that the scheme is not a somewhat exaggerated glorification of that monarchical principle the limitation of which was for centuries one of Parliament's chief functions.

Victoria Tower.

The sky-line of the Palace is charmingly broken by a multitude of turrets and by three towers. The greatest of these—the Victoria Tower—is said to be the loftiest tower in the world. Seventy-five feet square, its height to the top of the pinnacles is 336 feet, so that it is much more than twice the height of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square. From top to bottom it is constructed of brick, stone, and iron, with no admixture of combustible materials. Great care was taken by the architect to make the Palace fireproof throughout, but in the case of the Victoria Tower the care was redoubled, because it was originally intended that this part of the Palace should be utilised as a repository for State papers. It was accordingly divided into eleven storeys, each of them, except the basement storey and the floor immediately above, containing sixteen fire-proof rooms. Entrance to the staircase which leads to the top of the tower—the longest unbroken spiral stairway ever constructed—is gained from the south octagon turret, to which a low iron door gives access. When the sliding door in the groined roof of the royal archway is drawn back, one who stands on the ground under the centre of the tower can see at a glance, as through a telescope, from the bottom to the top.



VIEW OF BUILDINGS DESIGNED BY BARRY TO ENCLOSE NEW PALACE YARD (*p.* 536).
From the "Life and Works of Sir Charles Barry." By permission of Mr. John Murray.

For many years the flagstaff on the summit was used only when Parliament was opened or prorogued by the Sovereign, the Royal Standard being then flown from it. But of late the Union Jack has been hoisted upon it by day whenever Parliament is actually sitting. Formerly it was only during the hours of darkness that the sitting of Parliament was notified—as it still is—by the beams of a powerful lantern on the summit of the Clock Tower.

Clock Tower.

In height the Clock Tower, beautiful in its proportions and in its delicate tracery, is only a little less than the mightier Victoria Tower, the distance from the base to the top of the exquisite lantern spire being 316 feet. It stands almost on the site of the clock tower of the old Palace of Westminster, built in the reign of Edward I. out of a fine inflicted on Chief Justice Ralph de Hingham for having taken a bribe. The object of the clock, as a Latin inscription on its face set forth, was, by striking the hours, to admonish the judges of the courts in Westminster Hall to administer true justice, by delicately reminding them of the circumstances under which the tower was built.

The Story of Big Ben.

"Big Ben," whose deep, solemn voice is familiar to all who know Westminster, is the second of his name. Big Ben the First, so called after Sir Benjamin Hall, the First Commissioner of Works in 1856 when he came into being, had from the beginning an unfortunate career. Brought to Westminster from Stockton-on-Tees by water, he had a stormy passage, and only just missed sending to the bottom the vessel on which he had been shipped. While being tested at the foot of the tower he was cracked by his own hammer, and, after examination by an expert, was declared to be "porous, unhomogeneous, unsound, and a defective casting." He was therefore consigned to the melting-pot, and if his depravity went so far, richly he deserved his fate. At one time it seemed that the same ignominious end awaited his successor. Hardly had he been elevated to the belfry than he also was found to have a flaw, but it appearing that the crack had no intention of widening, he was put on active service. His weight is about fourteen tons, less by about three tons than Great Paul, whose note, however, is less solemn and impressive.

A Prison-house.

The new Clock Tower, like the old, is not without equivocal associations. In one of its chambers it is that those who incur the displeasure of Parliament have been imprisoned. But it has seldom been put to this use. When in 1880 the late Mr. Bradlaugh was committed to the Clock Tower for insisting upon taking the oath as one of the lawfully elected members for Northampton, he spent but a single night in confinement. Those who sent him there were only too glad to get him out again; and in this struggle with a single man, whose advanced views made him unpopular, the House of Commons was in the end very badly beaten. All through that Parliament he was involved in conflict with the Lower House on the subject, was violently expelled, and more than once his seat was declared to be vacant. But in the next Parliament, that elected in 1885, he was allowed to take the oath without question; in 1888 he succeeded in getting passed a Bill enabling members, whatever their creed, to choose between making affirmation and taking the oath, and in 1891, as he lay dying, the resolution of 1880, forbidding him either to be sworn or to affirm, was expunged from the journals of the House.

Central Tower.

The graceful Central Tower, the third of the group, formed no part of the original design, but was added in order to carry out a scheme of ventilation for which Barry was called upon to make provision. That he should have been able, in meeting an unanticipated demand for a structural alteration, to make this notable addition to the beauty of the fabric is a convincing proof of his singular resourcefulness.

The Interior.

As is the new Palace of Westminster without, so is it within. It is in truth a palace of art, a store-house of beauty in many forms. To wander through its halls and corridors, embellished with carving and gilding and mosaic, with statuary and fresco and painted glass, is to offer to the eye a perpetual feast of loveliness. Ascending the staircase from beneath the Victoria Tower—which forms the royal entrance—one comes to the Norman Porch, from which access is to be had to the King's Robing Room, enriched with frescoes by Dyce depicting scenes from the Arthurian Legends. Next comes the Royal Gallery, the ceiling decorated with gilding and heraldry, the floor of mosaic, the sides adorned with frescoes by Maclise illustrating the Death of Nelson and the Meeting of Wellington and Blücher after Waterloo. Between this gallery and the House of Lords is a small room known as the Prince's Chamber, where is a marble group by Gibson showing Queen Victoria on her throne, supported by Justice and Mercy.

House of Lords.

Then comes the House of Lords, "the Gilded Chamber," which is nothing less than a blaze of splendour. From the first the architect intended that it should be decorated on a lavish scale, for he regarded it as not merely the habitation of the Senate but also the audience-chamber of the Sovereign. At one end—the south—are the thrones; at the other the Bar, where counsel plead before the House of Lords as the final Court of Appeal, where, too, the Commons stand to hear the

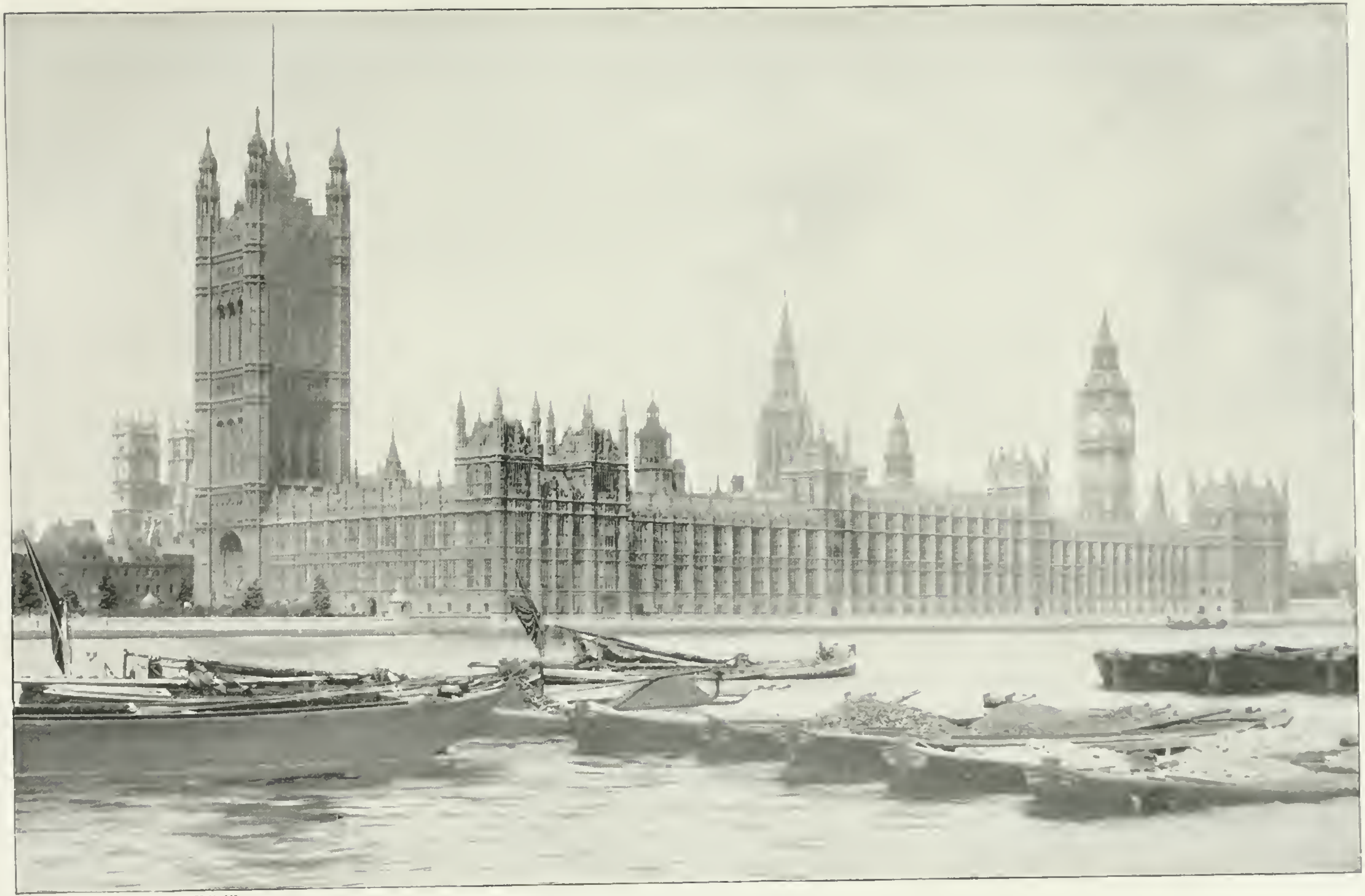


Photo: York & Sons Notting Hill, W.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, FROM THE RIVER.

Royal Speech at the beginning of each session and on certain other occasions. During the reign of Queen Victoria there was but one throne; at her death a second—a replica of the other—was made for Queen Alexandra. On either side of the thrones is a State Chair, one (on the right) for the Prince of Wales, the other for the Princess of Wales. In front of the throne is the Woolsack, the seat of the Lord Chancellor who, to borrow a phrase from Lord Chancellor Halsbury, is "a sort of" President of the House of Lords, though seised of powers far more limited than those of the Speaker of the House of Commons. The twelve windows are gorgeous with portraits of our monarchs, the niches between them are filled with statues of the Magna Charta barons, the walls glow with frescoes by Dyce, Horsley, and Maclise illustrating among other subjects the Spirit of Religion, the Spirit of Chivalry, and the Spirit of Justice.

Though the Upper House has not lost its right to veto the Bills sent up to it by the Commons, popular interest, except on rare occasions, is now monopolised by the Lower House, and peers who are ambitious to play a leading part in political life take their seats upon its red benches with reluctance. The sittings of the Lords are usually short and scantily attended; many of the members are not familiar to the officials, and on exceptional occasions when there is a great muster of peers—as, for instance, in 1893, when by a vote of 491 to 41 they threw out the second Home Rule Bill, or in 1908 when by 272 to 96 they refused a second reading to the Licensing Bill—the doorkeepers are not without a feeling of uneasiness lest intruders should find their way into the sacred precincts. Such things have happened, and perhaps the most curious instance of the kind on record is that in which the trespass was committed by a clergyman from Cumberland. In the innocency of his heart Mr. Hervey — for that was his name—walked on to the floor of their lordships' chamber, took a vacant seat, and bestowed his hat on the floor. Having heard enough, he rose to go. But when he would have taken up his hat he found that it was gone, and that in its place was one which had inside the name "Wellington." Not choosing to brave the elements with unprotected head, he wore the substituted hat away, and took it with him to his parish in the wilds of Cumberland, where he was proud to show it as the headgear of the great Duke, who, as he would charitably say, had no doubt "taken the wrong hat in mistake."

Straying into the House of Lords.

The House of Lords, as we have said, is in a direct line with the House of Commons, from which it is separated by the Peers' Lobby and Corridor, the magnificent Central Hall, the Commons' Corridor and Lobby. Though less ornate and dazzling than the House of Lords, the House of Commons, with its fine oak panelling and stained windows, has no lack of beauty of a quieter kind. Of the same breadth as the other House but not so long by 15 feet, it is of smaller dimensions than were at first intended. The architect had to decide a delicate and embarrassing question—whether the House should be large enough to furnish sitting accommodation on the ground floor for all the members when, as seldom happens, there is a full muster, or should be of a size suitable for the easy conduct of business on ordinary occasions; and, under the advice of the officials, he adopted the latter alternative. At the trial sitting (May 30th, 1850) there was naturally a full attendance, and, as many of the members found themselves squeezed into the galleries, a good deal of grumbling was heard. Much the same feeling often finds expression when a new Parliament meets. At this stage members, especially those who are new to St. Stephen's, are more constant in their attendance than they afterwards become, and demand is made for further accommodation. But the inconvenience soon disappears, and members are not long in realising the advantage of transacting the everyday business of the House in a chamber in which it is easy to hear and be heard.

House of Commons.

A Trial Sitting.

The inner ceiling of the House of Commons was no part of Barry's original plan. At the trial sitting a member complained from the end gallery that he could not hear what was going on below, and Joseph Hume grimly suggested that the architect should be called to the Bar and have an opportunity of judging whether he could make himself heard. The difficulty of hearing at the first sitting of the House of Lords was politely attributed by Hansard to the crowded attendance and the buzz of conversation. But in the Lower House no such theory was advanced. Members soon convinced themselves that, however admirable the proportions of the chamber might be æsthetically, they were decidedly unsatisfactory in an acoustic sense; and concluding that the defect was due to its loftiness they forced the reluctant architect to insert this inner ceiling, with sloping sides, which cut the side windows in halves. He was greatly distressed at this alteration, and, as Bishop Barry records, would never look at the chamber, or even speak of it, unless from necessity.

Photo. Pictorial Agency.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT: THE CENTRAL HALL.

When the House is crowded members overflow into the side galleries, which are regarded as being technically "within the House," though it is seldom that speeches are delivered from them. On the other hand there are seats on the floor of the House, but technically outside it, for ambassadors and other great personages, the limits of the House being denoted by the Bar, to which the Serjeant-at-Arms brings persons who have offended against the Commons' majesty. In front of the Speaker's chair, which is at the north end of the chamber, is a table for the Clerks and for the Chairman of Committee, and at the south end of this table, when the Speaker is in the chair, lies the mace.

The Mace.

The present mace, though of respectable antiquity, is not, as is sometimes supposed, the "bauble" to which Cromwell showed such scant respect when he turned the Long Parliament out of doors. The Commonwealth mace was superseded in 1680 by the one now in use, as that had superseded the ancient mace, which was no doubt melted down with the Crown plate in 1649. The present mace terminates at one end in a crown, as of course the Commonwealth mace did not.

This symbol of the Speaker's authority is always technically in his custody. It is borne before him when he enters the House and when he leaves it, it lies on the table, as we have said, when he is in the chair, and when the House goes into Committee it is hidden away under the table. When a person comes to the Bar to give evidence or to receive judgment for a breach of the privileges of the House he is attended by the Serjeant-at-Arms, who bears the mace on his shoulder; and since it is not on the table, and yet the House is not in Committee, no member may speak. If, therefore, a member desires to put a question to the person at the Bar, he must write it down and propose it through the Speaker, who on these occasions justifies his official title by having the sole right of speech.

Behind the Speaker's chair is the Press Gallery, and above this is the Ladies' Gallery, jealously screened by a grille, to which some high-spirited ladies chained themselves in the autumn session of 1908—a convincing demonstration of the fitness of women for the Parliamentary franchise. The gallery over the clock at the opposite end of the chamber is reserved for peers, with a seat in the centre for the Prince of Wales; above and behind it are the Speaker's and the Strangers' Galleries. The division lobbies are on the eastern and western sides of the chamber. Into these members, with no lack of deliberateness, pass when a division is taken, and when all have gone the doors are locked; the votes are counted by tellers as members return to the House—the Ayes from the lobby on the Speaker's right, the Noes from that on his left.

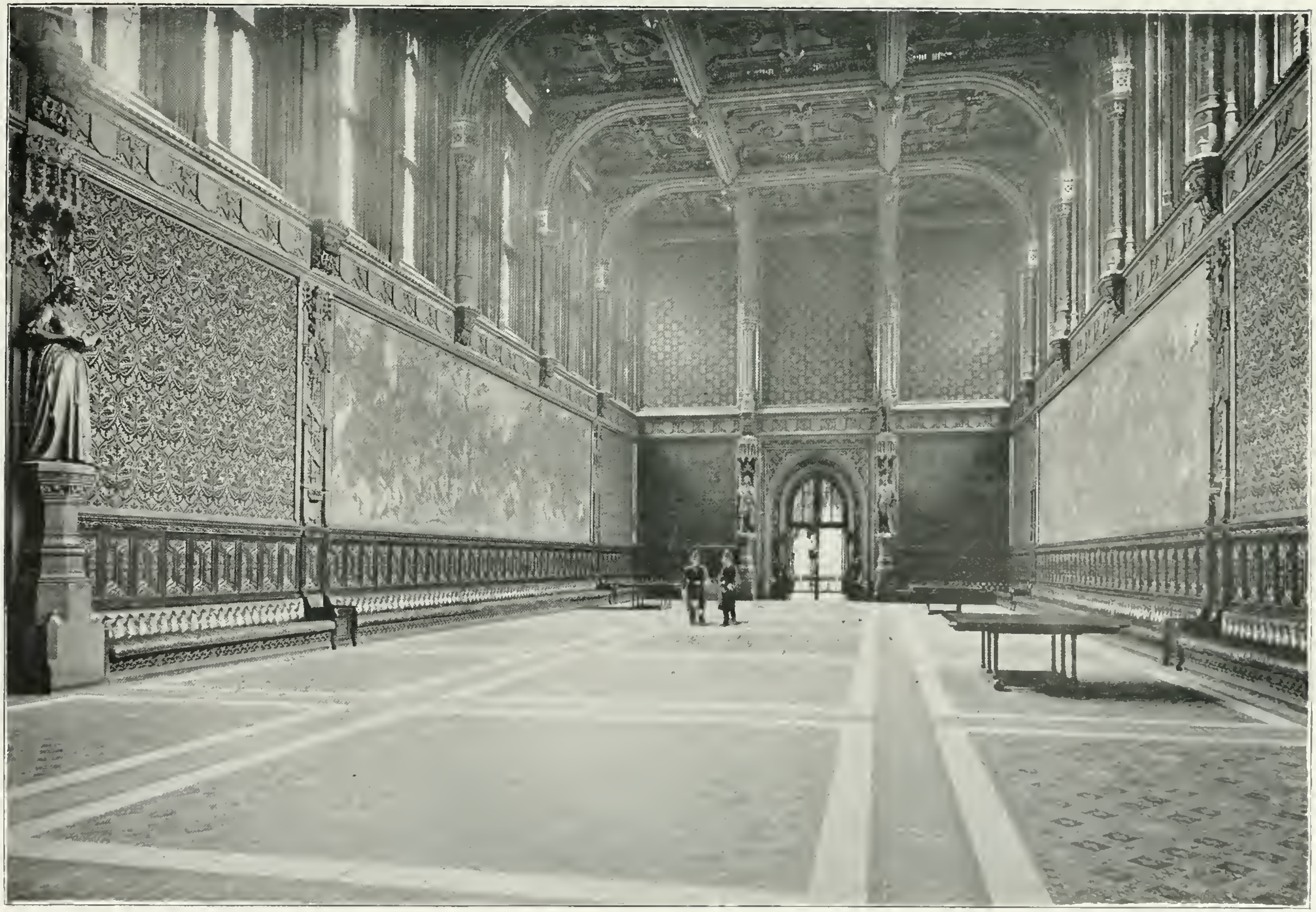
BERNINI'S BUST OF OLIVER CROMWELL (*p.* 544).

For this generation the memories most readily suggested by the present chamber are those of Gladstone and Disraeli. It is worth noting, perhaps, that both protagonists retired from the scene of their triumphs without formal leavetaking. Disraeli's last speech was delivered on the 12th of August, 1876, on a phase of the Eastern Question. A poor speech it was, and it contained not the slightest indication that it was to be his last in the Lower House, though it was afterwards recalled that instead of taking the usual Ministerial way out behind the Speaker's chair he walked down the floor of the House and passed into the Commons' Lobby—in the direction of the House of Lords. His secret had been well kept, and when it became known that he had accepted a peerage the announcement came as a complete surprise.

Disraeli's Farewell.

Gladstone's retirement, in 1894, had been preluded by rumour, and his last speech, on the 1st of March, advising the House of Commons to accept the Lords' amendments to the Parish Councils Bill, but declaring that the relations between the elective and the non-elective Chamber required adjustment, contained a sentence which it was afterwards seen might have been interpreted as a hint that the rumour was to be immediately justified. "For me," he said, dropping his hands and stepping back from the brass-bound box which had so often resounded to his blows, "For me my duty terminates in calling the attention of the House to the fact . . . that in considering these amendments . . . we are considering a part, an essential and inseparable part, of a question enormously large, a question that has become profoundly acute, a question that will demand a settlement, and must at an early date receive that settlement from the highest authority." Having stayed for the debate and the divisions, he walked out behind the Speaker's chair—not in the direction of the House of Lords! But he had remained until the House was nearly empty, and when the clerks had left the table he rose from his place, mounted the step at the side of the Speaker's chair, and looked around on every side. The next morning his resignation of office was announced, and though he remained member for Midlothian until the General Election of 1895, a pair being

Gladstone's.



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT: THE ROYAL GALLERY.

arranged for him, he never again crossed the threshold of the House.

Central Hall.

Midway between the House of Commons and the House of Lords is the Central Hall, a spacious and lofty octagon with a stately vaulted roof inlaid with Venetian mosaic representing the national emblems, while over two of the doorways are glass mosaics of St. George and St. David, from the designs of Sir Edward Poynter. Here are statues of Gladstone and other great Parliamentarians of these later days. Not far away, in the lobby from which the members' dining-rooms are entered on one side and the smoking-room on the other, is Bernini's bust of Oliver Cromwell, the gift of Mr. Wertheimer to the nation, and exceptionally interesting from the fact that it is a contemporary portrait. Leading from the Central Hall to Westminster Hall is St. Stephen's Hall, where are statues of "men who rose to eminence by the eloquence and abilities they displayed in the House of Commons." It occupies, as we have said, the site of the chapel of St. Stephen—the old House of Commons—and the Speaker's chair was stationed at the east end of the Hall, the end nearest the Central Hall, a few paces in front of the steps that lead up to that Hall, these steps covering the site of the little lobby which was styled "Solomon's Porch." Beneath St. Stephen's Hall is the old crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel, drastically restored by E. M. Barry, and fitted up as a place of worship for the residents of the Houses of Parliament.

St. Stephen's Hall.

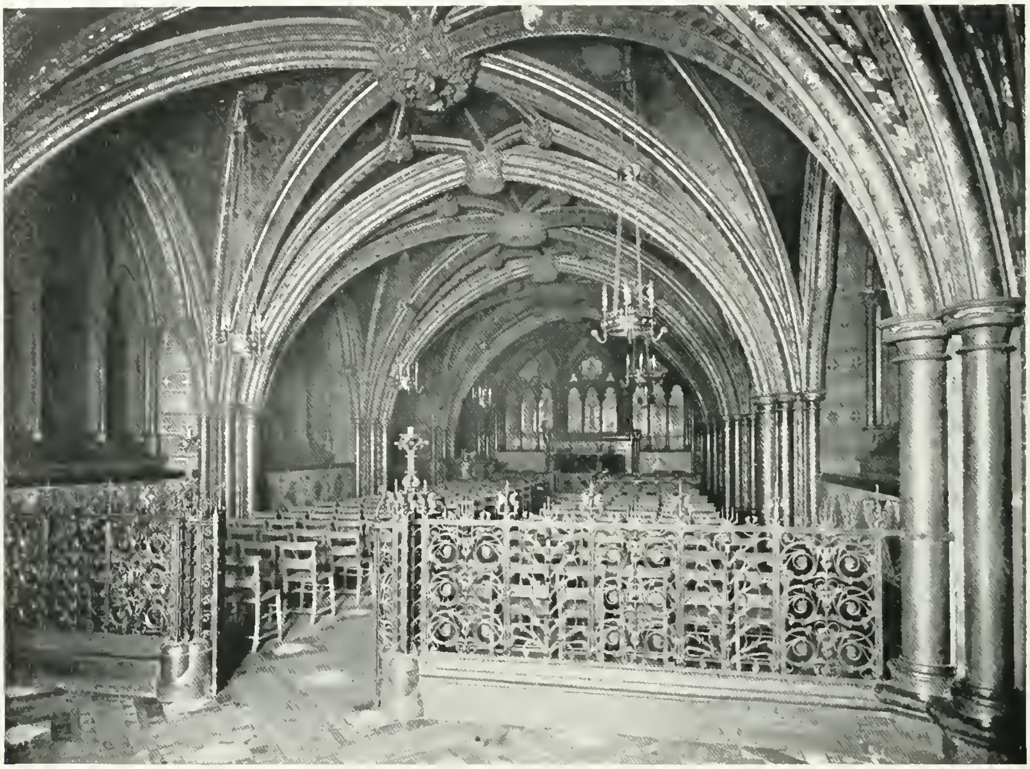


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

ST. STEPHEN'S CRYPT.

We must not stop to describe the other features of the new Palace of Westminster, notable as they are—the refreshment-rooms of the two Houses, the committee rooms, the libraries, the Speaker's house, and so forth. But the room known as Committee Room No. 15 must be mentioned because in it, in December, 1890, were held the stormy meetings which issued in the break-up of the Irish Parliamentary Party. No other committee room, perhaps, has witnessed such passionate scenes as those in which Mr. Parnell, faced by the defection of the majority of his party, stood at bay and sought with ferocious resourcefulness to evade or delay his deposition from the leadership of a party which he appeared to have brought to the very brink of triumph.

St. Margaret's.

St. Margaret's Church, though one thinks of it first as a foil to Westminster Abbey, may be noticed here as the official church of the Commons, who still on occasion use it as their chapel, as, for example, at the two Jubilee celebrations of Queen Victoria and at her funeral service. Although the present church belongs to the Perpendicular period, it was founded long before, and is said to have been originally built by Edward the Confessor and to have been rebuilt, except the chancel, under Edward I. In the seventeenth century it was encumbered with galleries, which, happily, were removed in the restoration carried out by Sir Gilbert Scott and his son in the 'eighties, the ugly pews being at the same time replaced by open benches and other improvements effected. If the exterior has little claim to admiration, the interior is handsomely decorated and enriched with much admirable stained glass.

An East Window with a Story

The beautiful east window, which depicts the Crucifixion, has a particularly interesting history. It was presented by the town of Dordrecht to Henry VII. for his new Lady Chapel in the Abbey, but the King died before it was ready, and as it shows in two of the lower compartments Prince Arthur, the King's eldest son, and his bride Katharine of Aragon, Henry VIII., when he had divorced Katharine, was glad to get rid of it by presenting it to the Abbot of Waltham. At the Dissolution it was sent by the last Abbot to his private chapel at New Hall, in the same county of Essex, and then, strange to say, passed into the possession of Anne Boleyn's father. Afterwards it came into the hands of Oliver Cromwell, and then into General Monk's, and in 1758 it was acquired from the owner of Copt Hall, Essex, by the churchwardens of St. Margaret's for £400. The window over the western door, with an inscription by James Russell Lowell, was inserted by Americans in 1882 in memory of Raleigh, who was buried in the chancel (1618), as was his son Carew (1667).

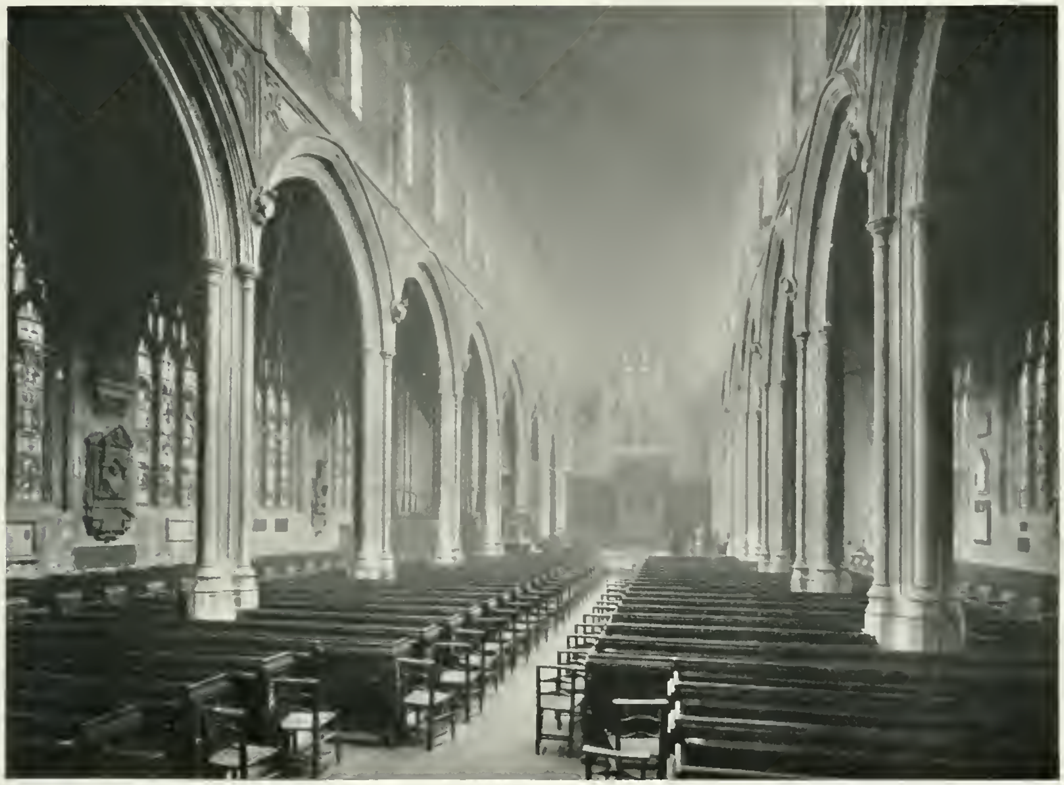


Photo: Pictorial Agency.

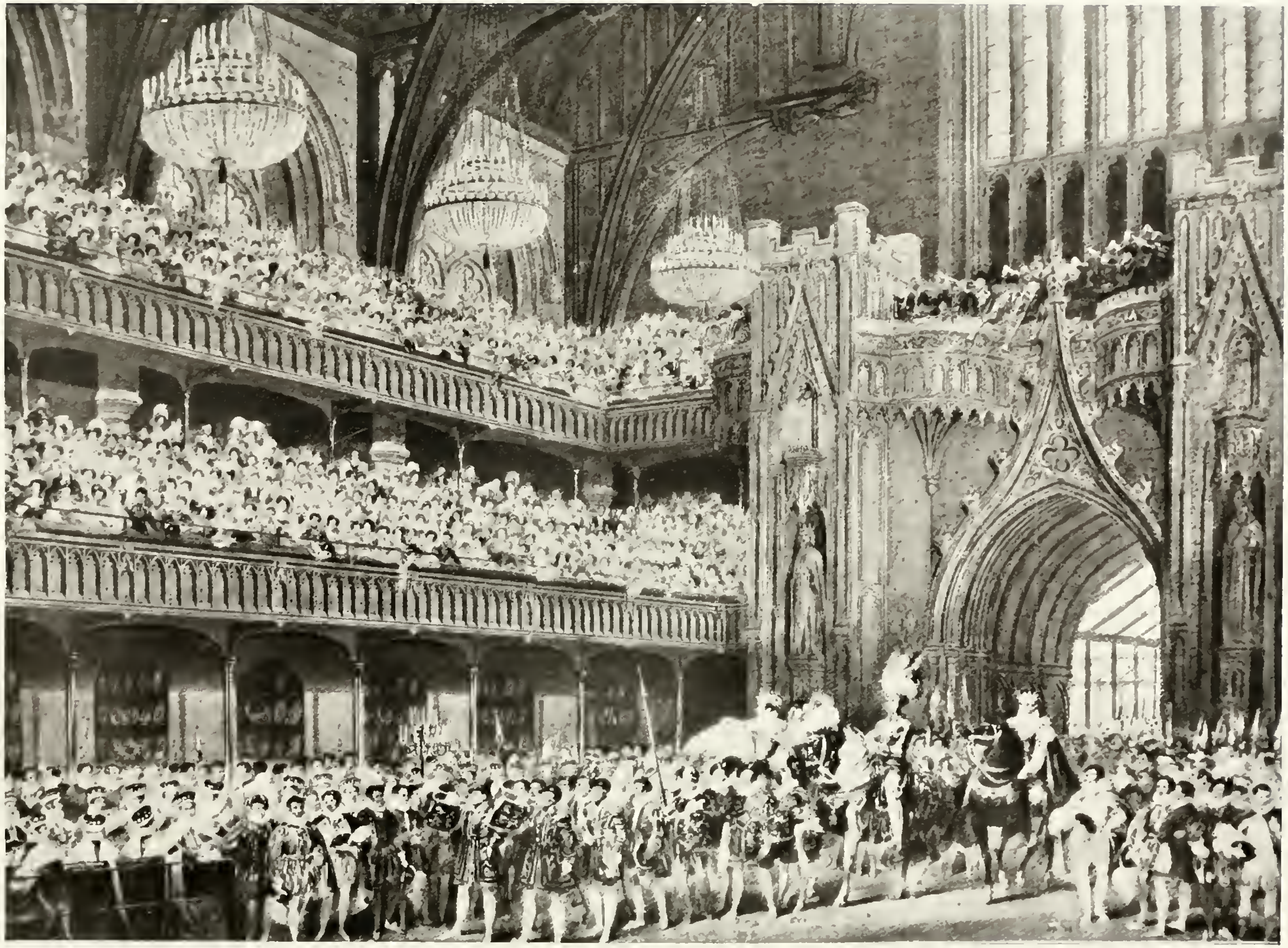
ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, LOOKING EAST.

Another of the windows commemorates a great American preacher and divine who was well known in English pulpits, Phillips Brooks. Another association with America is to be found in the Milton window at the west end of the north aisle, for it was a gift from the late Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and bears an inscription from the pen of Whittier. It was in St. Margaret's that, in 1656, the great Puritan married his second wife, who, with her child, was buried in the church. Yet other windows commemorate Admiral Blake, William Caxton, who was buried in the church in 1491, and some modern celebrities. An elegant new eastern porch is the tribute of Lady Sherbrooke to her husband, the Robert Lowe of the House of Commons.

Associations with America.

St. Margaret's has an abundance of other memorable associations. Among its many monuments are those to three of the founders of Westminster Almshouses—Emery Hill, James Palmer, and Cornelius Vandun. Here Lord Clarendon married his second wife, Frances Aylesbury, grandmother of Queen Mary and Queen Anne. Here, too, were married Waller the poet, and Pepys the diarist, Jeremy Bentham the utilitarian, Reginald Heber the bishop and hymn-writer, and Thomas Campbell the poet. Pepys, by the way, figures in the register as "Samuel Peps of this parish, Gent.," and it is suggested by Mr. Laurence Hutton that the form in which his name is given, in conjunction with the form in which it appears in the register of St. Olave's, Hart Street—Peyps—may settle the question of its proper pronunciation; but it is not easy to see what conclusion is to be drawn from such premisses. Within these walls, again, or in the graveyard were buried Skelton the satirist, who spent his last years in sanctuary to escape the vengeance of Cardinal Wolsey (p. 529), Nicholas Udall, author of the first English comedy, James Harrington, author of "Oceana," who lies in the chancel beside Raleigh, Wenceslaus Hollar the engraver, and Sir John Cutler the grocer (p. 184). William Cowper, too, is associated with St. Margaret's, for in the Memoir of his Early Life he tells us how late one evening, when he was a scholar of Westminster, he saw a grave-digger at work by the light of a glimmering lantern, and as he watched the man, to his horror a skull was thrown up, which struck the boy on the leg. "This little incident," he says, "was an alarm to my conscience." On the south side of the church, before the restoration, there was a stone which marked the burial place of one John Gilpin, a name which no doubt the poet long afterwards borrowed, consciously or unconsciously, for the most diverting of his poems.

The walls of St. Margaret's have witnessed some exciting incidents. In 1555 (April 14th), as the priest, Sir John Cheltan, was holding the sacrament in his hands, a fanatic of the name of Branch drew his knife or hanger and wounded him in the head and hands, a deed of violence which, at Bishop Bonner's merciless decree, he expiated by having his hand cut off and being burnt alive in the churchyard. Here, also, in May, 1642, warning of Waller's plot reached Pym, who whispered it to those around him and then left the church to give the orders which brought the conspiracy to nought. At this time the pulpit of St. Margaret's was occupied in turn by all the leading Puritan divines, among them Calamy, and Owen, and Baxter, and Case, who was not afraid to rebuke Oliver Cromwell to his face, and who, when preaching before General Monk, exclaimed, "There are some who will betray three kingdoms for filthy lucre's sake," at the same time throwing his handkerchief into the General's face. With this very disagreeable person may be bracketed the yet more offensive Dr. Wilson, who from this pulpit so grossly flattered George III. soon after his accession as to draw from the King the rebuke that he went to church "to hear God praised, and not himself." Among other eminent divines who have regularly ministered at St. Margaret's may be named Henry Hart Milman, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, who made the patron saint of the church the theme of a poem, and Frederic William Farrar, afterwards Dean of Canterbury, whose "Life of Christ" made his name a household word. In the west porch is a medallion of this eloquent divine.



THE KING'S CHAMPION ENTERING WESTMINSTER HALL AT THE CORONATION OF GEORGE IV.

From a Drawing by Charles Wild at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

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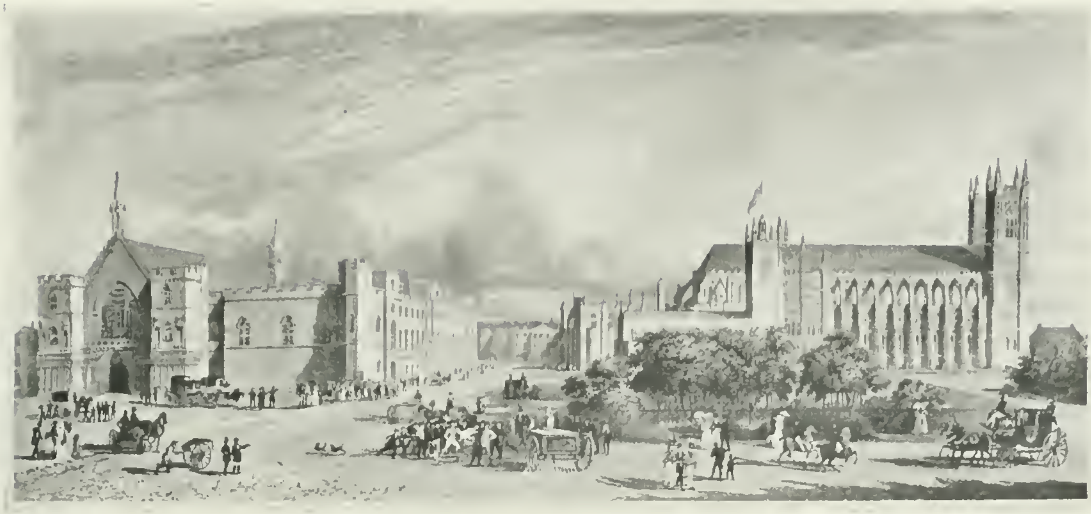


WESTMINSTER HALL, WITH THE ABBEY, IN 1820.
From a Drawing by Pugin.

CHAPTER XLIX

WESTMINSTER HALL AND PALACE YARD

The Red King's Hall—Rebuilding by Richard II.—Modern Alterations—The Cromwell Statue—Coronation Banquets—The King's Champion—The Last Banquet—The Palace of Justice—Famous Trials—Anne Boleyn—Thomas More—Strafford—Charles I.—The Tichborne Trial—Shops in Westminster Hall—A Lying in State—Palace Yard, Old and New—Executions—The Gunpowder Plot Conspirators—Walter Raleigh—Ear-cropping—The Pillory—Parliament Square and its Statues

THE original builder of Westminster Hall, as we saw in our chapter on the old palace of Westminster, was William Rufus, but, having fallen into decay, it was to a great extent rebuilt by Richard II. during the last three years of his reign (1397-99), a new roof being constructed, a noble porch added, and the walls carried up two feet higher. One of Richard's devices, a white hart couchant, may be made out on the string-course that runs round the hall. The roof, with its hammer-beams carved into the similitude of angels, is of oak, and in 1820, when it was found to need extensive repair, forty loads of timber from old men-of-war that had been broken up were employed for the purpose. Though the Hall is substantially as Richard II. left it, it has undergone some alteration. When Sir Charles Barry decided to make it the vestibule to the new Houses of Parliament he renewed the floor and raised the level of it, pulled down the south wall—that opposite the porch—and constructed, beneath an archway, the steps that lead up to St. Stephen's Porch. Against the west side of the Hall Sir John Soane had built a suite of law courts, but when the Judges had entered upon possession of the Palace of Justice in the Strand these were demolished, disclosing to view the original Norman wall and flying buttresses. These were restored by the late J. L. Pearson, who also built between the buttresses a structure such as he believed had once stood there, a cloister and a series of committee rooms which are approached by a staircase from the floor of the Hall. Within, against the eastern wall, are ranged marble statues of several Stuart and later sovereigns; outside is Hamo Thornycroft's noble statue of Oliver Cromwell, unveiled in 1899. In 1895 the Liberal Government had withdrawn a vote for the cost of erecting this

Modern Alterations.

monument in consequence of the hostility of Irish Nationalist members; but the *Daily Chronicle* at once opened a subscription list, and in its next issue announced that the whole of the amount required, £3,000, had been placed in the hands of the Commissioner of Works. It was understood that the money was provided by a distinguished Liberal statesman.

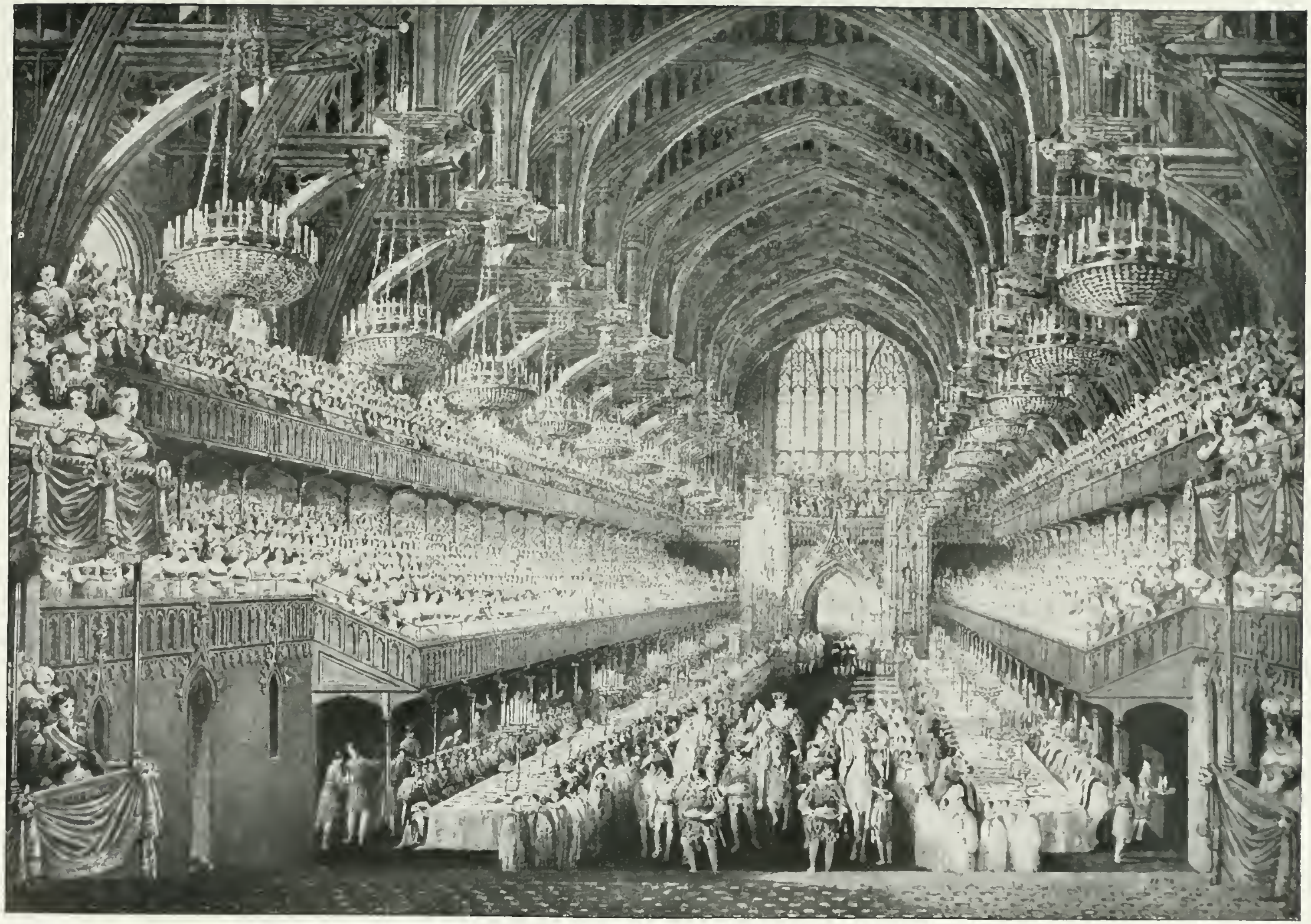
The King's Champion.

This magnificent Hall, 290 feet by 68 feet, with a height of 92 feet, was the scene of the Coronation banquets, one of the most curious and picturesque features of which was the entrance of the King's Champion on horseback to challenge to mortal combat any who might dispute the monarch's right to the throne. With the Coronation banquet of George IV. the long series of such banquets came to an end; but the office of Champion still exists, and is still, as it was in the reign of Richard II., held by the Dymokes of Scrivelsby, by virtue of their tenure of the manor of that name in Lincolnshire. Originally the office belonged to the Marmions, who were royal champions to the Dukes of Normandy, those Marmions of whom one—who, however, never existed save in the poet's fancy—has been sung by Scott. When the male line became extinct, in the reign of Edward I., the estates were divided between the representatives of two co-heiresses, and the manor of Scrivelsby being assigned to Margaret, wife of Sir John Dymoke, and daughter of one of the two co-heiresses, there went with it the Championship. Margaret Dymoke was a very strong-minded lady, who was determined "not to take off her slippers till she went to bed," which she was in no hurry to do. Her husband and son successively acted as her deputies at Coronation banquets, and the first of the Dymokes to throw down the gauntlet in Westminster Hall on his own account was her grandson, Sir Philip, who officiated at the Coronation of Henry VI. The last of the direct line of the Dymokes, Lewis, left the manor (*temp.* George III.) to a cousin, Edward, passing over a cousin of a senior line—a circumstance which shows, as Mr. Loftie has pointed out, that the office of Champion is not hereditary, but is, as we have said, annexed to the tenure of the Lincolnshire manor. Of this younger line was Henry, who officiated at the banquet of George IV. In doubt as to his heirs, he bequeathed the manor by will "to the heir at law of John Dymoke who died at Tetford" in 1782. Under this will the late Francis S. Dymoke established his succession, and at his death in 1893 was followed by his son, of the same name, who still bears the title of the Honourable the King's Champion.

The Last Coronation Banquet.

Of the proceedings of the Champion at George IV.'s Coronation banquet a lively account is to be found in the *London Magazine* of that day. First there rode into the Hall the Duke of Wellington, Lord High Constable, the Marquis of Anglesey, Lord High Steward, and Lord Howard of Effingham, as Deputy Earl Marshal, who gracefully rode up to the royal table, preceded by gentlemen with the first course, and then backed their steeds out again. At the end of the course "the gates of the Hall were again thrown open, and a noble flourish of trumpets announced to all eager hearts that the Champion was about to enter. He advanced under the gateway, on a fine piebald charger (an ill colour), and clad in complete steel. The plumes on his head were tri-coloured, and extremely magnificent; and he bore in his hand the loose steel gauntlet, ready for the challenge. The Duke of Wellington was on his right hand; the Marquis of Anglesey on his left. When he had come within the limits of the Hall, he was about to throw down his glove at once, so eager was he for the fray; but the Herald distinctly said, 'Wait till I have read the Challenge,' and read it accordingly—the Champion husbanding his valour for a few minutes."

The challenge, which denounced as liar and "false traitor" anyone who disputed the King's succession, and dared him to single combat, having been read, the Champion "hurled down his gauntlet, which fell with a solemn clash upon the floor. It rang in most hearts! He then struck his wrist against his steeled side, as though to show how indifferent he was to the consequence of his challenge. This certainly had a very pleasing and gallant effect. The Herald, in a few seconds, took up the glove, delivered it to the Squire, who kissed it, and handed it to the Champion. In the middle of the Hall the same ceremony was performed; and at the foot of the royal platform it was



CORONATION BANQUET OF GEORGE IV.: SERVING THE FIRST COURSE.

From a Drawing by Charles Wild at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

a third time gone through. The King then drank his health, and, methinks, with real pleasure, for the Champion had right gallantly conducted himself. His Majesty then sent the cup to him; and he, taking it, drank to the King, but in so low a tone that I could only catch the meaning by the tumultuous shouts of the people. The noise seemed to awaken the courage of his horse; but he mastered his steed admirably. The ceremony of backing out of the Hall was then again performed, and successfully, with the exception of the Marquis of Anglesey's Arabian, whose doubts were not yet satisfied, and he was literally shown out by the pages."

The Palace of Justice.

But the chief use to which Westminster Hall was put during many centuries was that of the nation's Palace of Justice. It was not until the reign of Henry III. that the judges, who up to that time had accompanied the monarch in his journeyings to and fro in his realm, settled at Westminster, and for centuries the various courts were held in open Hall until at last the operation of the law of differentiation made the provision of separate courts a necessity. The King's Bench and Chancery Courts sat at the upper or south end of the Hall, the Exchequer Court at the opposite end; and the King's Bench Courts were named after a marble bench.

Famous Trials.

Anne Boleyn.

Thomas More.

What memorable scenes have these walls looked down upon! Not to speak of the trial of William Wallace, who was condemned to his barbarous death at Smithfield in the original Hall of the Red King, it was here, in 1536, that Anne Boleyn appeared to defend herself from the charge of treason against her lord, and to be taken back to the Tower to die. In the previous year (May 7th, 1535) Sir Thomas More had been condemned here for his inability to accept the doctrine of the royal supremacy. As the old man was being led out of the Hall his son forced his way through the guards and, embracing and kissing his father, begged that he might be suffered to share his fate. It is said that when news of the Chancellor's death was brought to him the King looked sombrely at Anne Boleyn, who stood beside his chair, and declaring, "Thou art the cause of this man's death," withdrew to his room and there shut himself up.

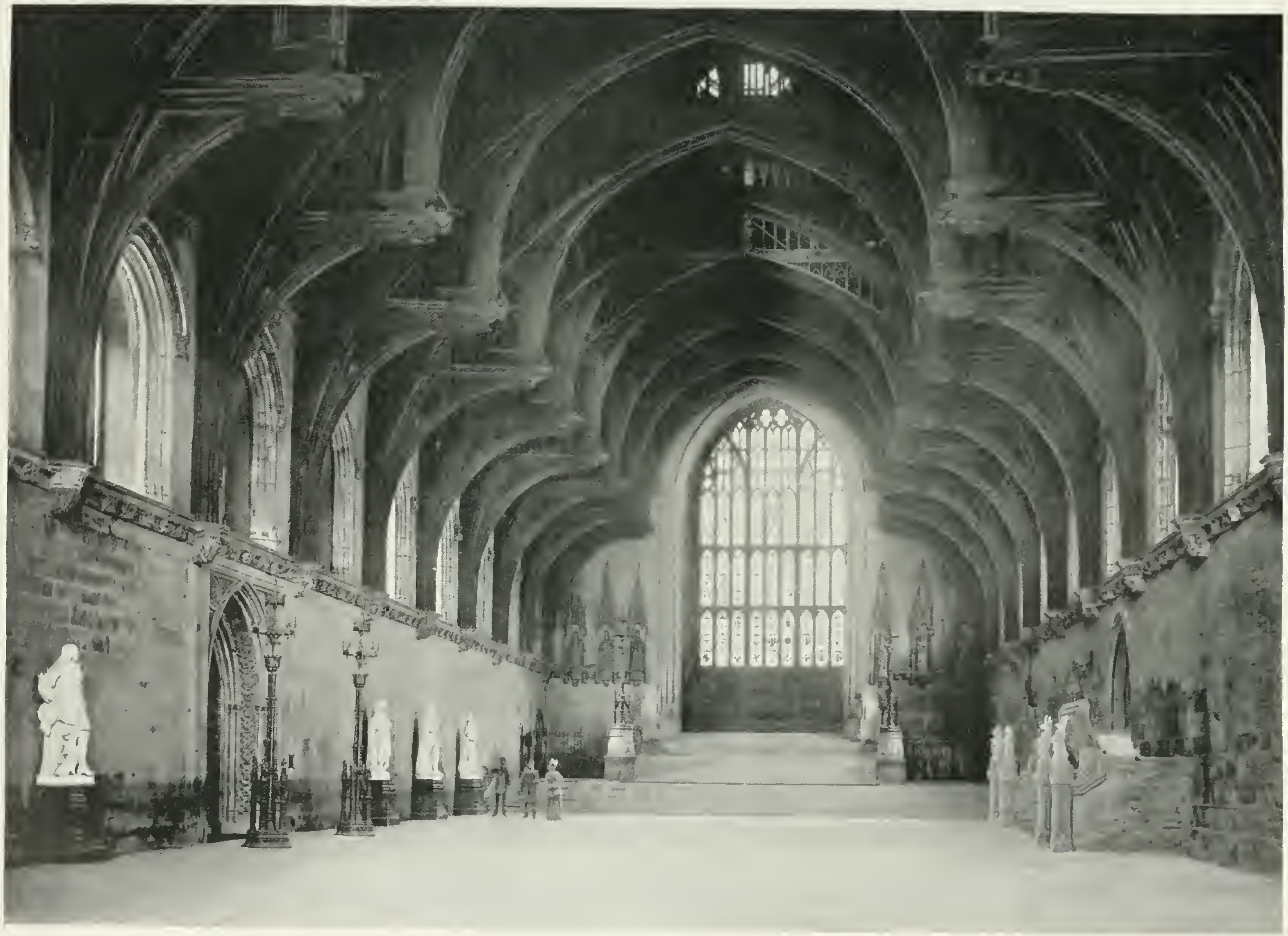
Strafford.

Among other trials, not less memorable, we must not omit to notice that (1640) of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, whose counsel to his royal master to sacrifice him to the popular indignation is one of the noblest things in our history. The Commons were the accusers, the Peers the judges, and the King and Queen were present to see this most loyal of servants sent to his doom. "And now, my lords," were the Earl's closing words, "I thank God that I have been, by His blessing, sufficiently instructed in the extreme vanity of all temporary enjoyments compared to the importance of our eternal duration. And so, my lords, even so with all humility, and with all tranquillity of mind, I submit, clearly and freely, to your judgments; and whether that righteous doom shall be to life or death, I shall repose myself, full of gratitude and confidence, in the arms of the great Author of my existence. *Te Deum laudamus.*"

Charles I.

It was but a few years afterwards (January, 1648-9) that Charles himself was brought to trial here, the upper part of the Hall being hung with scarlet cloth, while above the King's head floated the banners that had been taken from him at Naseby. On the first day of the trial the King entered the Hall under the guard of Colonel Hacker and thirty-two officers, and seated himself, covered, in a chair of velvet provided for him, and "with a stern countenance surveyed the commissioners." When, the Attorney-General rising to recite the charges, the King put out his cane and touched him on the shoulder, bidding him "be silent," the gold head fell heavily from the walking-stick to the ground, and Charles, who was not free from superstitious foreboding, picked up the ornament deeply affected, and said no more. The King refused to plead, and maintained his composure to the last, doubting possibly whether his judges would dare to sentence him. But Bradshaw, the President, sternly told him that he was "not permitted to issue out in these discoursings. This Court is satisfied of its authority. No Court will bear to hear its authority questioned in that manner." And at last sentence was formally pronounced.

The warrant for the King's execution, dated



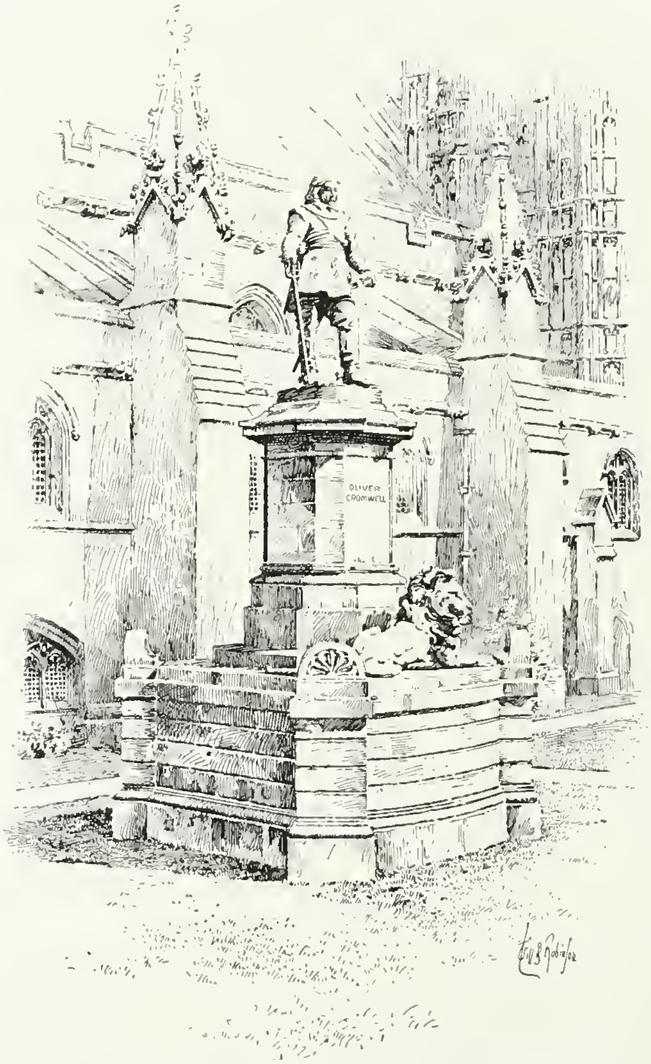
WESTMINSTER HALL, LOOKING SOUTH.

The Death Warrant.

January 29th, 1649, addressed to Colonel Francis Hacker, Colonel Huncks, and Lieutenant-Colonel Phayr, is a document of such peculiar interest that we may quote it. "Whereas Charles Stuart, King of England," it runs, "is and standeth convicted, attainted and condemned of High Treason and other high Crimes; and Sentence upon Saturday last was pronounced against him by this Court, To be put to death by the severing of his head from his body; of which Sentence execution yet remaineth to be done:

"These are therefore to will and require you to see the said Sentence executed, in the open Street before Whitehall, upon the morrow, being the Thirtieth day of this instant month of January, between the hours of Ten in the morning and Five in the afternoon, with full effect. And for so doing this shall be your warrant.

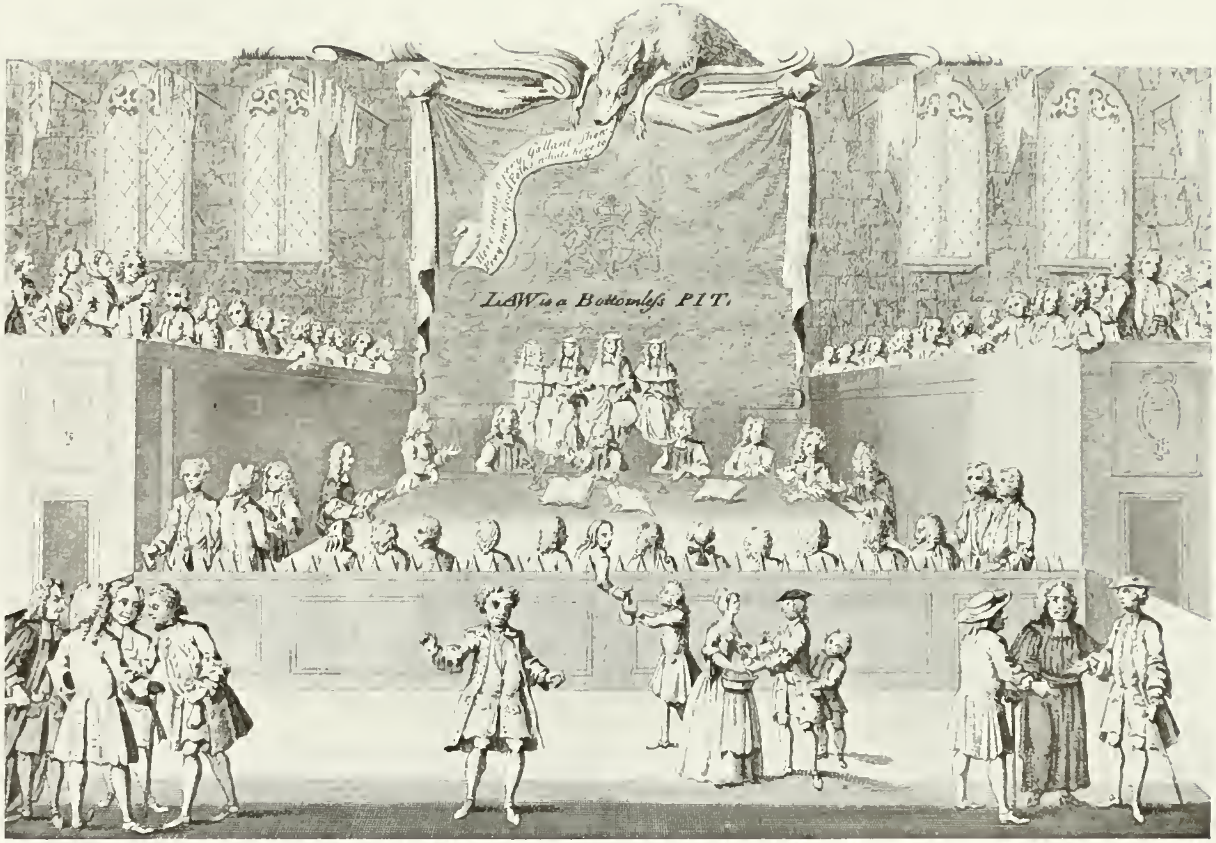
"And these are to require all Officers and Soldiers and others the good People of this Nation of England, to be assisting unto you in this service." Then follow fifty-nine signatures, the three first being those of John Bradshaw, Thomas Grey, Lord Groby, and Oliver Cromwell.



STATUE OF OLIVER CROMWELL OUTSIDE WESTMINSTER HALL (*p.* 547).

The exact spot occupied by Charles, and that where Strafford so nobly defended himself, were ascertained by the late Sir Reginald Palgrave, Deputy Keeper of the Rolls, and are marked with memorial brasses.

Two other great trials in Westminster Hall —that of the Seven Bishops in 1688, and that of Warren Hastings, which began in 1788


Here seems a very Gallant Show
Pray now good Folks what's here to
LAW is a Bottomless PIT.

THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH IN
WESTMINSTER HALL, ABOUT 1733

(From a Contemporary Satirical Print)

and ended seven years later in the great Proconsul's acquittal—we need not stop to recall, for Macaulay has made them among the most familiar incidents in the nation's history. The last public trial in the Hall itself was that of Lord Melville in 1806.

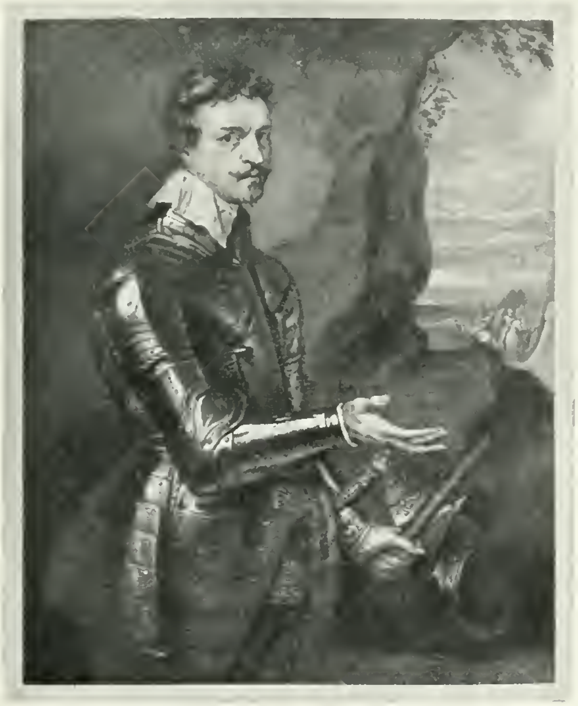
Of the trials in the Courts which Sir John Soane tacked on to it the most prolonged was that of the Tichborne claimant. His claim to the Tichborne estates had already, in 1871-72, occupied the Court of Common Pleas for 103 days, and now that he was charged with perjury and forgery he engaged the attention of the Court of Queen's Bench for 188 days more, between the 23rd of April, 1873, and the 28th of February, 1874. Though the case against him was overwhelmingly strong there were not a few who continued to believe that he was what he pretended to be, until in 1895, after he had served his sentence of fourteen years' imprisonment, and not long before his death, in a series of articles in a weekly newspaper, he threw them over and wrote himself down an impostor. This confession, however, was the least of the proofs of his guilt.

The Tichborne Trial.

It was in Westminster Hall that Peter the Great is said to have indulged in his famous outburst against lawyers. When he asked who were the begowned and bewigged men whom he saw there, he was told that they were lawyers. "Lawyers!" he exclaimed; "why I have but two in the whole of my dominions, and I mean to hang one of them as soon as I get back."

Westminster Hall served other uses besides those that have been mentioned, and in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries booksellers and other tradesmen were allowed to set up their stalls here. Pepys speaks more than once of buying books here, as for instance under date October 26th, 1660: "To Westminster Hall and bought, among other books, one of the Life of our Queen, which I read at home to my wife; but it was so sillily writ that we did nothing but laugh at it." In Tom Brown's "Amusements," published in 1700, occurs a graphic description of a visit to the Hall: "men on the one side with baubles and toys, and on the other taken up with the fear of judgment. . . . On your left hand you hear a nimble-tongued

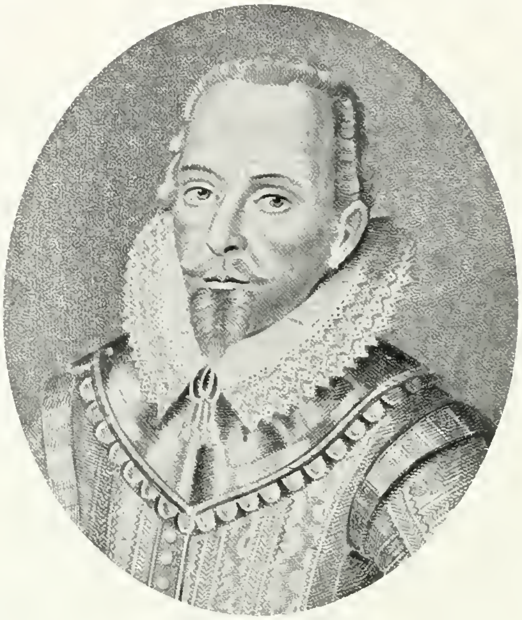
Shops in Westminster Hall.



THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.
From the Portrait by Vandyck.

painted sempstress with her charming treble invite you to buy some of her knick-knacks, and on your right a deep-mouthed cryer commanding impossibilities, viz., silence to be kept among women and lawyers."

In 1898 Westminster Hall was put to a solemn use that sorted well with its dignity. On the 25th of May in that year the coffin containing the remains of the greatest of the Victorian statesmen was brought hither at midnight, and here, "watched by the piety of relatives and friends," as Morley's Life says, it remained until the funeral in the Abbey on Saturday, the 28th, multitudes filing past each day to pay their meed of reverence to the memory of the mighty dead. The spot where stood the bier now bears an inscription in brass.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Executions.

Guy Fawkes.

Palace Yard is not one but two. The open space in front of the great entrance to Westminster Hall, now enclosed within railings and forming a courtyard to the Houses of Parliament, is styled New Palace Yard, after the new Palace begun by William Rufus when he built Westminster Hall; Old Palace Yard, the space between the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey, was the courtyard of the earlier Palace of Edward the Confessor. The latter, marked by Marochetti's equestrian statue of Richard Cœur de Lion, which originally stood in front of the Exhibition Building of 1851 in Hyde Park, was the scene of the execution of four of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators on the 31st of January, 1605-6; and it was through a house which stood in the south-east corner of the Yard, and had at one time been occupied as the Ordnance Office, afterwards serving as the entrance to the House of Lords, that they had carried their barrels of gunpowder into the vault adjacent to the Houses of Parliament. We need not tell once again the familiar story of the plot against Parliament, but we may stop to recall what manner of man the chief of the conspirators was. "A stiff bronzed fellow, with sandy beard and fell of auburn hair," is the description given of him by Hepworth Dixon in "Her Majesty's Tower." "His face was good, in some of its aspects fine. His tones were those of gentle life; his words, though few, were choice; and his bearing spoke of both the cloister and the camp." His imperturbability was perfect. "He is no more dismayed," wrote Cecil soon after the arrest, "than if he were taken for a poor robbery on the highway." Nor was he wanting, even in this trying situation, in humour. When, bound hand and foot, he was brought before James I. in Whitehall, and asked what he intended to do with the barrels of gunpowder that had been discovered, he replied, "One of my objects was to blow Scotchmen back into Scotland." Hepworth Dixon sums him up as neither mercenary nor heroic, but simply a fanatic, whom fasting and observance had helped to drive mad. Such was the man who, with three of his fellow conspirators, was dragged to Old Palace Yard on a hurdle, hanged, and disembowelled.

Walter Raleigh.

In Old Palace Yard also (October 29th, 1618), Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded under a sentence passed upon him many years before. Having served twelve years' imprisonment in the Tower, he was released in order that he might lead an expedition to Guiana to seek for gold. He failed to find the gold, but did find Spaniards, whom, when they attacked him, he defeated, and for this outrage upon "his dear brother of Spain" James I. sent him to the scaffold. "A great and very strange scene," writes Carlyle in his "Cromwell"—"the last scene in the life of Walter Raleigh. Raleigh was beheaded in Old Palace Yard: he appeared on the scaffold there about eight o'clock that morning; an immense crowd, all London, and in a sense all England looking on. A cold hoar-frosty morning." When his old friend Sir Hugh Ceeston was repulsed from the scaffold he exclaimed, "Prithee, never fear, Ceeston; I shall have a place." And gently touching the axe he said, "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases." The body, as we have seen, was buried in St. Margaret's Church; the head was conveyed away by Lady Raleigh in a coach, covered with Sir Walter's gown. By her it was preserved in a case for the twenty-nine years she survived him, and after her death it passed into the care of their son Carew, by whom it is believed to have been buried at West Horsley, in Surrey.

Ear-cropping.

Old Palace Yard was also the scene of the barbarous punishment meted out, at the instance of Laud, to William Prynne, Dr. John Bastwick, and the Rev. Henry Burton, minister of the Friday Street Church, London, their ears being cut off and their cheeks branded with the letters S L (Schismatic Libeller). "Their sin," says Carlyle, "was against Laud and his surplices at Allhallowtide, not against any other man or thing." Bastwick's wife received his ears in her lap, and kissed his mutilated face. Prynne's ears were sawn rather than cut off; but the pain only served to bring out the man's fierce obduracy. "Cut me, tear me!" he cried to the executioner. "I fear thee not. I fear the fire of Hell, not thee!" Nor was he too much enraged to indulge in a play on words: the letters with which he was branded must, he declared, stand for "Stigmata Laudis," the brands of Laud.

The Pillory.

New Palace Yard also has been the scene of executions, notably that of Lord Sanquhar for the murder of Turner, the fencing-master, in Whitefriars (p. 450). And here, too, as in Old Palace Yard, were inflicted the pains of the pillory—among others upon Dr. Alexander Leighton, father of the Archbishop, who (1630) for a libel on the bishops was condemned at the instance of Laud to most barbarous treatment, for after he had been whipped his ears were cut off and his nose was slit, and he was branded on the face with the letters S S (Sower of Sedition). Another victim of the pillory in New Palace Yard was Titus Oates, who was nearly stoned to death. The last who stood in the pillory here was John Williams (1765), a Fleet Street bookseller who had republished the *North Briton*, and who, like Defoe when similarly treated in the City of London, received an ovation from an immense crowd of sympathisers.

Parliament Square.

Separated from New Palace Yard only by the roadway is Parliament Square, adorned with statues of great Parliamentarians—George Canning by Westmacott; Sir Robert Peel and the great Lord Derby by Noble; Palmerston by Woolner; and Beaconsfield by Raggi. The last, with his slight stoop, is looking towards the Houses where he won his great triumphs; Peel, his back turned upon the man who first achieved distinction by his attacks upon his leader, is gazing in the direction of that Charing Cross which he declared to be the finest site in Europe.

CHAPTER L

OLD WHITEHALL

The Royal Palace—York House—Wolsey as its Lord—Henry VIII. takes Possession—His Extensions—Queen Elizabeth—Inigo Jones builds the Banqueting House—Charles I.'s Execution—The Window from which he stepped on to the Scaffold—The Block—Archbishop Usher—How the Body was treated—Horror excited by the Execution—Laud and the King's Jester—Cromwell at Whitehall—His Death—Charles II.'s Death—The Princess Mary's Behaviour—End of the Palace—The Chapel Royal—The Tilt-yard—The Cockpit—Destruction of the Gateways

OF the Palace of Whitehall, which in point of antiquity ranks next to Westminster Palace among the royal palaces of the City of Westminster, not a vestige remains save the noble Banqueting Hall, and this, as we shall see, was no part of the Tudor Whitehall.

The Royal Palace.

The history of this older Whitehall may soon be told. We first hear of it in the reign of Henry III., when it was the residence of the Justiciary, Hubert de Burgh. By him it was bequeathed in 1221 to the Black Friars, at this time settled in Holborn, and as yet with no thought of migrating to Thames-side. From them it was bought in 1248 by Walter de Grey, Archbishop of York, and his town house and that of his archiepiscopal successors it continued to be for nearly three centuries, being known throughout that period as York Place or York House—which, by the way, must not be confused with York House, their later palace in the Strand.

York House.

Cardinal Wolsey, the last of the Archbishops to hold York Place, greatly added to it. Here the proud Churchman lived in state not less than regal, his following of eight hundred men, including ten peers of the realm and fifteen knights, being greater than that of Warwick the King-maker in the preceding century.

Wolsey's Palace.

And here he gave some of those sumptuous masques which flourished during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Henry VIII. was often at Whitehall when Wolsey was its lord, and here he himself took part in masques which the Cardinal provided for his delectation. It was at a masque in this palace, according to Shakespeare, that his voluptuous gaze first fell upon lovely Anne Boleyn, and, though there is no proof of this, it is the fact that at Whitehall they were privately married—"in a garret at the eastern end of the Palace," says Lingard. When, having failed to obtain for his lord the divorce which Henry so ardently desired, Wolsey was hurled from his high station, it was at Whitehall Stairs that, in 1529, he entered his barge to be rowed to Esher. York Place and all that it contained—hangings of cloth of gold and of silver, plate sufficient to cover two great tables, and all manner of rich and beautiful things—were conveyed to Henry by Act of Parliament, and though the statute decreed that it should ever afterwards be known as "the King's Palace at Westminster," it presently came to be known as Whitehall, the official title dying out, perhaps, because it failed to distinguish the new royal palace from the ancient one beside the Abbey of St. Peter.

Henry VIII.'s.

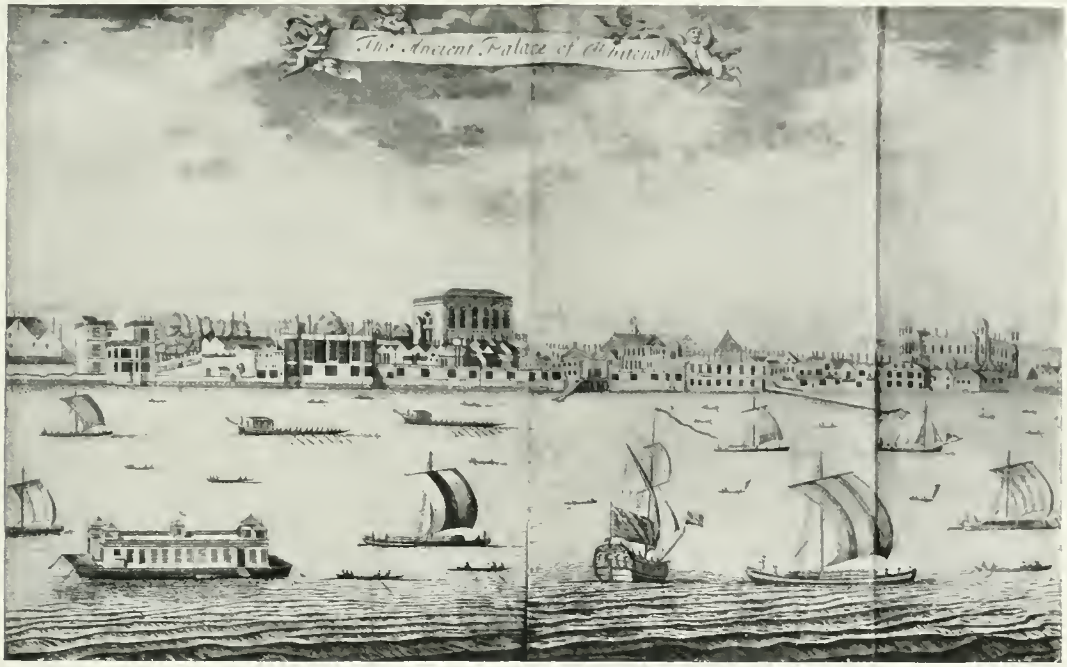
When the King took possession of Whitehall it was a mansion made up of a succession of courts and galleries, with gardens and bowling-greens and tennis-courts, the estate stretching from near the present Bridge Street as far northwards as Old Scotland Yard, and being bounded on the east by the Thames, to which the palace showed its chief front, and on the west by the public way from Charing Cross to Westminster, which, as it neared Westminster, ran right through it.

Henry's Additions.

Henry lost no time in extending the palace, and on the west side of the highway, having obtained land from the Abbot of Westminster by an exchange which was a very poor bargain for St. Peter's, he built a tennis-court, a cockpit, a bowling-

Holbein's Gate.

alley, a long stone gallery, and other structures, connecting them with the older buildings by two gateways across the street, one on the south, known as the King Street Gate, the other on the north, styled Whitehall Gate, but often called the Holbein Gate, after the great painter who, in 1546, designed it. Holbein, introduced to the King by Sir Thomas More, had been taken into his service, and had rooms assigned to him in the palace, where, besides designing the gateway, he painted the portraits of the King and his father, and of their queens, as well as his famous "Dance of Death." Bearing some general resemblance to the still extant gateway of St. James's Palace, sometimes attributed to the same artist, Holbein's Gateway, flanked on both fronts by lofty embattled octagonal turrets, was constructed of small square stones and flint boulders, of two distinct colours, "glazed and disposed in a tessellated manner," and on each front were four terra-cotta life-size busts, of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Bishop Fisher and others. The frequent passage of funeral processions from Charing Cross to St. Margaret's at Westminster was not to the King's taste, and to rid himself of dolorous sights without offending his subjects he provided a cemetery in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.


The Ancient Palace of Whitehall

WHITEHALL PALACE FROM THE RIVER IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall.

During the reigns of his son and his two daughters Whitehall remained much as Henry had left it, though Queen Elizabeth added to it what Stow speaks of disrespectfully as an "old rotten slight-builded Banqueting House," which her successor ordered to be pulled down in 1606. It was built in 1581 for the reception of the embassy that came to propose a marriage between the Queen and the Duke of Anjou, and the walls were painted externally with what Holinshed styles "rustic work." In Elizabeth's reign there was no lack of tournaments and masques and mummeries, and it was here that in her old age, whenever a messenger arrived from James VI. of Scotland, she always contrived to be found dancing, that her dear cousin at Holyrood might not flatter himself with hopes of an early succession. Queen Elizabeth died at Richmond, but both her sister and her father had drawn their last breath at Whitehall.

Inigo Jones.

In the reign of James I. (1619) a large part of the Palace, including the Banqueting Hall, was destroyed by fire, and Inigo Jones, the King's Surveyor, called in to rebuild it, designed a magnificent palace which, covering an area of twenty-four acres, would have been the largest in Europe. Afterwards, in the reign of Charles I., he made a much smaller design, but even of this no part was ever more than a palace on paper. This great artist was no favourite of Fortune's, and to him was denied the full measure of self-expression which Sir Christopher Wren so abundantly enjoyed.

The Banqueting Hall.

But the Banqueting Hall, begun in 1619 and finished in 1622, the master mason being Nicholas Stone, who sculptured the water-gate of York House in the Strand, has survived to prove to later generations by its harmonious proportions and its choice ornamentation that its creator was one of the two greatest of English architects. Mr. Loftie, in his monograph on Whitehall, gives the cost of the Banqueting Hall roughly as £20,000, and he estimates that two of the courts of the palace alone would have cost over £200,000. But there were to be, in all, seven courts and four fronts. In the next reign Rubens painted the nine compartments of the ceiling of the Banqueting Hall with allegorical scenes in glorification of James I. and Charles I., the central subject, a huge oval, being the apotheosis of the former monarch. The painting has all Rubens's vigour and masterliness, but the self-satisfaction of the King as he is being borne heavenwards is ludicrous. Charles I. also intended to commission Vandyck to paint the walls of the Banqueting House, but before this could be done he had graver things with which to occupy himself.

Execution of Charles I.

This was not to be King Charles's chief association with the building. Fate had decreed that from it, on the morning of January 30th, 1649, he should step on to the scaffold where he was to demean himself in a fashion so kingly. The platform was erected in Whitehall—that is, along the west or street front of the Banqueting House, and not, as some have supposed, along the north or Charing Cross front. On that point the evidence is abundant and conclusive. But whether he emerged through the west wall, and the precise spot at which he was beheaded, are questions much less easy of determination. Ludlow records in his "Memoirs" that the King "was conducted to the scaffold out of the window of the Banqueting House," without mentioning which window. Sir Thomas Herbert, who was in attendance upon Charles, says that "a passage was broken through the wall by which the King passed unto the scaffold." There is no necessary contradiction between the two passages, however, for at this time and for long afterwards the windows were blank. When J. H. Jesse inspected the building at a time when it was undergoing renovation and the walls were bare, he saw "between the upper and lower centre windows" a space about seven feet in height and four feet in breadth "the bricks of which presented a broken and jagged appearance, and the brickwork introduced was evidently of a different date from that of the rest of the building. There can be little doubt," he remarks, "that it was through this passage that Charles walked to the fatal stage."

The question is discussed at considerable length by Dr. Sheppard,* who adopts the view of Sir Reginald Palgrave that though the scaffold was erected against the west street front, it was not the street wall which was broken to give admission to it, but the north wall; that through the aperture thus made, the King stepped into a small building that abutted upon the north end of the Banqueting Hall, and that through the window of this annexe he passed on to the scaffold, which extended as far as the second window of the street front. This annexe is shown in Terrason's engraving of the Banqueting House, dated 1713, and in the copy of the engraving which is preserved in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries is a memorandum by Vertue to the effect that, "according to the truest reports," the King stepped out of the window of the annexe on to the scaffold, the frame of the window being taken out for the purpose. Sir Reginald Palgrave's belief was that the precise spot where Charles was beheaded was in front of the second window (from Charing Cross) on the street front of the middle tier. By the custodian of the building, he said, writing to the *Times* in 1890 (May 17th), that window was known as "King Charles's window," and he had been assured by the late Mr. Thoms, Librarian of the House of Lords, that he had seen in the pavement before that window a memorial stone which had been fixed there to mark

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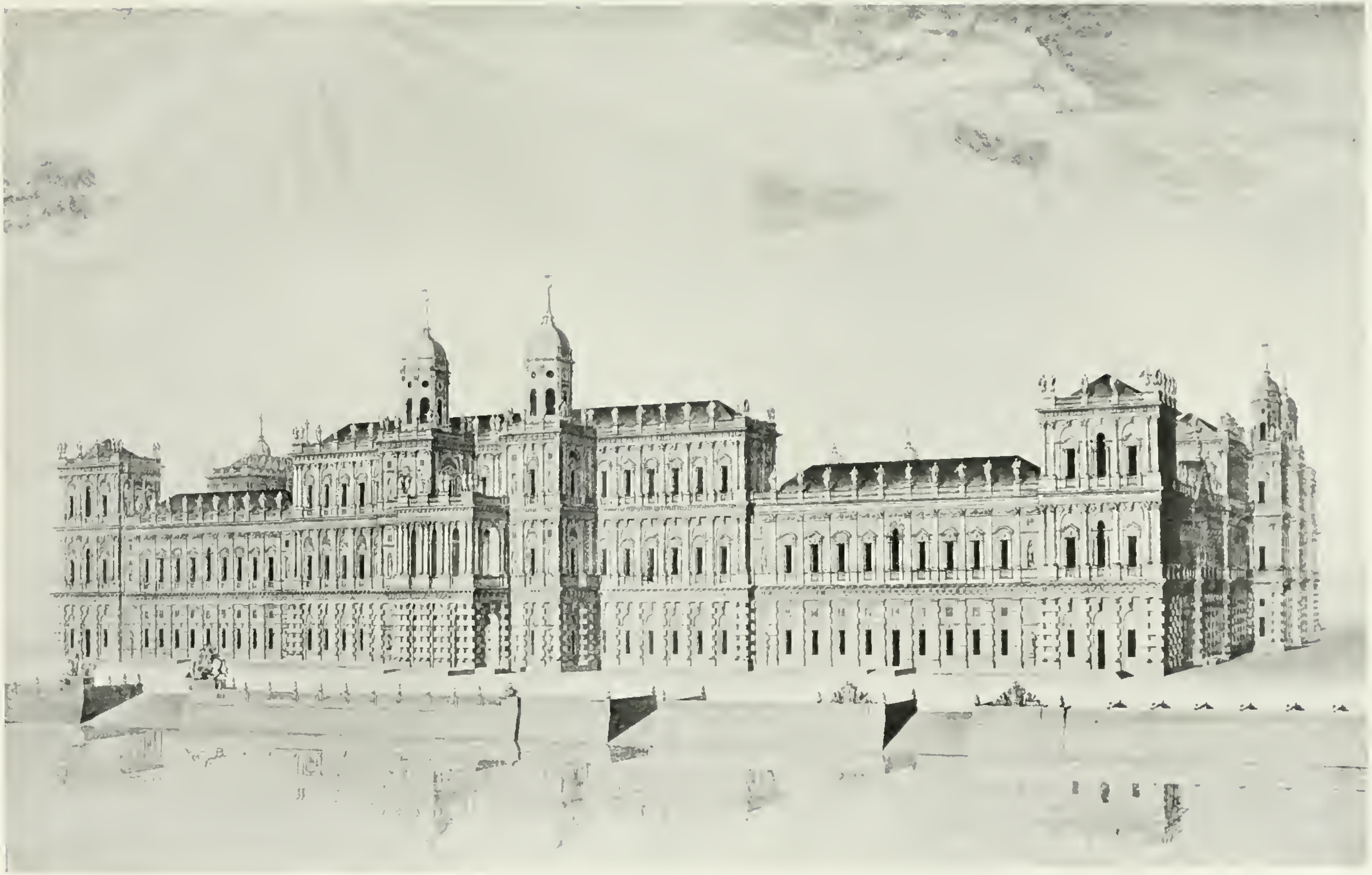
* "The Old Royal Palace of Whitehall." By James Edgar Sheppard, D.D. 1902. (Longmans & Co.)



INIGO JONES'S DESIGN FOR A NEW WHITEHALL PALACE: THE RIVER FAÇADE (*p.* 557).

the spot. Sir Reginald found confirmation of his view as to the spot where the beheading was done in the fact that Mr. Hugh Owen, formerly chief cashier of the Great Western Railway, testified to Mr. Thoms that when he visited Whitehall in 1831 he was shown the stone, a blue stone, placed lozengewise in the foot pavement, and that it was under the second or the third window from the Charing Cross end of the building—his recollection inclined to the second window. Sir Reginald Palgrave's belief, then, was that having entered the Banqueting Hall on the east or river side, the King walked to the north wall, passed through an aperture that had been made in it into the annexe, and emerged from the dismantled window of the annexe on to the scaffold. That passageway through the north wall, he added, had never since been closed and is now the doorway that gives access to the building.

The One Certainty.

The opinion of Sir Reginald Palgrave upon such a point as this is entitled to great weight, but the evidence is so obscure that it is difficult to be sure of anything except that the scaffold ran along the west or street front of the Banqueting Hall. If the King passed through a passage in the east wall into the annexe, and then through the dismantled window on to the scaffold, Herbert must have expressed himself very inadequately when he wrote simply that "a passage was broken through the wall by which the King passed unto the scaffold." The words suggest a journey of one stage, not of two. Similarly it is curious that Ludlow should have recorded that the King was conducted "out of the window of the Banqueting House" if he meant not a window of the Hall itself, but of the mean, shed-like building that had been run up beside it. On the other hand he says, "the" window, not "a" window, which seems to point to the annexe with its one large window rather than to the Hall with its many windows. As to the break in the masonry which was pointed out to Jesse, that, being between the upper and the middle tier of windows, would have brought the King out much above the level of the scaffold as shown in some contemporary prints.

Dean Stanley's View.

Yet another view is that of Dean Stanley—that the King was led out of a window that had been cut on the *east* side of the building, and that he passed along a wooden passage round to the west front, and was beheaded on the scaffold in front of the middle or fourth window. Those for whom there are no such things as insoluble problems have, therefore, a gratifying choice of solutions and of authorities.

Kneeling or Prone?

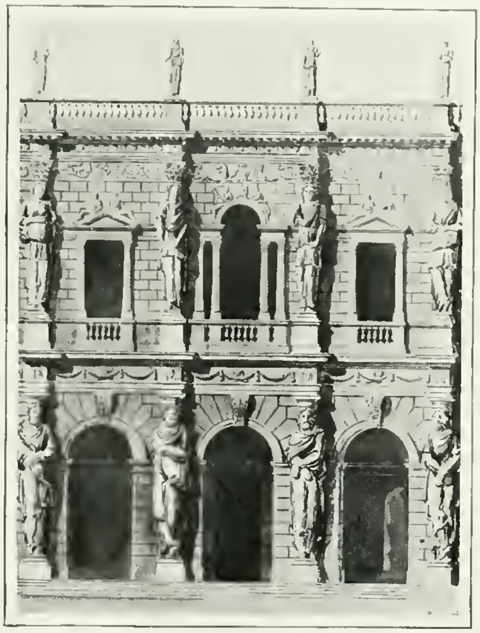
Another question arising out of the execution which was ventilated in the *Times* relates to the posture of the King when he received the fatal stroke. Sir Reginald Palgrave "ventured to assert" that to receive the headsman's blow the King "first knelt down and then stretched himself at full length upon the scaffold and rested his neck across a bar of wood in height about six inches." In support of this view, which to him "seemed certain," he quoted from the *Moderate Intelligencer* of the day after the execution a description of the block as "a little piece of wood flat at bottom; about a foot and a half long." It finds support also in a contemporary picture in Lord Rosebery's possession, painted by a Dutchman who quitted England in disgust at the execution, representing the King lying, not kneeling, on the ground. On the other hand, the report of the speech and execution of Charles I. printed by Peter Cole in 1649 contains a passage in which the King calls upon the headsman to make the block fast, complains that it might have been a little higher, and then "stooping down," lays his neck upon the block. And in "A Perfect Diurnall of some Passages in Parliament and the Daily Proceedings of the Army, under his Excellency the Lord Fairfax," dated the 30th of January, 1648—the day of the execution—it is recorded that the King, "stooping downe, laid his necke upon the blocke, and after a little pause, stretching forth his hands, the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body." To this evidence for the traditional view let us add Andrew Marvell's familiar but never hackneyed lines :—

"He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right:
But bowed his comely head
Down as upon a bed."

The last couplet may, indeed, be twisted into evidence for the prostrate attitude by any who do not fear to commit an outrage upon poetry.

Usher at the Execution.

From the roof of Wallingford House, which stood where now stands the old Admiralty, the tragic scene was witnessed by Archbishop Usher. "The Archbishop," says his biographer, "lived at my Lady Peterborough's house, near Charing Cross; and on the day that King Charles was put to death he got upon the leads, at the desire of some of his friends, to see his beloved sovereign for the last time. When he came upon the leads the King was in his speech; he stood motionless for some time, and sighed, and then, lifting up his eyes to heaven, seemed to pray very earnestly. But when his Majesty had done speaking, and had pulled off his cloak and doublet, and stood stripped in his waistcoat, and that the villains in vizards began to put up his hair, the good Bishop, no longer able to endure so horrible a sight, grew pale and began to faint: so that if he had not been observed by his own servant and others that stood near him, he had fainted away. So they presently carried him down and laid him upon his bed."



PORTION OF INNER COURT OF WHITEHALL PALACE AS DESIGNED BY INIGO JONES.
(Sir John Soane's Museum.)

Disposal of the Body.

With Juxon's help the body of the King was conveyed from the scaffold by Herbert, his attendant, to one of the royal apartments, where Topham, surgeon to Fairfax, sewed on the head and embalmed the body. Then it was deposited in a coffin covered with black velvet, which had been ready on the scaffold, was removed to St. James's Palace and placed in an outer coffin of lead, and a week later (February 7th) was conveyed to Windsor and buried in St. George's Chapel, in the vault where rested the remains of Henry VIII. The authorities, as Mr. Loftie notes, had provided a sum of £500 for the funeral expenses.

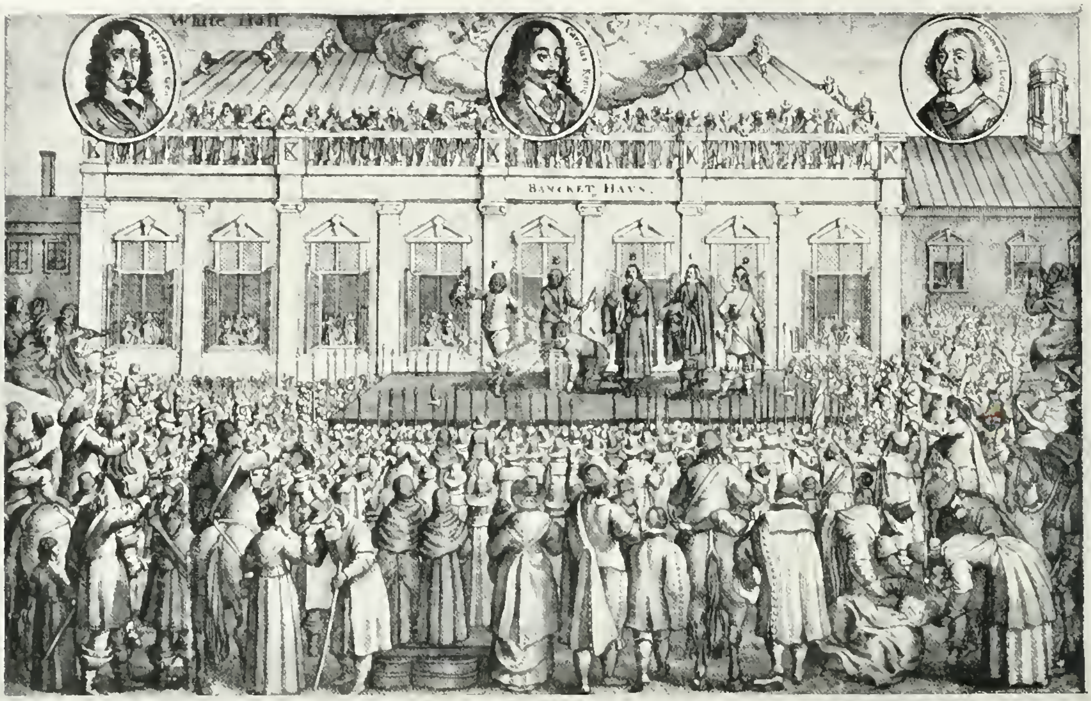
Coincidences.

In a book published two years later under the title of "Gleanings," and written by one Groves, it is said that the King was beheaded in that very place "where the first blood was shed in the beginning of our late troubles; for a company of the citizens returning from Westminster, where they had been petitioning quietly for justice, were set upon by some of the Court as they passed Whitehall; in the which tumult divers were hurt and one or more were slain just by the Banqueting House, in the place where stood the scaffold on which he suffered." The statement is not to be accepted too readily. The writer appears to have been fond of coincidences, for he goes on to comment upon the "remarkable" circumstance that the King should have ended his days "in a tragedie at the Banqueting House, where he had seene and caused many a comedy to be acted on the Lord's Day."

The satisfaction which this writer felt in the execution of the King was shared by comparatively few of his contemporaries. The dire horror with which the nation generally regarded it has been once for all described by the historian who most emphatically approved the deed. "The truth is," says Carlyle, "no modern reader can conceive the then atrocity, ferocity, unspeakability of this fact. First, after long reading in the old dead pamphlets does one see the magnitude of it. . . . Alas, in these irreverent times of ours, if all the Kings of Europe were to be cut in pieces in one swoop, and flung in heaps in St. Margaret's Churchyard on the same day, the emotion would, in strict arithmetical truth, be small in comparison. We know it not, this atrocity of the English Regicides; shall never know it." And he adds that he reckons it "perhaps the most daring action any Body of Men to be met with in History ever, with clear consciousness, deliberately set themselves to do."

Laud and the King's Jester.

In Charles I.'s day Laud was a frequent visitor to Whitehall, and here he fell foul of "Archy" the King's jester. Once, when called upon to say grace before meat, Archy offended his Grace by saying "Great laud to the King, and little Laud to the devil." But when the fool twitted him with the failure of the attempt to impose the Book of Common Prayer upon the Scottish Church and asked him "Wha's feule now?" the sour-minded prelate made complaint to the Council and the jester was degraded and dismissed.



THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.
From a nearly contemporary Dutch Engraving.

Cromwell at Whitehall

In royal apartments at Whitehall Cromwell, with his wife, now "Her Highness the Protectress," and their family, installed himself in 1654, removing to them from their old lodging in that part of the Palace known as the Cockpit, and now, says Carlyle, assuming somewhat of the state of a king, "due ceremonial, decent observance, beseeming the Protector of the Commonwealth of England; life-guards, ushers, state-coaches." Here, in the Banqueting House, the Speaker, at the head of the Commons, presented to him (March 31st, 1657) the petition of the House that he would assume the Crown, and here in the following year (Friday, September 3rd) he died. On the Monday before there roared and howled all day a mighty storm of wind. It was on this day that Thurloe and another entered the death chamber to inquire who was to be his successor. "The Successor," says Carlyle, "is named in a sealed paper already drawn up, above a year ago, at Hampton Court; now lying in such-and-such a place. The Paper was sent for, searched for; it could never be found. Richard's is the name understood to have been written in that Paper: not a good name; but, in fact, one does not know. In ten years' time, had ten years more been granted, Richard might have become a fitter man; might have been

His Death.

cancelled, if palpably unfit. Or perhaps it was Fleetwood's name—and the Paper, by certain parties, was stolen? None knows."

On or about this stormy Monday night it was that the dying Protector breathed the prayer which manifestly came from the depths of his great soul. The version of it given by Harvey, his groom of the bedchamber, runs thus:—"Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in Covenant with Thee through grace. And I may, I will, come to Thee, for Thy People. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good, and Thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death; Lord, however Thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the Name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on Thy instruments to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy People too. And pardon the folly of this short prayer—even for Jesus Christ's sake. And give us a good night, if it be Thy pleasure. Amen."

De Profundis.

On the Thursday night, racked as he was with pain, he was frequently heard to exclaim with much cheerfulness, "God is good," and it was during this his last night that, offered a draught and counselled to endeavour to sleep, he exclaimed, "It is not my design to drink or to sleep; but my design is, to make what haste I can to be gone." Towards morning he spake, says Harvey, "some exceeding self-debasing words, annihilating and judging himself." When the sun rose he was speechless; between three and four in the afternoon he died.

THE BANQUETING HALL OF WHITEHALL PALACE, NOW THE MUSEUM OF THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.

Charles II. at Whitehall.

Charles II. came to Whitehall in great state on the 29th of May, 1660, less than two years after Oliver's death. Sir Christopher Wren furnished designs for the rebuilding of the Palace, but though they were approved, the work was never begun. The frivolity and wantonness that reigned at Whitehall under

Charles are so familiar that we need not dwell upon them. Let us pass on to the end, so unlike that of the great Protector. But a few days before the King's death John Evelyn was here, and was shocked at what he saw. "I can never forget," he writes a few days later, "the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'nnight I was witness of; the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, &c.; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery; whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment."

Realising that he was about to die, Charles threw off the mask and received the consolations of religion from a Roman Catholic priest, Father Huddleston, who was sent for at the suggestion of one of his mistresses, the Duchess of Portsmouth. During that night, apparently much relieved by the ministrations of the priest, who had administered Extreme Unction, the King earnestly commended the Duchess and her boy to the care of his brother, adding, "And do not let poor Nellie starve." The next morning, witty to the last, he apologised to those around him for having been a most unconscionable time dying. A little later his speech failed, and at noon (February 6th, 1685) he passed quietly away.

A Last Sally.

James II. lived less at Whitehall than at St. James's Palace, but it was here that, in 1685, the Duke of Monmouth, his arms bound behind him with a silken cord, came to sue for grace "from a graceless face." Three years later (December 18th, 1688) James himself was fleeing in terror from Whitehall, and two months afterwards (February 13th, 1689) the Banqueting House was for a second time the scene of a tender of the British crown. This time the offer was not refused.

The Prince of Orange had already installed himself at Whitehall, and now he was joined by the Princess, whom, by the way, he had married in the chapel of the Palace (November 4th, 1677). "Mary came to Whitehall," says Evelyn, "laughing and jolly as to a wedding, as to seem quite transported. She rose early the next morning, and in her undress, as it was reported, before her women were up, went about from room to room to see the convenience of Whitehall; lay in the same bed and apartment where the late Queen lay, and within a night or two sat down to play at basset, as the Queen, her predecessor, used to do." Sarah, Countess (afterwards Duchess) of Marlborough, is emphatic in testifying "to Mary's unfilial behaviour. She ran about Whitehall," says this witness, "turning up the quilts upon the bed, as people do when they come to an inn, and with no sort of concern in her appearance and behaviour, which, though at the time I was exceedingly caressed by her, I thought very strange and unbecoming; for whatever necessity there was of deposing King James, he was still her father, who had so lately been driven from that chamber and that bed; and if she felt no tenderness, I thought she should still have looked grave, or even pensively sad, at so melancholy a reverse of his fortune."

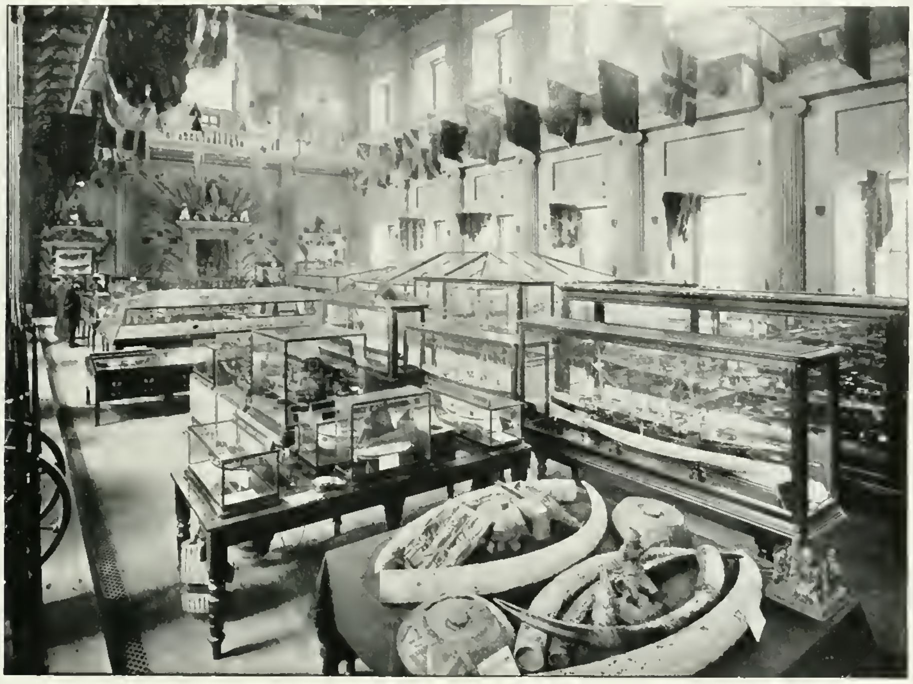
Mary arrives at Whitehall.

Even Bishop Burnet, who had cherished a great admiration of Mary's character, could not refrain from condemning her way of conducting herself, and to him, as her spiritual guide, she afterwards offered an explanation which so quick-witted a man might surely have discovered for himself. Her husband had written to tell her that some who were bent upon making mischief between him and her were giving it out that she thought herself wronged by the movement against her father. He, therefore, begged her to assume a cheerful air when she came to England, and she had tried so hard to do so that she had overacted the part. Surely no charity, but only a little common sense, is needed to recognise the validity of this explanation. Mary's subsequent behaviour belies the theory that she was lost to all sense of propriety as her enemies alleged; and we have Burnet for witness that when he took leave of her at The Hague before sailing for England she was profoundly dejected, though satisfied that she and her husband were in the path of duty.

Whitehall was now near the end of its career as a royal palace. In April, 1691, much of it was destroyed by fire, "through the negligence of a maid-servant," says Northouck, "who, about eight o'clock at night, to save the labour

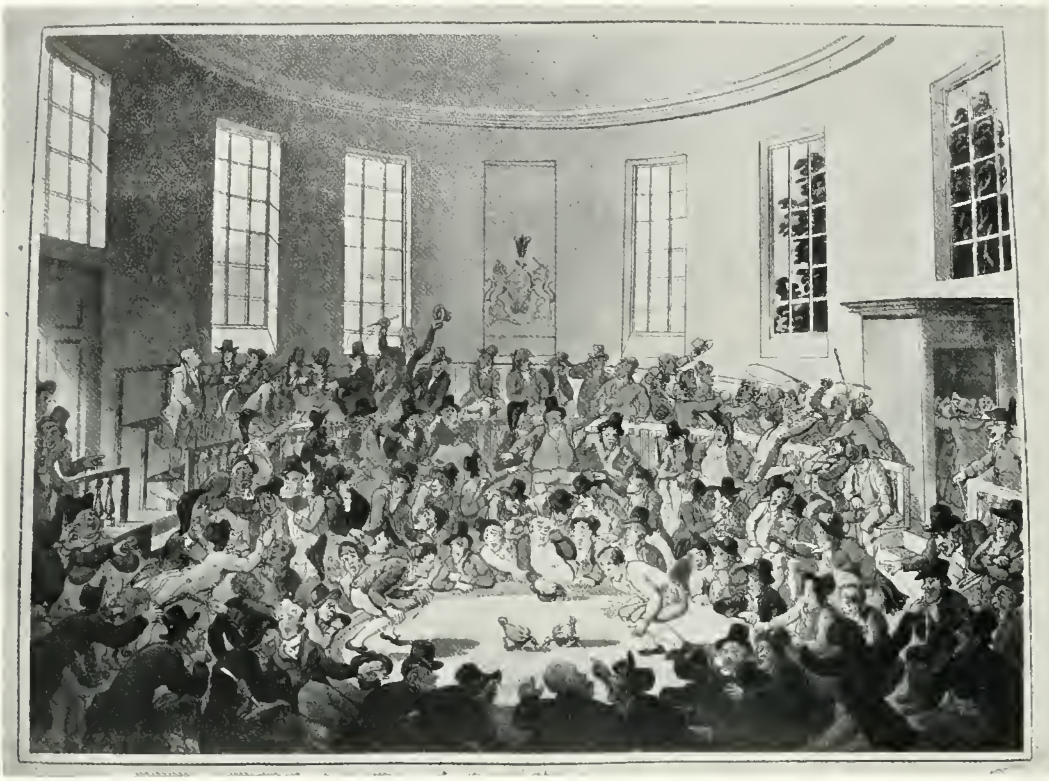
Fire.

of cutting a candle from a pound, burnt it off and threw the rest carelessly by before the flame was out. It burnt violently till four next morning, and destroyed the Duchess of Portsmouth's lodgings with all the stone gallery and buildings behind, and down to the Thames." In 1698, through the carelessness of another woman, a Dutch laundress, a great part of what was left of the Palace was burnt. **The End.** Altogether, upwards of a thousand rooms, including those of the King and Queen, the Guard Room, the Wardrobe, the Treasury, the Office of the Privy Council perished, and only with great difficulty was the Banqueting Hall saved. William III. had already bought and installed himself in the Earl of Nottingham's house at Kensington, for he was never well at Whitehall, and the old Palace was never rebuilt. **The Chapel Royal.** In 1718 George I. had the Banqueting Hall converted into a Chapel Royal, though it was never consecrated, and it continued to be used as a place of worship until 1890. Until it ceased to be a Chapel Royal there took place here every Maundy Thursday—the day before Good Friday—the royal Maundy distribution of alms. Queen Elizabeth performed the ceremony—which is said to be named after the "new commandment" or "mandate" given by Christ when He washed His disciples' feet—at her palace at Greenwich; the last of our sovereigns to observe it in person was James II., after whose time it was performed by the Royal Almoner, though where it took place between 1688 and 1730, the year when it was once more enacted here at the Chapel Royal, is not known. The alms consisted of viands, articles of clothing, and silver coins; and in the reign of George II. the Lord High Almoner still washed the feet of the poor, as the sovereigns themselves had done in earlier days. By the next reign this part of the ceremony appears to have fallen into desuetude. In these days the distribution takes place at Westminster Abbey; the bounty now consists only of money; and the number of recipients is determined by the years of the King's age.



INTERIOR OF THE BANQUETING HALL AT THE PRESENT DAY.

A Military and Naval Museum. When the Banqueting Hall ceased to be used as a Chapel Royal, Queen Victoria lent it to the Royal United Service Institution, and in 1895, having undergone the necessary adaptation, it was reopened as the Museum of that body. Structurally the building has not been altered, and even the wood of the oak pews was utilised for panelling the bases of the walls and columns, while the basement, which had been used for the reception of Government stores, was renovated, furnished with a concrete floor, and turned into a receptacle for heavy guns, shells, and the like. The Museum proper embraces a comprehensive collection of weapons and warlike appliances, ancient and modern, from all parts of the world, and a host of relics and trophies, including some of the Soudan and South African Wars; with models of famous battles on land and sea, notably Captain Siborne's wonderful model of the Battle of Waterloo, which contains a hundred thousand metal figures. To the jaws of a shark gripping a tin box, formerly shown in this Museum, there belongs a curious story which is thus told by Mr. John Timbs:—"A ship on her way to the West Indies fell in with and chased a suspicious-looking craft. . . During the pursuit the chased vessel threw something overboard. She was subsequently captured, and taken into Port Royal to be tried as a slaver. In absence of the ship's papers and other proofs, the slaver was not only in a fair way to escape condemnation, but her captain was anticipating the recovery of pecuniary damages against his captor for illegal detention. While the subject was under discussion a vessel came into port which had followed closely in the track in the chase above described. She had caught a shark; and in its stomach was found a tin box, which contained the slaver's papers. Upon the strength of this evidence the slaver was condemned. The written account is attached to the box."

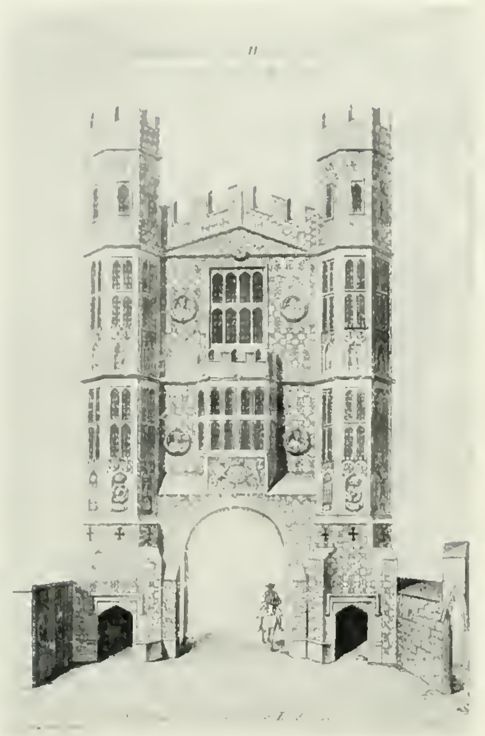


IN THE COCKPIT, WHITEHALL

From a Drawing by Rowlandson and Pugin.

We must not leave the Whitehall of the past without touching upon one or two others of its features. The Tilt-yard, where jousting was carried on, faced Inigo Jones's Banqueting House, close to where now stands the Horse Guards, and was overlooked by a gallery built for that purpose by Henry VIII. The most interesting association of the Tilt-yard, perhaps, is with Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, Knight of the Garter, and "the faithful and devoted knight" of the Virgin Queen. He had made

The Tilt-yard.



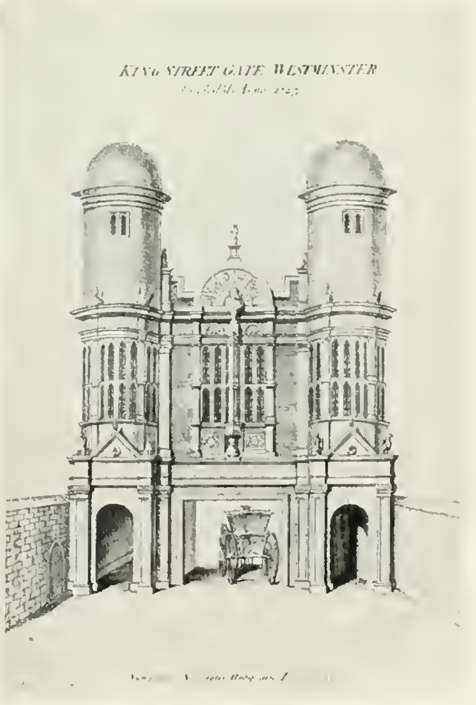
HOLBEIN GATEWAY OF WHITEHALL IN 1725.

a vow to present himself at the Tilt-yard annually on the 27th of November, till disabled by age, and this was the origin of a school of knights of the Tilt-yard, embracing about twenty-five of the most celebrated members of the Court, among them Sir Christopher Hatton, who is said to have died of a broken heart because of the Queen's displeasure. In due course of time Sir Henry Lee resigned his post in favour of the Earl of Cumberland. In 1590, as Walpole writes in his "Miscellaneous Antiquities," "with much form and in the true spirit of chivalry and romance, in the presence of the Queen and of the whole Court, he armed the new champion with his own hands, and mounted him on his horse. He then offered his own armour at the foot of a crowned pillar near her Majesty's feet; after which he clothed himself in a coat of black velvet pointed under the arm, and instead of a helmet, covered his head with a buttoned cap of the country fashion." Sir Henry died at the age of eighty, and was buried at Quarendon, near Aylesbury, where the inscription on his tomb recorded the fact that—

> "In courtly jousts his Sovereign's Knight he was;
> Six princes did he serve."

The Cockpit.

The Cockpit, reared by the same monarch, was not far away. A few years ago Lord Rosebery hazarded the statement that no one knew for certain where the Cockpit stood. The late Sir Walter Besant, who was present on the occasion, indicated quite confidently that he could identify the spot, and though Lord Rosebery appeared to be unconvinced, the evidence of Fisher's plan, "taken" in 1680, conjoined with that of drawings in the Soane Museum, has satisfied several authorities besides Sir Walter that the site is that occupied by the Treasury. A well-informed correspondent of the *Times*, Mr. H. W. Hoare, writing *à propos* of Lord Rosebery's remark, went so far as to specify the rooms of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and of the Secretary of the Treasury as those which cover the precise spot. Whether the suite of apartments known as the Cockpit in the Stuart period stood on the actual site of the building reared by Henry VIII. for cock-fighting, or was an adaptation of that structure, is not, however, quite clear; but it is not likely that the name would have been transferred to another part of the Palace which had never been associated with the sport. The Cockpit escaped the fire of 1698, and was pro-



THE KING STREET GATEWAY IN 1723.

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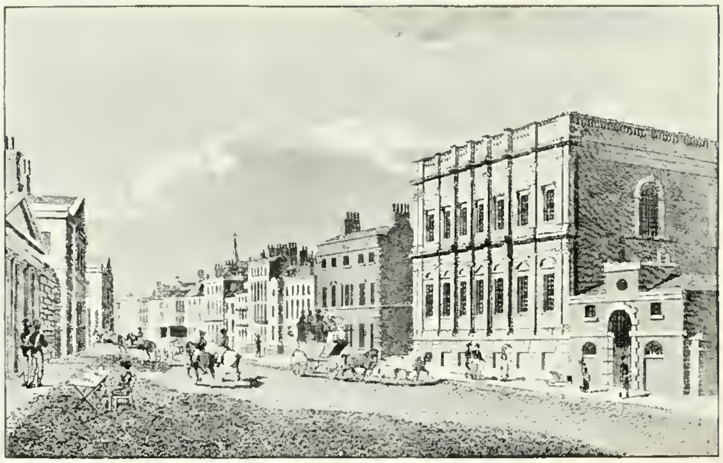
bably demolished in or about 1733, when that part of the Treasury which fronts the Horse Guards Parade was built. When it ceased to be used for cock-fighting it was in occasional use down to the reign of Charles I. as a theatre. Another authority, Mr. Walter L. Spiers,* holds that Henry VIII.'s Cockpit was succeeded by a quite different building, but occupying the same site, and that it was this later building which made way for the Treasury.

Shortly before the Restoration, the Cockpit rooms were tenanted by General Monk, who died here in 1670. Later they were occupied by the Princess Anne, and it was from them that, on the approach of the Prince of Orange, she fled in nightgown and slippers, with Sarah, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough, as her companion. In 1710 Robert Harley, Queen Anne's minister, who was made Earl of Oxford in the following year, was slightly wounded in the Council Chamber here by a Frenchman named Guiscard, who was being examined on a charge of high treason. The name of the Cockpit continued in use even after the erection of the older part of the Treasury. As late as the year 1780 the minutes of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury were dated from the Cockpit at Whitehall, and in 1810, according to the "Picture of London," the Council Chamber was still "commonly called the Cockpit."

End of the Gateways.

We may add that Holbein's Gateway was made away with in 1759, when Parliament Street was formed. The Duke of Cumberland, "the butcher of Culloden," had the bricks removed to Windsor, and intended to have the structure rebuilt at the end of the Long Walk, but this was never done. The King Street Gateway had been destroyed in 1723, as an obstruction, and one need not regret its disappearance, for it was an ungainly structure, with four semicircular towers crowned with ungraceful cupolas. The last visible survival of the Palace, an embattled doorway of Tudor date, vanished in 1847.



WHITEHALL IN 1815, LOOKING TOWARDS CHARING CROSS.

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* "London Topographical Record," Vol. II.

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